

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

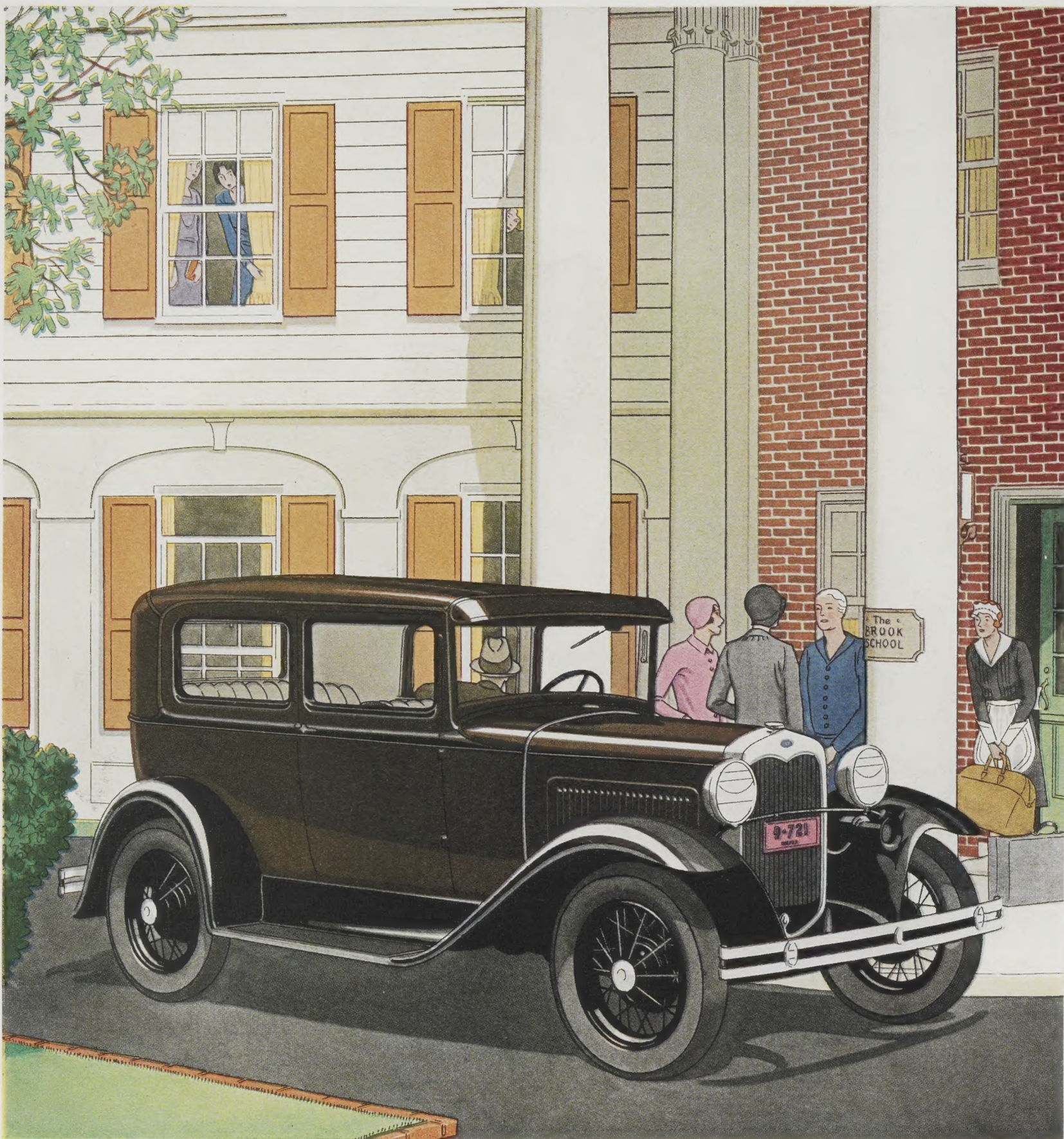
September, 1930

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

Ten Cents a Copy



E. G. Bayne - Enid Griffis - G. M. Sutton - Laura G. Salverson
Jean L. Hinds - George M. Battey W. Osborne - Millicent Ives



THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

Safely to the journey's end. LONG trips are pleasant in the new Ford because of its easy-riding comfort. The restful, well-upholstered seats invite you to sit back and relax and enjoy the panorama of the passing miles. Steadily, evenly, you travel along because of the specially designed springs and four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. They cushion the car against hard jolts and bumps and smooth your path along every highway. « « « Equally important to the enjoyment of motoring is your confidence in the mechanical reliability of the Ford. No matter where you go—near or far—day or night—you know it will bring you safely, quickly, comfortably to the journey's end.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY  OF CANADA, LIMITED

"THE CANADIAN CAR"



Can You Recognize the Gentle Art of Substitution?

ONE reason women often fail to recognize substitution is the fact that it is usually done with a suave word and a smile.

You go to the corner store and ask for one brand—you come out with another.

The brand you had in mind was known to you by reputation, by experience, by its advertising, or by all three.

The one that was sold to you was unknown by any of these standards.

Stop to think. Do you want these strange products? Even when they masquerade as "bargains"—although sometimes their prices are the same or higher than well-known, advertised brands—ask yourself how you can measure their quality.

Of course they have a name, a package and a pretty label.

And you have learned by years of experience to believe that packaged and trade-marked goods are better than goods sold in bulk.

In fact, packaging and advertising have gone hand in hand.

Advertising taught you to trust what you found in the package.

Substitutes know that. They are trading today upon your confidence in the integrity of what a package contains.

Read the label on the package. Does it have a name you have heard before? Has that name, and what it stands for, been published in the advertising pages of your favorite magazines? Has the maker of that product been so proud of it that he has wanted to tell you about it in print?

If not—why should you buy it? Why should anyone sell it—except for a hope (and usually a mistaken hope) of making more money on the sale?*

Powerful forces are at work to foist unknown and untested brands upon the public.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY believes that these unknown products rarely offer quality and purity as certain as you will find in known and advertised goods. Because of this fact—because of a sincere desire to say a word for those stores which offer you articles of of known quality—because THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY wants to reach even more than the one hundred and fifteen thousand families who are its regular readers—this frank discussion is published here.

*Note to dealers: Slow moving private brands are often sold to you at lower prices, and with the argument that this will enable you to make more money by handling them. The Department of Commerce recently made a study of this situation and reports that a few cents more on a smaller number of sales bring in less real money than the continual volume of sales which come from handling articles the public knows, wants and buys with confidence.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES — BUY THE ADVERTISED BRANDS EVERY TIME!

"What makes the Skin break out?"

THIS FAMOUS DANISH DERMATOLOGIST WAS ASKED

DOCTOR PONTOPPIDAN

tells about one great cause—and
how Fresh Yeast corrects it

DR. BORGE PONTOPPIDAN is physician-in-charge of the Municipal Hospital of Copenhagen. He is widely known for his writings on skin diseases, in which he specializes.

THEY are unpleasant, to say the least—those ugly skin blemishes—blackheads, eruptions and blotches!

What makes them come? What makes them so persistent, so hard to get rid of?

These were the questions put to the great Copenhagen skin specialist, Dr. Pontoppidan—one of the foremost authorities in his field today.

Here is the answer Dr. Pontoppidan gave:—

"A predominating cause of the more common forms of skin troubles may be an auto-intoxication brought about by abnormal processes in the intestinal canal.

"In my practice," he explained, "I have had excellent results in treating such skin disorders with fresh yeast. Results have likewise been excellent in cases of a general run-down condition of health when constipation has been the underlying cause."

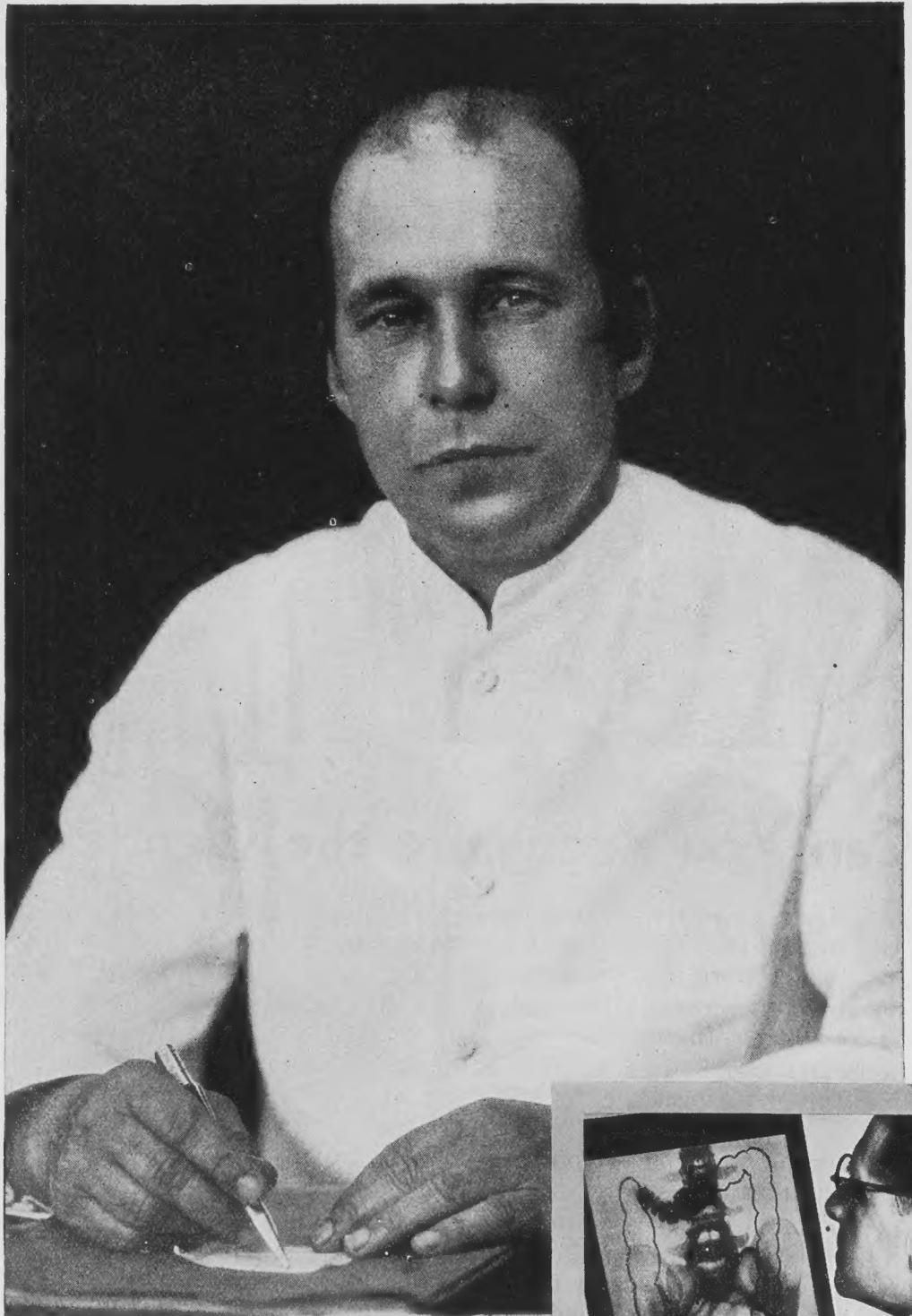
Doesn't what Dr. Pontoppidan says impress you as sensible and sound?

Eating Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, corrects the very *cause* of most common skin disorders . . . clears the complexion by ridding the body of poison-breeding wastes. Intestines are "toned up"

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians

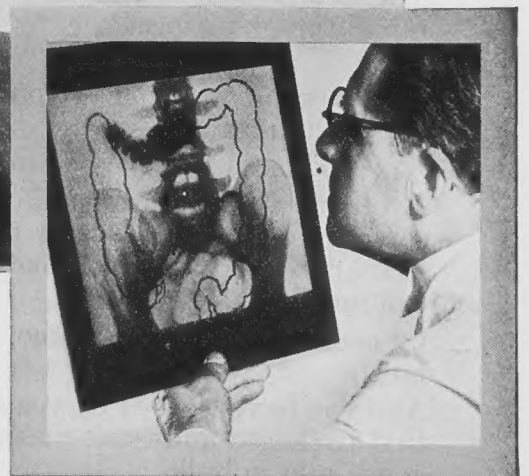


"I was looking weary and tired. And all the powder and rouge in the world won't keep a tired girl looking fresh," writes Miss Lucille Poliquin of Quebec. "A friend suggested eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Now my skin is smooth and clear."



and cleansed. Normal digestion is restored. The radiant bloom of true health returns.

Thousands have found these benefits in Fleischmann's Yeast! Why not try it? Every cake is rich in the important vitamins B, G and D. At grocers', restaurants, drug stores, soda fountains. Write for booklet. Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

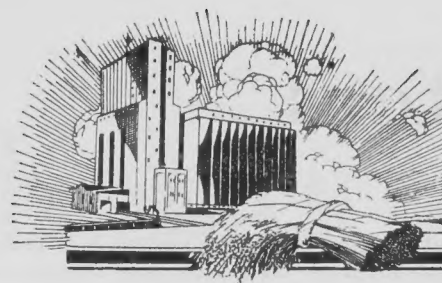


POISONS from clogged intestines cause most common skin troubles, doctors find. Fresh yeast keeps intestines active, clean, as X-ray shows.

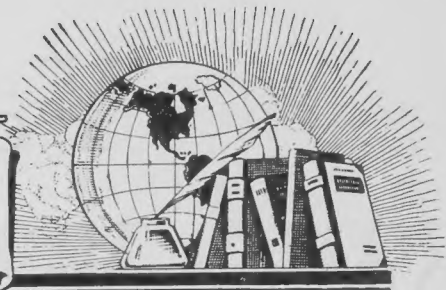
Celebrated Specialists advise this Beauty Care!

Spain's foremost dermatologist, Dr. Sánchez-Covisa, declares: "Pimples and boils are nearly always accompanied by constipation. Fresh yeast is of great aid in their treatment." Prof. Dr. Brandweiner, the noted Vienna skin specialist, reports: "Fresh yeast keeps intestines free of the poisons which cloud the skin."

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast regularly every day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like.



EDITORIAL



VOLUME XXXI

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 9

Over-Production

TIME AND TIDE comes out with a very fine article on this subject. "Man is now bewailing a superabundance of good things brought about by his own too-successful efforts, aided by a too-benevolent Nature. . . . In almost every country in the world the same dismay and confusion exists, in a situation which differs only in relation to the particular type of product or commodity involved." In Britain the over-production is coal and cotton; in Mexico, silver; in Brazil, coffee; in Bolivia, tin; in the United States and Canada, wheat. The solution proposed is "the need of some sort of world-federation with world-co-ordination of finance and free exchange everywhere." "Eventually, perhaps, a world-control of economic forces geared to a world control of production of the human species will solve all the problems which now perplex us so."

The British Medical Association

THE great event of the month for Western Canada is the meeting of the British Medical Association in Winnipeg. The men and women who comprise the Association are known for their intelligence and public service. They have the spirit of inquiry and are given to reflective observation. They are, therefore, in every way fitted to receive and convey a message to the Mother Land. It is becoming that the people of Western Canada show them all hospitality and go out of their way to give them accurate and useful information regarding this great country.

The Association will no doubt live up to its enviable record. At every great meeting some discovery of world-importance is made known. What is to be revealed on this occasion, one can only surmise. There is, however, one point on which the representative meeting held in London recently expressed itself, that has special meaning for those who live in sparsely-settled communities. The Association made the proposal for a general Medical Service. If that is necessary in England, it is doubly necessary here, where there are large areas without any medical practitioner.

It is easy to understand how this should come about. The medical profession is in some ways very attractive. Because of this the medical colleges are crowded. The authorities, to frighten away the numbers, made the examinations twice as rigorous as formerly, and increased the course to seven years. A man wishing to qualify as a physician must be a pretty good student, and must pay a fortune before he receives his license. The cost is so great that it is prohibitive to people with small means. A man who gets a license naturally expects an income large enough to meet in a reasonable time the cost of his training. He cannot get such income if he practises in a sparsely-settled rural district. The only solution would seem to be for the provinces to appoint municipal medical officers. Yet another plan is suggested that should receive consideration. If the seven years of training were broken into four and three, the first four given to general practice and the second three to special, it would be possible for a young man at the end of the first part of the course, acting as novitiates, to enter upon practice in a certain chosen district for a period of two or three years. He could then return to complete his course. This would be the best thing in the world for himself and for the communities concerned, and it would pay the medical profession in the end. Either the medical associations must find some way of mustering to the neglected areas or they must be prepared to see the state appoint medical officers.

Nationalism

THE following is taken from an article in the *Montreal Witness*, one of the few papers that, on political matters, can be quoted with approval:

Nationalism was and is a necessary phase of world development. In drawing diverse people of wide areas into common cohesion and co-operation and mutual loyalty, irrespective alike of blood relationship and of enforced war-lord control, it was most benign. But it is a hindrance to human brotherhood and so its

days are numbered. As a religion, it glorifies national selfishness and international enmity. It stands in the way of the Kingdom of Heaven, in which all men are brethren. In the United States it has culminated in the Thompson-Johnson-Smootism, and will not, we prophesy, long survive their inglorious exposure of it. In Europe, the marvel of our age is the anxious groping of the powers after international co-operation, which, whatever comes of it, will not leave the nations where they were. It is certainly a forward step toward the goal of universal goodwill. Asia and Africa are coming on. China, India, Egypt, have just entered the national stage which Europe finds so hampering, and, in its military phases, so unholy. Who that looks back only a century, or two, or three, in any part of Western civilization, can regard with scorn the foibles and growing pains of these giants, whom we have inoculated with the nationalist fever? The national idea which runs through all the history, romance and poetry of the Western nations, whose light has dawned on them, has dazzled them in vaster masses than the West had experience of. In their upward struggle they have the rapacity of personal selfishness and all those other faults which men excusingly call human, to contend with; among these is what we still call a virtue, unwillingness to be patronized, preferring to fight their own way into their place among the nations to taking any hand that offers to help them from above, especially the hand of those that have for generations treated them with contumacy.

Where is Canada in this ascent? We find her in the adolescent stage of nationalism. Canadian nationalism is dear to us all. The words nation and national appeared customarily in these columns while they still seemed strange and unusual. Nationalism in Canada is as yet largely subordinate to provincialism. We have yet to learn the mutual generosity of nationhood. Still we are learning to sing with fervor our welling national melody:

*Be ours a nation evermore
That no oppression blights.
Where justice rules from shore to shore,
From lakes to northern lights.
May love atone for wrong alone;
Lord of the lands make Canada Thine own.*

Modern Young People

THE world is passing through troubled times. The young people of today think of nothing but themselves. They have no reverence for parents or old age. They are all impatient of all restraint. They talk as if they alone knew everything, and what passes for wisdom with us is foolishness with them. As for girls, they are forward, immodest and unwomanly in speech, behavior and dress.—(Spoken by Peter the Hermit in 1274 A.D.)

This has been repeated every century since, and those who are fault-finding today are in fashion, even if they are wrong in their judgments. The young people of today are all the better because they are not like the young people of yesterday.

Canada's Water Power

IT DOES Canadians no harm to learn of their natural resources and their utilization. One of the greatest of these is the water-power so readily convertible into electrical energy, and therefore the guarantee of varied industrial activity. For the next three years Canada will spend over a hundred million dollars a year in developing water power. This means increased wages, increased production, and increased prosperity generally. Before three years have passed the installation of power will be nearly 9,000,000 horse power—or nearly one horse power per person. Quebec already can boast that average.

This power is located not in any one province, but is distributed from coast to coast. In southern prairie districts, where there is no available water power, there is coal in abundance. Over 80 per cent of the manufacturing industries of Canada are situated in

Quebec and Ontario, but the great northern regions in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario have not yet been developed. The Hudson Bay watershed may yet become one of the greatest active sources of electrical energy.

The Royal Bank in its last letter gives very complete information dealing with the history of development, the present status and the future prospects. The following paragraph is instructive:

"In 1900, the total installation amounted to 170,000 h.p., comprising a few hydro-electric stations and a large number of water power plants of relatively small capacity connected with industrial establishments. The installation had grown to 975,000 h.p. by the end of 1910 and 1,946,000 h.p. by 1914. During the war years, the period of post-war depression, growth was retarded, but the total had increased to 2,508,000 h.p. by the end of 1920. Following this, an extensive period of development set in, with the result that nearly one million horse power were added in the next four years. This rate of expansion has been maintained and the total installation at the end of 1929 reached 5,700,000 h.p. The completion of work now under way will increase this total to more than 6,075,000 h.p. before the end of 1930."

Among the projected developments are the Beauharnois undertaking between Lakes St. Francis and St. Joseph, the Shawinigan and Saguenay power plants, the Abitibi Power and Paper undertaking, the project at Chat's Falls, the development on the Winnipeg River and at Island Falls on the Churchill River..

The power developed is used for a variety of purposes. Paper manufacture, of course, leads, but it is now getting to the state that for light, power and heat the city and country are coming to depend more and more upon electrical energy.

"At present Canada ranks as the third largest producer of electrical energy in the world, with the United States and Germany holding first and second places respectively. The investment in the industry in Canada now amounts to one billion dollars, that in the United States to eleven billion dollars, that in Germany to 2.7 billion dollars, and that in Great Britain to one and one-half billion dollars. A table of comparison shows the production of electrical energy in relation to volume of investment in these four countries. In this respect, the position of Canada is much the most favorable, since Canadian investment amounts to 5.5 cents per kilowatt hour of production, while Great Britain has an investment 50 per cent larger and production amounting to only ninety per cent of that of Canada.

Seeing Both Sides

ONE great need at a time of excitement is for people to see both sides of a question. Of course the average man does not want to see both sides. He wants to be told that his side is right and the other fellow's wrong. The paper that feeds passion and distorts truth is welcomed; the paper that gives the whole truth, giving both sides a fair showing, is not read. Norman Angell in the *Spectator* says:

"The newspaper or organ which, by thus feeding hungry emotions, gives its readers what they want; which will tell what a baby-killing ogre the enemy is or has been, and, encourages them to make their demands still more preposterous and outrageous, is the paper that the ordinary man or woman likes to read. The paper which should give them the whole truth, bring both sides before them, is one that they don't want to read, and which, when their passions run high, they will not read, will not buy. Now a modern newspaper is a valuable piece of property. Its value consists, ultimately, in its circulation. That will be jeopardized by any editor who attempts to bring unpopular truths before his readers. It is good business and good journalism, from the commercial point of view in such circumstances, to tell your readers, not the facts and what they ought to know, but the half-truths or the entire lies which flatter their prejudices and inflame their pre-possessions."

Young Grub Streeters

By Enid Griffis

YEARS ago, in the unchastened days of my youth, I wrote what I considered an extremely clever essay. It was entitled "How to be an Author," and it laid down the seven essential preliminaries to successful literary endeavor. The directions, in their barest outline, ran something like this: (1) Go to New York; (2) Live in an attic; (3) Starve; (4) Freeze; (5) Walk the streets penniless; (6) Be discouraged; (7) Visit publisher after publisher without results. The intimation was that, having fulfilled all these conditions, all that remained to be done was to write the novel. Success was bound to come, quickly and gloriously.

I never could sell that article. I peddled it about to the local papers of the small western city in which I lived, but no one wanted it. I realize now that my effort was a very weak imitation of Stephen Leacock. At the time, however, I decided that the trouble was with the editors. I was too talented for them. They didn't appreciate me. I would take my own advice and go to New York where there were numbers of discriminating publishers who would be quick to recognize my genius and give me the help and encouragement I needed.

That was five years ago. In the meantime I have gone through practically all of the motions listed above. I have lived in an attic. I have—not starved, perhaps—but I have gone hungry. I have been cold. I have walked the streets with nothing but a two-cent stamp and a bus transfer in my purse. I have visited publisher after publisher without results. And God knows, I have been discouraged. Far-off fields look green, and likewise, Grub Street, from the safe and sane distance of Tompkins Corners, Iowa, looks glamorous, but at close range, the glamor fades and there remain only too often nothing but run-down heels, unpaid bills, and stacks and still more stacks of rejection slips.

When I arrived in New York one bright Saturday in early March five years ago, my total assets were twenty-five dollars in cash, the confidence which four years of successful newspaper work on out-of-town papers had given me and the friendship of a talented girl with whom I had worked on a morning paper out west, and who had preceded me to New York by two years. She, too, wished to try her fortune in the writing field.

This friend, whom I shall call Joan, had an attic apartment in a made-over five-story building on a respectable street in Brooklyn, and it had been arranged that I should share these quarters with her. The rent was \$60 per month, and the apartment consisted of two small rooms, a bathroom and kitchenette. We lived in the one room—slept, ate, entertained, and worked there—because the second room was too small and too dark to be of any use, and besides, we had nothing to put in it. Our furniture, bought on the installment plan, consisted of two single cots, a gate-leg table, two straight chairs and a wicker rocker. Joan's wardrobe trunk, opened and ingeniously draped with chintz, served as a chest of drawers.

At this time Joan had a part-time job which paid her \$25.00 a week. Her afternoons and evenings she spent gathering material for feature articles and putting it into shape for the Sunday papers. The idea was that I, too, should get a part-time job and write on the side. The only thing I could find was a typing job in a teachers' agency with hours from 9 to 1 and a salary of \$15.00 a week.

I began at once trying to write features for the New York papers, but things did not go well. I was unfamiliar with the New York field. Most of my early inspirations were the obvious ones. Every new comer to New York has the same ones, and the subjects I picked on had already been done to death by much more talented writers than I. It took me weeks to begin to get the "feel" of the feature writing market, and even then I was unsuccessful in my attempts to place stories. I was worried about rent, about money for food and for clothes. I needed money so badly that when I sat down to write an article I strained so over the thing, trying to make it rejection-proof, that when I finished with it, the strain showed through. It was forced, stilted, lifeless.

The situation seemed hopeless. I began to feel desperate. One night I rummaged through some things I had written in the care-free days when I was earning a fair salary and living at home. I found some poems that seemed to me no worse than many I had seen in New York publications. I sent them out. A magazine bought one for \$6.00 and a daily paper bought one for \$3.00. Buoyed up by my success, I sat down and wrote a personality story about a man I had interviewed a few days before, and sent it out before I had time to ruin it by re-writing the life out of it. That sold too. I received \$10.00 for it. I felt that the evil spell had been removed, and went at my writing with renewed hope and zeal.

WEEEKS passed, and nothing stayed where I sent it. I was in debt to Joan, who, Heaven knew, was having a hard enough time herself. My last dress was literally falling off my back. It kept splitting across the shoulders. Every night I sewed it up, carefully, and every morning it broke out again. A day came when I thought I could not appear at the office; I looked disreputable. But I had to have that \$15.00 a week, so I pulled myself together and went forth once more. Fortunately one of the girls in the office was leaving to accept a position in Florida, and had some clothes that she knew would be of no use to her down there. She wondered if I would be offended if she offered them to me! It was an answer to prayer, and the jersey cloth dress which formed part of the donation saw me

safely through that particular crisis.

I could not begin to recall the number of times I got down to one suit of underwear and one pair of stockings. I washed them every night and put them on again in the morning. One very rainy night my underwear did not dry on account of the dampness and chill in the air, and Joan had to call my office next morning and tell them I was ill and wouldn't be in that day.

Early in the game I learned to shampoo my own hair and wear it straight because I couldn't afford a trip to the hair-dressers. I learned to make a cream-cheese sandwich and a glass of milk do for luncheon, day after day. A visit to the theatre was an occasion, even when one sat at dizzy heights from which the actors and actresses all appeared decapitated, and where words and music reached one faintly and unintelligibly. All the little things

that had at one time seemed necessities now became unattainable luxuries—bath salts, face creams, powder, gloves, even. All disappeared one after the other, and were never replaced. There simply wasn't any money for them.

One night I had no money for supper. (The word "dinner" early fell into the category of impressive but meaningless nouns.) Joan was out of town, and there wasn't a soul in New York to whom I would have gone and confessed that I hadn't money with which to buy food. Luckily there were a few milk bottles in the kitchenette. I gathered them up, took them down to the corner delicatessen and turned them in in exchange for a head of lettuce, two tomatoes and a small loaf of bread. Ever since that night I have regarded milk bottles with respect. I learned to regard them as a form of insurance, and to this day I feel safer with a few of them in the house.

My first birthday in New York still remains a vivid memory. It fell during the week in which I was supposed to be doing the family shopping. As often happened, I hadn't enough money for supplies, and arrived home about 6.30 p.m. empty-handed. Joan met me at the door.

"Did you forget to shop?" she asked.

I had to admit that I hadn't, but that I had no money.

"Gee!" exclaimed Joan in faint dismay; "I'm broke too."

We looked at each other.

"Never mind!" advised Joan, with the good sportsmanship which she never failed to display in such emergencies. "We'll manage somehow."

We poked around in the kitchenette and found two chicken wings and a small portion of potato salad, the remains of a treat a friend of Joan's had brought over the evening before. We gnawed the chicken wings and ate the salad, and then Joan excused herself and disappeared kitchenettewards. When she reentered the room she was bearing a small iced cake, alight with pink candles.

"Happy Birthday!" she greeted me, and handed to me, along with the cake a copy of "When We Were Very Young," and a pair of tickets to "The Poor Nut." She had spent her last ten dollars on a "birthday party" for me.

All this happened eleven days before Christmas, and we faced the holiday that year with 50c between us.

MY own hard times were as nothing compared with those Joan came through in her early attempts to "break in." She had no knowledge of shorthand, which barred her from jobs that came within the general field of stenography, and these, one discovers, are the only jobs that are comparatively easy to get in New York. She had had two years of practical newspaper experience outside of New York, and had her degree in journalism from a mid-western university. She went the rounds of the newspapers and magazines first, but discovered what so many thousands have discovered in similar circumstances, namely, that without metropolitan newspaper experience, *plus pull*, such jobs are practically impossible to get. It is much more difficult for women. The dailies simply don't employ them on the general staff more than about once in a decade.

When hopes failed in this direction Joan tried to get a job waiting on table in a restaurant, but she is very frail looking, and no one would hire her. At last she secured part-time, temporary work typing cards in an East Side settlement house, for 60c per hour.

To eke out her income she applied for night assignments on one of the Brooklyn dailies. Some nights she got an assignment, and some nights she didn't. Often she was up until 2.30 a.m. working on an assignment that paid her 50c, which was the usual pay for ordinary assignments. For unusually long or difficult assignments the pay was \$1.00. A dinner assignment was a bonanza, for in those days there was never quite enough money for a "square" meal. She had to discover ways of cutting down on food without undergoing undue discomfort from hunger. When funds were particularly low, she would stop at a candy [Continued on page 35]

Life's Little While

By Fred Scott Shepard

"Life's little while!" Which at the most
Has hours and minutes all too few
In which to be what we should be,
In which to do what we should do—
A sacred trust for which we must
Give full account when all is through.

"Life's little while!" What then shall be
The measure of our earnestness,
The zeal with which we undertake
To serve our day in faithfulness?
For only thus will come to us
Life's richest gain and fruitfulness.

"Life's little while!" 'Twill soon be o'er,
Its days soon gone beyond recall;
Redeem the time, e'er it be gone!
Use well its precious moments all!
The willing mind therein shall find
Its highest good, whate'er befall.

KODAK *Film* Corrects your Errors

Simple Picture-making Test

shows how Kodak Film allows for misjudging time

Picture *Number 1*



Picture *Number 2*



Picture *Number 3*



Picture *Number 4*



Picture No. 4 received only one-tenth as much light as picture No. 1. But Kodak Film made up the difference... both pictures are excellent.

LOOK at these pictures . . . carefully. Compare them. Analyze their clarity, crispness, detail. Would you call them good pictures . . . satisfactory snapshots?

Would you say that any one of them had been incorrectly made?

As a matter of fact, only one of these pictures was made with exactly the correct setting for time!

Three out of four deliberately were made with the wrong exposure, to show you how far Kodak Film will go in correcting errors any amateur picture-taker might make. How it actually helps you by minimizing the danger of incorrect exposure.

The four pictures were made in quick succession with the same camera. Only Number 3 has the theoretically correct exposure. Number 2 has twice the exposure of Number 3. Number 1 has five times the exposure of Number 3. Number 4 received only one-tenth as much light as Number 1. Yet, due to the latitude of Kodak Film, all pro-

duced excellent prints. Kodak Film has a range of sensitivity, of feeling, that enables you to get good pictures even if you do not judge the light as correctly as you should.

This does not mean, of course, that setting your camera for the correct exposure is no longer important. It is important.

But it does mean that with

Only one of the four exposures was right. Can you tell which one, by looking at the pictures above?

Kodak Film you need not worry about professional exactness. The film corrects your errors . . . makes up for lack of experience in judging light conditions.

And brings you good results where otherwise you might have had an unsatisfactory negative.

Put this special feature of Kodak Film to work protecting your snapshots. It at once insures good pictures and simplifies picture-making. All you need do is insist on the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—the film that only Eastman makes—the film that gets the picture.

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

Always ask for **KODAK *Film***
in the familiar Yellow Box



Only Eastman makes Kodak Film—the film that gets the picture

I'm being agreed with!

**Everywhere girls are discovering
there never before was any
complexion soap so
gentle as Calay**



REALLY, I'm so *pleased*! Is there anything nicer than to find yourself agreed with by people whom you respect? And girls from every part of the country write me that they are *quite* as enthusiastic over Calay's gentle way of caring for complexions as I am, myself!

So many of them feel this way that Calay has changed in a few short months from a name known to only a few of you, into the most talked-of complexion soap in America!

Was it the approval of America's most eminent dermatologists that started Calay towards this great success? Of course, I don't *know*. But it looks very much as if my announcement of its unanimous approval by 73 of these great physicians had made almost every girl want to try it.

And every girl who wants a good complexion (I'm sure there can't be one who *doesn't*, even on a desert island!) *ought* to want to try it, because Calay is the only complexion soap that has ever received unanimous approval from the only really qualified authorities on the care of the skin.

But I have an idea that Calay's own lovely, gentle self *really* explains its success. The very first time you use Calay, your complexion knows that it has found a friend and protector. It fairly purrs with gratitude when Calay's velvety soft lather cleanses away dust and make-up and the excess oil that pores just *will* manufacture whenever you get the least bit warm.

And, after you've used Calay for a scant week or so, you suddenly realize you've *never* before found anything like it to keep your skin fresh and clear and outdoor-looking.

I can't believe there's anybody in this whole wide country who doesn't know Calay by this time. But, if there should be, I have just this to say: Please get a cake at once and start giving your complexion a care that is not only exquisitely gentle and fragrant, but absolutely scientific as well. Isn't *that* a wonderful combination?

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of advice from 73 eminent dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Department YHH-90, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

What is a dermatologist?

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Dr. Allen Pusey
M. D.

The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Calay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.



I rushed to the gate crying like one demented.

SHE SAT as in a trance gazing at the face of her dead husband. She had not moved since his last choking sigh had told her that her work was done. Staggering with exhaustion, she had half fallen into the low chair by his bedside, and there had remained almost as motionless as the figure resting so gravely in the marble immobility of death. In some strange way she felt detached, as if she were not the quiet woman with folded hands sitting so still and calm, but an onlooker who viewed the scene with utter unconcern.

For some days she had known that he could not recover, and now that the end had come, her feeling was one of surprise that such a calamity, such a shattering of all her world, should find her thus quiet and composed. She was alone in the house and had been for thirty-six hours since Willis, the farm hand, had left the ranch with the intention of breaking his way through miles of heavy snowdrifts in search of a Doctor. She could not imagine why they had not returned, but now, there was no need to hurry. Almost steadily for nearly a week the snow had fallen, day after day, and a bitter wind had whipped it about and piled it high against the fences until they and the road had disappeared under their crystalline burden. But now the wind

Hermione

By Millicent Ives

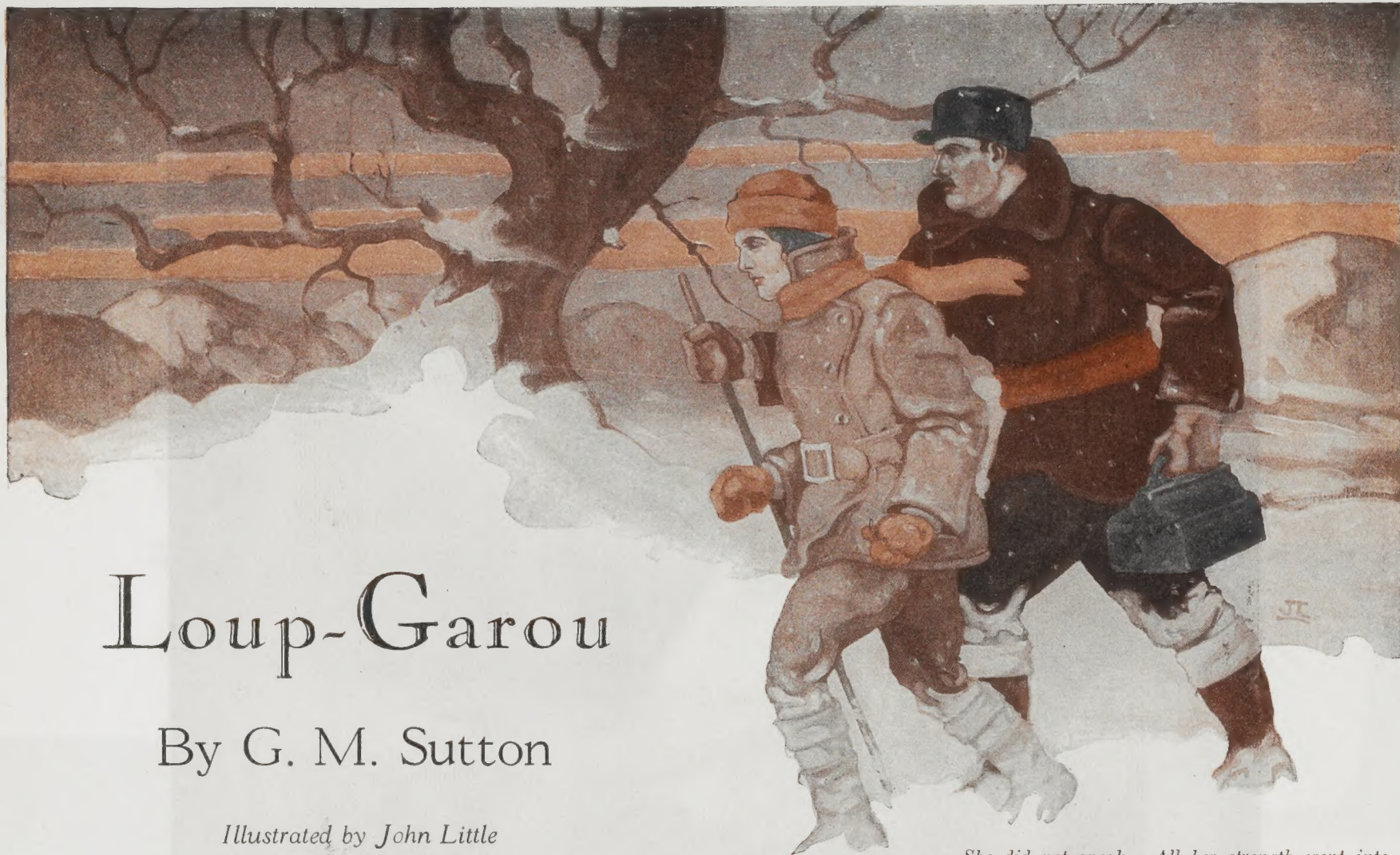
Illustrated by N. Grandmaison

had raged itself out and the world was still and asleep.

Chesney had died about sunset and she must have been waiting here for hours, for now night had long since fallen and the room was quite dark except for a gleam in the wide open grate where a few red coals hung together in the last stages of disintegration. Occasionally somewhere in the floor a timber creaked, protesting against the grip of the heavy frost, and now and then a piece of snow from the chimney top became loosened and fell into the warm ashes of the grate and sent up a little hissing burst of steam. A piece of green fir bough which had fallen to one side and had defied the flames all afternoon, suddenly fell inward and burned brightly

and vigorously, lighting up the whole room with a warm yellow blaze. It touched for a moment, the white face on the pillow, and with its kind glow, warmed it again into a semblance of life, then faded and left the face in shadow. One hand had fallen from the low cot and now rested upturned upon the soft wolf skin which lay upon the floor. The hand was slender and shapely, though six years of ranch life had coarsened it somewhat, and she saw in the palm a rough callous, and a scar where a barbed wire had torn a jagged wound in the flesh. He had come to her, white and rather sick at the sight of so much blood, like a little boy, and she had bound it up, feeling secretly almost glad of the hurt, since it was to her he came for help. Something about the pathetic droop of the hand suddenly shattered her composure. She threw herself beside the bed in a convulsion of racking sobs and wept until her body felt bruised with the passion of her weeping. She lifted his cold hand. On his finger was the quaint little ring he always wore . . . a gold band with two small tapering hands clasped in friendship. She drew it gently off and held it against her cheek.

Presently she became aware of the cold, and with difficulty rose from [Continued on page 67]



Loup-Garou

By G. M. Sutton

Illustrated by John Little

NOTE—The legend of the loup-garou persists in rural districts of French Canada.

Like the werewolf, the loup-garou is a man who at night assumes the form of a wolf and eats people.

The legend varies with the locality. Usually one qualification of the man who "runs loup-garou" is that he should not have attended confession for seven years. The loup-garou is proof against bullets.

The episode of the eating of the souls of the dead in a farmhouse cellar occurred in Quebec province.

Other fearful and superstitious details could have been included, but the writer feared over-emphasis.

SHRILL as a scream for help, the office bell rang. Leduc had been nodding by the fire. He stumbled to his feet, snapped on the electric light, and blinked.

Again that ringing! Yet Leduc had finished his daily round of all the sick of the little French-Canadian village of Villiersville. In such a blizzard this urgency must be for death or life.

He opened the door. With a roar the storm entered. It swept a whirling cloud of snow and a glistening figure past Leduc.

Denise de Villiers, daughter of the seigneur! And in his office!

"Mademoiselle!" Paul Leduc bowed low.

"You are Docteur Leduc?" She spoke hurriedly.

She had to ask that! And the masses he had profaned, unable to take his gaze or his thoughts from her!

"Will you come with me? My father is sick."

Her manner was of sudden calamity. Yet that old monster, her father, had long been ill, long and deservedly.

"Certainly I will go, Mademoiselle. But you know that your father hates me."

"My father hates no one now."

In her young eyes shone the delusion that death, as it nears, erases all hatred.

"Mademoiselle, your father, is it his old malady, or—"

"M'sieu le docteur, I must trust you. It is a disaster. Pepin—our faithful Pepin—struck my father!"

Pepin was their one remaining servant.

"This blow, Mademoiselle, where was it?"

"The head, M'sieu. That was two days ago. Poor Pepin! My father was—unreasonable."

"Is he conscious?"

"He knows no one."

Gaspard de Villiers lay unconscious. Leduc's own father was dead. With the passing of these two might pass also the old feud.

"His breathing, Mademoiselle, is it natural?"

She shuddered. "Something in his chest rattles."

"The eyes, Mademoiselle? Are the pupils even, is he crosseyed?"

She gave a gasp of impatience. Leduc closed the black bag in which he had been swiftly placing medicines and dressings.

"M'sieu, come! Please, at once!"

Leduc thrust his arms into a short heavy jacket, and wound tightly about his waist a gay-braided sash. Suddenly he realized the journey that lay before them.

"Mademoiselle, no motor, not even a horse, can travel this storm."

"I left my snowshoes on your verandah."

"But, Mademoiselle! Eight miles! Twice you cannot do them. You must stay the night. Ma managere—"

"One can when one must."

She would not listen to reason. While Leduc found his skis, she stood by the door, impatient.

"M'sieu, we must take the cure with us. I came first to you, because le presbytere is further."

"Mademoiselle, the cure is in bed, sick of la grippe. Only an hour ago I left him."

She clasped her hands. "Mon Dieu, my poor father! He opened his eyes, he knew me and gasped, 'the cure!' Never before, ill though he has been, would he let me send for the cure!"

Leduc understood. At many a deathbed he had seen the priest plead with the patient to receive the last sacrament. Twice he had seen dying men refuse. For there is one part very terrible to them. The dying man must repeat after the priest, "Seigneur, je donne ma vie en expiation de mes peches." Often they stuck on the words. One terrible night Leduc had seen the priest kneel sobbing by the bed. He had used all his influence, the power of his soutane, everything, to get the man to repeat these words. And the man had cried out, "Va chez le diable!"

"Mademoiselle, ma managere will telephone the cure of Lescheneaux. We can do no more."

Lescheneaux lay another ten miles beyond Villiersville. Leduc left to instruct his housekeeper. He remembered that in the de Villiers manoir was no telephone; neither telephone nor electric light, nothing for which prompt payment was demanded.

A moment later Leduc opened the door of his office. The storm had quietened somewhat, but snow still fell heavily. The light of late afternoon was almost gone.

He knelt to bind on her snowshoes. The second

She did not speak. All her strength went into her journey. Eight miles. Time to remember all one's past, to dream out all one's future.

knot tied, he looked up. He thought, she is beautiful as the Madonna. The harness of his skis buckled, they began their journey.

SOON the village lay behind them. Everything was white, even the snow-weighted pine trees.

Leduc shortened his stride; skis and snowshoes kept an even pace.

She did not speak. All her strength went into her journey. Eight miles. Time to remember all one's past, to dream out all one's future.

Leduc thought of the masses at which her face had disturbed his devotions, and of the old feud between their fathers. That old feud, silly and cruel and medieval.

Yet against his father the *Sieur de Villiers* had been bitter as the most ignorant peasant. For *Docteur Leduc pere* had dared to probe the powers of the mind. He had hired village youths as subjects for hypnotism, and from these experiments had grown the rumour that his father was possessed of the devil. The cure had gone to Leduc pere, speaking of wizardry and abominations, and there had been hot words, and never again had his father entered the church of Villiersville. Thus between Leduc pere and the countryside, even unto the *Sieur de Villiers* who had sided with the cure, had grown the feud. Thus too had come that terrible thing, his father had died without the sacrament! For the cure of Lescheneaux had arrived too late.

Darkness was closing about him and Denise de Villiers. Clouds all but hid the moon. But she pressed on, her head bent to the drifting flakes of snow.

She was, he knew, only eighteen. But no de Villiers had ever lacked spirit.

Gaspard de Villiers had been all his life of an astonishing wickedness, but also of a great spirit. Yet him the villagers had not called the devil. Of the great much was forgiven, even expected.

None the less, about de Villiers too had grown a legend. On dark nights the peasants would not pass by the de Villiers manor, for—the *Sieur de Villiers ran loup-garou!*

Oh, yes, of this there was no doubt. Returning late, and forced to pass the manor, villagers had seen two great red eyes staring at them from among the trees. Ah, how then they had lashed their horses! They had fled, never looking back. But one, old Narcisse Seguin, whose mare was lame and slow, had not escaped. In the morning they had found

him, or rather, what was left of him. Close to the de Villiers manor! But his old mare had limped back to her stable, dragging an empty cutter.

Loup-garou did not eat beasts, which had no souls.

Leduc *pere* had told them that it had been a wolf, which had preferred Narcisse to his mare; that while the wolf had been busy with Narcisse, the mare had escaped.

It was such remarks that had convinced the peasants that his father was possessed of the devil.

Yet sometimes in hard winters stray wolves did roam near Villiersville. If a *habitant* saw one on the skyline, he lashed his horse and fled from a horror worse than lupine. And he would warn the village—"Rest *chez vous* this night, my children! The seigneur run *loup-garou*!"

Leduc smiled as he remembered the affair of the lonely Picotte farmhouse. For three moonless summer nights the Picotte family had heard in their cellar the *loup-garou*—eating the souls of the dead!

Oh, yes, the *loup-garou* did eat the souls of the dead, when he could find no living men!

The family had fled to the nearby river. Midstream, crowded into their flat-bottomed boat, they had told their beads till dawn. After the third night they had gone to live with a cousin in the village, until the *cure* should say in their cellar prayers of exorcism.

But his father had laughed, and had offered to spend a night in the house. This they did not think brave. A man possessed of the devil need not fear the *loup-garou*.

On the fourth night Leduc had taken Paul to the Picotte farmhouse. "My son, I will show you how childish are these fairy tales."

Paul Leduc remembered well that night. His father had lit a lamp, and they had opened books which they had brought with them. Suddenly Paul had felt his heart grow huge within him.

"*Mon pere! Mon pere!*"

From beneath them came a low, terrible sound. Under them in the cellar, *loup-garou* was eating the souls of the dead! They could hear the crunching of his jaws.

But Leduc *pere* had laughed. "So?" It was not then all of the mind."

His father had risen, and had lifted the lamp.

"My son, you must use the brain which the *bon Dieu* has given you. Why should any souls of the dead be in the Picotte cellar?"

To follow down the narrow dark stairs had been the bravest act of Paul Leduc's life. The awful sounds had continued

Then suddenly his father had burst into a loud laugh. There, by the light of the lamp, was an old cow, munching at a heap of turnips.

But the village had liked Leduc none the better for saying that the Picotte's *loup-garou* was an old cow. Perhaps next he would tell them that there was no devil

The Picottes had returned to their home, and had locked their cellar door. And in time the tale had grown into a legend. His father had met the *loup-garou*, unafraid, and had said, "*Voyez donc, loup-garou*, you must keep to the roads and the fields, or they will set the *cure* unto you. Do not be unreasonable, *loup-garou*. Go away, and I will tell them that it was a cow eating the turnips."

And the *loup-garou* had obeyed *Docteur Leduc*, who never went to mass, who hired young men and played with their souls. Never again had the *loup-garou* come to the Picotte cellar.

But all the world had noticed that the *Sieur de Villiers* hated his father.

PAUL LEDUC wondered why the villagers had needed this tale of the *Sieur de Villiers* running *loup-garou*, for surely his actual deeds had given them food enough for talk.

Of a night around their fires they still told of the seigneur's excesses. They were proud of his wild youth, pleasantly shocked by the orgies which had occurred at the *manoir* during the life of his first wife.

For in those days the de Villiers had been rich, they had had their house in Montreal, and they had brought large parties out to the old *manoir*.

His first wife had been redheaded, hot-tempered,

she had called Pepin back. He had come cringing as a dog to a whipping.

She had bade him fetch a spade.

"Now, Pepin, dig!"

But Pepin would not.

Then she had seized the spade, and had plunged it into the ground. She had scattered the earth. "Look, Pepin, there is no blood." But, his arms before his face, Pepin had fled. She had planted the tulbs herself. Blood-red they had bloomed the next spring. And *Madame de Villiers* had been brought to bed of a dead child.

They talked, too, the peasants, of her terrible death. They told of her mad riding, of the high fences she took, of her many falls. While women still rode side-saddle, *Madame de Villiers* had galloped through the village, astride and in breeches.

At last *Diable*, the black stallion had thrown and trampled her. The mark of his hoof had been on her forehead as she lay in her coffin. Of this they spoke only in whispers.

Madame de Villiers gone, the orgies of her husband and children had become even wilder.

Then the daughter had married a Frenchman and had gone to France. And while visiting his daughter, the seigneur had remarried. *Madame de Villiers* the second had been a gentle creature. Her family had been poor, while de Villiers had been then rich.

Of this union there had been but one child, Denise.

De Villiers had sickened of the virtues of his second wife, and had adventured abroad, leaving her during his long absences alone with Pepin and her child in the old *manoir*.

His two sons were now dead—one gloriously in the Great War, the other ignobly in a brawl.

Then de Villiers had returned home, ruined. But even his ruin had been dramatic—*Monte Carlo*, a notorious actress, heavy play on the Bourse.

The second *Madame de Villiers* had died when Denise was but ten years old. The *habitants* pitied, but seldom spoke of her. She had been less interesting than her predecessor.

PAUL LEDUC looked anxiously at Denise de Villiers. Occasionally, as the clouds cleared from the moon, he could see her face.

It seemed to him that they had been long together, silent travellers through a world of black shadows and glistening snow.

They were on the *fief* road now, the final lap of their journey.

At last, long and narrow, the manorhouse extended itself before Leduc's gaze. Though he had been prepared for dilapidation, its decay, even in this fitful moonlight, shocked Leduc. A two-storey frame building, it was surrounded with broad verandahs. But not in twenty years could it have been painted. Its gables seemed to sag under their covering of snow. From the railings of its verandahs many of the pickets were gone, while others tottered drunkenly. The shutters hung crookedly against the rotting walls. A broken window was stuffed with newspaper. The outhouses and the little theatre echoed the misery of the *manoir*.

Pepin opened to them.

Through the house droned an ominous, rattling sound. Leduc knew it, the stertorous breathing of a very sick person.

"How is my father, Pepin?"

Pepin caught Leduc's hand, and knelt trembling. "*M'sieu le docteur! Save him! It will be on my soul forever, a mortal sin!*"

[Continued on page 36]



What must be done had best be done quickly. He pulled back the sheet.

an original. But she had been kind to the peasants, whenever she had remembered them. And she had been a match for that husband of hers. She had had gallants of her own. And when the seigneur's infidelities had been unseemly, she had known how to deal with him.

She gave strange parties at which she and her children danced, performed plays, did acrobatics before the guests. Then she had had built, close to the rambling manorhouse, the notorious little theatre. Here she and her guests had held revels which had become legendary.

But of the *Sieur de Villiers*' first wife only one act had been unforgivable. On the first All Saints Day after her marriage *Madame de Villiers* had ordered her gardeners to continue work on a border of tulips which they had the previous day begun. They had shrunk from her. If one put a spade into the earth on this day, the blood of the saints flowed up through the rift! She had laughed, and they had slunk away to the stables. Angry, but still laughing,



Certain now, beyond the faintest doubt, that Marfa was stark mad, Micklenoff slid into his accustomed seat at the table, far too frightened to disobey.

Retribution

By Laura G. Salverson

Illustrated by Newton Brett

IT WAS the most sanguinary crime ever committed in the north country. So people said. There was no extenuating cause; no pecuniary motive. Nothing whatsoever had been gained. And the accused made no effort to plead her own case. Nonetheless, even a puzzle must have a beginning:

"Where is Katja?" Ivan Micklenoff demanded threateningly, of the heavy-footed, thickset, browbeaten slave he called his wife. "Where is she? I've asked you thrice already; yesterday, and the day before—I'll put up with evasion no longer. My patience wears thin, Marfa Micklenoff!"

She heaved round slowly from the steaming stove where a pan of sizzling fat bacon and a pot of stewing turnips engaged her close attention. A dull clod, seemingly, the eyes she lifted to her husband's angry face were singularly deep; black volcanic pits in the yellow mask of her expressionless countenance. Said she at last, in firm clear accents, each word falling like a pellet of steel: "Where you will never get her, Ivan Micklenoff, never! Understand that? Never!"

For an appreciable point of time Ivan could only stare his amazement. Not for years had she dared to take that high and mighty tone with him. Added to the mystery of Katja's disappearance it seemed ominous. Besides . . . was it only the gleam from the wall lamp, or the devil breaking loose again that made him imagine a dangerous flash in her habitually lustreless eyes? Bah! The thing was ridiculous—as soon expect the dead to rise as Marfa's broken spirit to flare up again. The accursed questionings of the Widow Polenski and Marfa's mulish silence had gotten under his skin, that was all. But by the Saints of Little Russia he'd put an end to it. Nonetheless something was

lacking in his roaring dictum. "Take care, old cow, take care! I'll stand no back talk. Not I—Ivan Micklenoff!"

He might have blessed her, so calmly she resumed her stirring of the greasy bacon. Fists doubled tight, Ivan took a step nearer. "Fool, take care—you know my strength of old. I ask you once more where is your daughter? The truth, old hogshead, or by the living God I'll have it with my boot!"

Never a bully so dumfounded! Instead of cringing she broke into high pitched cackles, diabolic noises meant for laughter. Micklenoff's coward's blood froze at the sound of it. The old woman was mad. Had he, perhaps, kicked her in the head that time of the big rumpus? He'd heard of things like that . . . women gone crazy from blows on the head . . . gone crazy and running murderously amuck.

Nervously he shot a glance doorward, saw that it stood open, took heart again and scowling darkly considered Marfa, still chuckling as she prodded the floating mass in the pan. Praise God, she had only a wooden ladle in her hand!

Micklenoff struck one fist upon the other. "Well, old woman, will you answer me or not?" he bawled in his lordliest manner, getting for his pains only an increasing conviction of the hideous fears that grew upon him. Marfa did not hang her head as usual at the sound of that monarch's baying; did not fumble for the shelter of her apron lest he see

too clearly the trembling of her hands. Christos, no! She glared back at him defiant and composed.

"I told you, lover of God," she retorted scornfully, "where you will never get her. You, nor the imbecile you'd picked for a pigeon. And talk no more of boots, Ivan Micklenoff—Understand?"

Ivan thought he did, and flung another hasty look at the comforting door. But what remained of self assurance ebbed out of him at his wife's next words. Saints on High, how horrible was a smile on a face unaccustomed to the practice! "Ho! my fine master," she smirked at him, "now you'll eat what I set before you. Lovely scorched food, Ivan, pig's meat and cattle feed . . . remember what we did with turnips in Grandia? You'll eat, I say, and without words! Sit down, Ivan, I'm a little pressed for time. I've work to finish at the Black Slough."

Certain now, beyond the faintest shadow of doubt, that Marfa was stark mad, Micklenoff slid into his accustomed seat at the head of the table, far too frightened to disobey.

Grinning like a ghoul, Marfa piled a platter with the floating pork; a yellow mixing bowl with turnips, and set these unsavoury offerings under her husband's nose. Then, instead of serving him meekly, she drew herself a brimming cup of coffee, added pure undiluted cream, and sat down calmly at the far end of the table to drink it.

Mecklenoff's facial contortions beggar description. Helpless, inwardly seething, he dared say nothing, must stare pop-eyed, afraid even to ask for bread. Useless to hang hope on the flickering lamplight. There was an ugly gleam in her faded eyes; a fearful something holding him spellbound. Christos! Now at last he understood her dogged evasions—her dark words . . .

Sweat broke out in a myriad globules on his forehead, his nerveless hands went clammy, his laboured breathing whistled through his teeth. His eyes clung to Marfa though the sight of her turned him sick; clung and dared not swerve, for by some trick of the mind that leering mask of her's appeared to be changing. Lord God, was he too going mad? Mark you, Micklenoff, there is a keeper and a scribe in each man's heart. See now, he unwinds his scroll . . . Shivering, bound to a hundred swift terrors, Micklenoff sat thinking, thinking, thinking.

Soo too Marfa. And her thoughts had at first an acid humor in them. She was reflecting on the follies of women . . . what fools they were to love men; what greater fools to fear them—what greatest fools of all to forget that womanhood implied the mothering of men. Not a lordly knave but some woman might have strangled him at the breast! Yet for almost twenty years she had suffered that Ivan to beat and abuse her. Why?—Well, the why no longer existed. Let it pass.

Slowly she sipped her coffee. Giving the lie to her pretended haste because she knew he had conceived the staggering idea she had wished upon him. Horspidy, yes! Now it was he feared her as she had feared him throughout the long years when Katja was tiny. The tortured years when she, poor fool, saw no other way—no other respectable background for her little one.

With exceeding slowness she sipped her coffee, knowing how fervently he wished her away about that business at which she had hinted and at which he might spy on her, hoping, no doubt, to spring upon her unawares. Let him hope! Let him wait. For every moment he sweated she had years to review. Mother of Sorrows! How much she had to remember! Like pictures in an album memories crystalized before her, thought by thought. There was that exasperating picture of Ivan Micklenoff in fine store clothes, riding to church in his shiny new buggy behind the trim bays. Ivan, the progressive Russian. No dirty bohunk. Clever Ivan, who had given up the old ways and the old church . . . How vividly she recalled the malice of his face when he burned her ikon! That "smart Micklenoff" so admired of his neighbors for thrift and helpfulness and generosity!

Ah, yes, a fine man that Micklenoff, with his big yellow house and level grain fields. A fine fellow, always willing to help a struggling neighbor and generous beyond all expectations to the new Protestant church where he sat with the deacons! And then that flash of Ivan as he had appeared that proud day when he brought the minister to the dinner she and Katja had spent hours to prepare. Picture after picture flashed by as she sipped her strong coffee, yet none clearer than this: Ivan facing her, dressed for council meeting, on his face the gloating triumph of a vain Nero. Almost she fancied she could hear him gloating again: "Too bad your father can't see the despised moujik now—Eh, old cow?" Back and forth, like shadows on a far hill, pass and repass these dark memories. With this one inspiring star in the black firmament: Ivan Micklenoff valued his reputation abroad above the hope of heaven or the fear of hell! Yes, truly, more than life itself Ivan prized the good opinion of his Canadian neighbors!

A strange expression, eager yet sly, stole across Marfa's face, as she thought how Ivan prized such stray insincerities as this: Oh, a splendid chap! First rate settler that Micklenoff, thrifty, wholesome . . . O as good a Canadian as the rest.

The barest hint of smiles twisted her firm lips. Fool that she was, how needlessly long she had borne the brunt of that fulsome flattery—herself the sharp rift in the sweet flowing harmony. Needlessly long perhaps, but not without purpose for she had always understood that despite their laudits the soft whisperings of his neighbors struck deeper. "Poor Micklenoff! No telling how far he'd get but for that wife of his! No mistaking her for anything

but the peasant clod." Horspidy, what penetration! Who was it then had owned that lovely stretch of border country nineteen odd years ago? Who but Marfa, the daughter of Vladimar, patriot and veteran and gentleman no less? And who, pray, was his bond servant?

A shiver passed through her rigid form and the gleam Ivan watched with growing apprehension intensified in her eyes. Mother of God, what fools we women are, she mused afresh, but no matter,

these were old grievances, wounds crusted over. There were new indignities to tally up. "Ivan!" she spat out the word so vehemently that he half rose from his seat, "eat, Ivan. I'll not leave until I see my good cooking relished—my delicious turnips. Eat, gentleman Ivan, your moujik messes."

WHEN with shaking hands he began picking at his plate, Marfa resumed her dark meditations. Grimly, methodically, she reconstructed in her mind the hideous scene that had marked the climax of her tragic bondage. Just three weeks past, it had about it the weight of ageless woe, that incredible scene. It had happened on a Tuesday, on an exquisite silver night. Katja, all youthful joy, had come dancing home from the church entertainment . . . Little Katja, her pretty daughter, with the flying curls and soft brown eyes. Katja, the one being on earth she loved. She could hear her caroling happily: "Mama, mama, no one did better than I. Everybody loved my song, my dances and my dress—your dress, Mama, from your so beautiful country."

"Hist, child, hist," she had cautioned quickly, "hist, I hear wheels. It is Ivan returning. He is late. He has been to town. I must make his supper immediately. Lean pork, Katja, and mealy potatoes and the smallest peas from the garden. Quick, child! Set out the bread and the cream and the raspberry jam, and get yourself into the shadow, little Katja, he will not like to see my Russian finery on you."

Somewhile later the picture was like this: Katja sits by the window her pretty arms on the sill, her dreamy

eyes fixed upon the moon-flooded fields without. Marfa is at the stove hastily cutting cold potatoes into a hot pan. Ivan stamps in, his market smile fading at the threshold; yet some little of the bonhomie still lingers, arrested no doubt by the comforts of his well ordered house.

"Ho, old lady!" cries he, "hurry, I'll have you know I'm hungry. Hungry as a wehr-wolf, old heavyfoot."

Mother of God! groans Marfa, somehow conscious that at this precise moment he has seen the young girl in her festive raiment; in her snowy blouse, embroidered red bodice and short black skirt. She dares not look directly at him but his grunt of surprise tells its own story. "Ho, ho, Katja, what have you been up to, my pretty kitten?" says he, setting one foot before the other in that plodding way of his. "Ho, ho, little Katja!"

Just to recall that wretched moment sends the blood to Marfa's heart in heavy tides. Better the hiss of the lash than the loathsome sweetness of that sinister flattery. "So, you blush, eh? Shall I say it for you?" he continues his torment. "So little Katja has been dancing to catch a beau!" Slowly, softly, he approaches the innocent Katja. Not yet does Marfa dare to speak but a strange fire flares up within her. Let the potatoes burn, she thinks, indifferent for once of her duties. Let the good butter blacken—who cares! Knife in hand she turns a little, glancing furtively but sharply at her husband. Mother of Sorrows! she gasps, falling back a step. Mother All Merciful, he dares look at her child like that! Ivan Micklenoff, her husband.

Strange, strange, the real miracles of life. That look was death and a resurrection—a swift transition from a twenty-year cowardice to instant determination. Tiger-strong, tiger-sly, she watches now. She looks at Katja, not as a mother only, but as a woman. Oh, the pity of it, this bondage of womanhood. To be fashioned so sweetly for one's own undoing . . .

With new eyes she sees her little Katja; this fair young girl wearing her mother's blouse, slumps timidly forward, frightened as always of that blustering tyrant she has been taught to call papa. Not father—Glory be to God, never that! And Ivan, greedily following the lines of drooping head and neck downwards, has not the grace to honor innocence. Not he. That sweet firm virgin breast, curving up from the wide blouse, showing like a white moon against the red bodice, is much too ravishing.

Smirking, he strides nearer; that evil hunger intensified in his speculative eyes. The sight turns Marfa's heart to ice; precaution flies windward, her anger acts like tinder to her mind. Swift and fierce she bears down upon the shining blade in her hand, cutting deep into the fleshy part of her thumb. Out spurts the red flood [Continued on page 38]



Everybody loved my song, my dances and my dress—your dress, Mama, from your so beautiful country



The woman who opened the door to their sharp commands was not the crazed clod they had been led to expect.

TANG

"WE WERE so dreadfully in love—that night."

She smiled impersonally. Her eyes eluded his with the vague focus of fatalism.

It seemed to Dick Renfrew that for a long time he had been waiting for her to say this. And now that it had come, he could find no denial. Yet he winced, as she continued:

"Six months ago, do you remember, at this table, with this same fat waiter?"

Yes, at this table, six months ago, he had asked her to marry him.

He stared at her brown eyes under reddish brown hair—"a touch of henna, you innocent," she had mocked—at her cream skin italicizing her red lips—"intelligent decoration"—at her slim smartness—"diet and good rags." Oh, about Sibyl there were no old-fashioned securities. She jeered at everything and everybody, herself included.

Dick refilled her champagne glass. And for the first time in six months he did not whisper their toast.

"Dickie, doesn't it remind you of Sunday School?"

She was always a jump ahead of him. Not miles ahead, uncompanionable, just one gay little jump ahead.

She put down her glass, empty.

"The first miracle, the marriage feast, and the wine ran out."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I want to marry you more than anything in the world."

"Perhaps. But not as much as you did six months ago."

"You mean, the edge is a little—blurred? I should have insisted upon a short engagement. But you wanted your sister to be back from India."

"Dickie, why couldn't we have kept it unblurred?"

"Because, my dear, in every love there is a logical moment of consummation. Rushed marriages dwarf by a sort of forcing—"

She nodded. "I know. Too easy. And the others?"

His eyes twinkled. "Perhaps—friendliness sets in."

"Clever Dickie! No wonder I fell in love with you."

"And remember one thing. Friendliness may dim the glamour, but tenderness—"

"Tenderness! Bah! I want *everything!*"

"Will you take what comes, with me?"

She shook her head. "Dickie, there *is* a logical moment. A sort of peak. We've let it pass."

He parried with banter. "Think of the heart-to-heart columns in the newspapers. Remember the usual schedule—walking out, an understanding, the ring and an engagement, at long last wedding bells. And we have only known each other seven months."

"And imagine those honeymoons! Stale as a Chinese egg. Thank heaven, the top and bottom of society need not cold-storage the flavour out of their love. No, Dickie, it's off."

He frowned. "If only friendship remained, and that's not true, even still I would prefer a senile tranquility with you to thrills with any other woman."

"Dickie, you always say the beautiful thing. But, the edge remains blurred."

She rose.

"Sit down," he commanded quietly. "You don't break our engagement as casually as you cancel a dinner party . . ."

She sank back into her chair.

"I wanted to marry you months ago," he continued indignantly. "And you know why I couldn't insist. Because of your millions. I don't want your money, but to have you I must have it. And it's your money that makes you talk as you do now. All your life you've had everything too easily. You've been all round the world, nudging with your toe anything that interested you, and then kicking it out of your way. When you tired of a man, you've felt virtuous in no longer 'playing'. You've eaten most of your cake, and now you grumble about its flavour."

"You talk as if I were fifty."

"I don't. Fifty is never as hard as twenty three."

She sighed. "I'll stick to our bargain. But, Dickie, we can only marry once, only once for the first time. It ought to be something stupendous, at the peak. Like it would have been three months ago. Dickie, let me go—free! I want *everything* from life."

Already he was ashamed of having said so much. He understood. It was not that she wanted everything from life, that she was greedy. It was that indulgence had made perverse her palate. She craved tang.

"No one," he said quietly, "can have everything. Life is arranged that way, so that rich beautiful girls can be unhappy. You'll make some startling marriage, quite possibly a decadent foreigner, and you'll want simple things again. Sorry, Sibyl, I'm talking like a prig. Of course, you're free. And I hope you get *everything*."

"I think I'll sail with the Gregorys, tomorrow. They're going to Cannes."

THE cocoanut palms were black against the moonlit Caribbean. Their long stems swayed before the wind, their feathery topknots all blew the one way. Dick Renfrew thought of a slim girl, her short hair whipped by the breeze.

Sibyl would be in Cannes now. She had been right, they would not have been happy. For he, a junior partner in his father's law firm, was tied to hours and place. While Sibyl wanted to roam the world, investigating life, kicking things aside, always moving on. Sibyl, at twenty-three, was an inveterate sampler. But at thirty, Sibyl would be wonderful. For she had a brain. And she might not marry, she had developed the refusal habit. Seven years hence would they meet again?

The girl at his side was talking on. Did she suspect that he was not listening?

"You come here, you visitors, and you say you like Barbadoes, but you always go away. You really think we are absurd, living and dying in this tiny island in the middle of nowhere."

His mind swung back from Cannes. Why not flirt with this girl? Good for them both. Clearly she was bored and depressed.

They were sitting on the terrace outside the Crane Hotel. Jazz floated to them from the ballroom. She rose to return.

"Don't go in, Miss Bollart. Come down to the beach, it's too hot for dancing."

They strolled to the edge of the cliff, then carefully picked their way down the narrow steps that cut a diagonal stairway out of the rock. They were on the white beach; a few yards from them the surf broke with a roar.



HERBERT RUDEEN

*He began to be interested in her kisses.
Yet this girl was hard to read.*

By Gertrude Macaulay

Illustrated by Herbert Rudeen

Swaying palms, the Caribbean crashing in high foam, moonlight and the Southern Cross, a young and lovely girl—why the devil didn't he react normally. Had he caught from Sibyl perversity? He remembered his father's advice—"Take a few weeks off, a long way off, and flirt with every pretty girl you see."

He had gone to New York, taken a Lamport and Holt boat, and in less than a week had been in Barbadoes.

Bollart... an ugly name. But her first was better—Joy. Joy! A good name for a girl with golden hair, blue eyes, and a skin like an advertisement for soap.

He put his arm about her. She yielded passively. The wind blew her short golden hair into his mouth. He brushed it aside, and kissed her. It was a pleasant pastime. But it had no tang.

Again, longer. After all, wasn't he a man? It could not be that he had outgrown simple pleasures.

She was silent. Perhaps she expected him to say something sentimental. Better to go on kissing her.

He began to be interested in her kisses. Long ago he had decided that in her kisses a woman revealed her whole sex-nature and love-history. Yet this girl was hard to read. He was not the first, that much was clear. But of how many and how thorough had been his predecessors he could form no idea. She was not cold, yet neither was she warm. She took nothing. What she gave, she gave passively.

"Your name suits you. Joy! Why do you let me kiss you?"

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't?" She spoke simply and directly.

"None."

She shrugged. "Then why not?"

"Why aren't you happy?"

"Who said I wasn't happy?"

He kissed her, as long as he dared. And yet, he thought, how short all kisses are.

"That is how I know you are unhappy. When I kiss you."

She laughed. "You kiss as if your wife had deceived you, and you were trying not to care."

He started. After a moment he said casually, "Sit down."

They sat on the white sand, looking out at the breaking surf. He couldn't kiss her again. Next time she might have the truth. He had no belief in women's intuitions, none the less he damned them.

Behind them the cliff rose almost sheer. Before them lay eternity. She seemed a quiet sort of girl. Next week he would return to Montreal. He would never see this girl again. He had the illusion of two human scraps meeting for a single moment, without past and without future. At such moments one confides.

He found himself telling Joy about Sibyl.

Then she said quietly, "She will return to you." Everything that she said was disarmingly simple and direct.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I am a woman. I know."

"But she is utterly unlike you. You are simple and natural. She is over-civilized, over-subtle. She tastes life, and then stops to analyze the flavour."

"She has had opportunity. I have had none. I never will have any. But we are just the same."

"No. You will marry some nice boy down here, and—"

"Never!" Her bitterness surprised him. "You know nothing about me, or about conditions down here. My mother is a widow and poor. All the Barbadoes boys go to England or the States. There is no future here. The planters made money during the war, but there won't be a time like that again. The boys that stay here have no ambition. And for each that does remain there are twenty girls. A girl with no money has a small chance."

"My dear, I have kissed you. So I know that the young men of Barbadoes have not been blind to your attractions."

"Oh, that!" she laughed contemptuously. "You mean because I don't protest and struggle. It's been mostly the visitors. I never refuse a good-looking man from outside. They go so soon. No one hears of it. I want something to remember. But I've only let one Barbadoes man kiss me."

"And he?"

"Married last year the richest girl in the island. They've gone to England. I don't care."

Her tone as she said "I don't care" was so frank that he knew she spoke the truth and that she had cared.

"How long does a thing like that hurt?" He asked it gently, as a sick person might inquire of one recovered from the same malady.

She answered calmly, her eyes seaward.

"Oh, only a short time, and—always."

They lapsed again into silence. After a long pause she said gravely,

"During the past year I have asked the same favour of four men. They have all refused me. They were all visitors who were making a short stay in the island. May I ask it of you? You will be quite frank. I shall not persist. But you won't mention to anyone that I have made such a request?"

"Certainly not."

"Will you give me some sort of job in your office, or whatever place it is you work in, and will you advance me the money to go north? I am averagely intelligent, and I will learn to do whatever will be useful to you. I'll need to borrow from you while I'm learning. But my mother will never let me leave the island unless I am going to definite employment. No one here would lend me money. The few that could afford to, would not see any tragedy in a girl staying here with her family."

To advance money to bring a young and beautiful girl to Canada from Barbadoes to have her trained for office work—it was a rather staggering request. What would his father, who engaged all their clerks, think of such a thing?

He stared at her. She was neither as beautiful nor as unusual as Sibyl. But she was prettier. She was, perhaps, the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"I know it's a lot to ask," she continued calmly. "But I can think of no other way. Perhaps if I let older men kiss me, unattractive older ones, some day one of them will take me up north to work for him."

She was neither coy nor pathetic, merely frank.

"I am returning to Canada next week. Will you come with me as my wife?"

Still under the illusion of a brief present, unbounded by past or future, they considered the plan. They told each other that there was no question of sentiment, that it would



HERBERT
RUDEEN

Sibyl, who was in white with a wide black sash, led Dick to hills unnavigable by beginners.

[Continued on page 49]

Post-office Proves Busy Mart Where People's Hopes Rise--and Fall

By George M. Battey, Jr.

IT HAS been estimated that not more than one person in a hundred of any country has ever set foot inside the capitol building of his native land to explore the treasures thereof. The citizens fashion their lives by the laws passed under massive domes supported by stone, mortar and their own taxes; they read with interest of the titanic parliamentary struggles of legislators over large and petty legislation, and they vote to send these law-makers into the council chambers to pass laws for them; but they know as little of the inner workings as they know of the riddle of the Sphinx.

According to an ancient theory which seems to stand up in the performance of humans, the secret of life-phenomena was hidden in man himself, where he would be least apt to look for it as he groped in semi-darkness. Similarly, some of the most beautiful and interesting things in the universe are to be found right beneath our noses or just around the corner.

For instance, there is the average post-office, which, like the railroad station, not only performs thousands of highly important services daily for masses of people but constitutes a mecca for the assemblage of more unalloyed, triple-distilled human nature than may be found elsewhere in a survey of the wide world. The post-office is a bright exception to the rule that people shun public buildings and educational exhibits in favor of the theatre, the movies, pure business and sport. Bees go where honey is, and as long as letters bear "honey" in the form of love messages, checks and information, there the human "bees" will swarm. The point to be made, however, is that post-office patrons are content to accept government service as a thing paid for and as matter of fact, just as the theatre goer regards the play, without stepping across the portal to view the marvellous stage properties.

Let us perch in the rafters, as it were, just above the wooden partition line which divides the dispensers of service—the post-office force—from the receivers of service—the public. What do we hear and see? Tramp, tramp, tramp go the shuffling feet from early morn till late at night; a babel of voices, the noise of small machinery and slamming mail bags and halting trucks; figures fitting back and forth, often feverishly, always in a rush, to beat that inscrutable master,—TIME. Here comes a conveyance with 25,000 letters from the south, there goes one with an equal number for the west. In the lobby people hurry to buy stamps, affix them to letters; receive mail at the general delivery window; drop great stacks of circulars or other matter into the chutes which lead to the main hopper. The crowd that was there a minute ago has disappeared, we might almost say "evaporated;" a different set of expectant faces has appeared or "filtered in." The rule is rapid and constant change. Two or three minutes suffices for the average man to transact his business and depart; a cluttered stream means "driftwood" is present—men and women temporarily unattached,

writing letters on the stone tables or looking over the civil service lists for jobs, or merely seeking shelter from weather or because they have no other place to go. Behind the partition the post-office officials work on through eight hours of gruelling

Still you wonder, and with more reason, how they have worked out a system which so neatly rings the bell: keeps people in the main satisfied and happy over the important item of daily mail, keeps them coming back for more with a smile of satisfaction over good news and a smile of resolution over the unfavorable or the bad. What a composite picture of human life and actions, of buoyed hopes and blasted aspirations

is delineated in this hectic scene! The lovesick youth is there, waiting for some encouragement from a thousand miles away; perhaps he receives it, perhaps the word says that his sweetheart has been wed to one who placed no faith in the statement that "absence makes the heart grow fonder." The mother is there, sending a message of cheer to daughter or son. The child is there, reaching forth chubby hands for a valentine from afar. The salesman is there, looking for order blanks, instructions, or a check. The banker is there, writing for some overdue bonds. The merchant is there, looking for new accounts. There goes the dealer in grain with boxes or bags of sample wheat. There comes the chemist with his germ cultures. Now we see the representative of the concern which has jumped ahead of certain competitors by liberal use of the air mail; his red, white and blue envelopes mark him as one who gilds the lily of time-saving. The high, the low, the honest man, the sharp practitioner, the big crook, the little crook—forsooth, "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief"—all file by in a solemn procession, cast up on this friendly beach by that indefinable but ever-present wave called HOPE.

"For tomorrow, Gretchen," (as the Dutch mariner said) "my ship comes in!"

Ah! how many ships come in, and how many fail to come in due to faulty steering, overloading beyond the Plimsoll line, top-heaviness, and general unseaworthiness! The answer for the yearning millions, patrons of the postal service, is written in the daily mail! That is why the "man behind the gun"—the superintendent, the distributing clerk, the letter carrier—must know his business. Above all, he must appreciate the value of the time which is not only the essence of all trades but of all human relationships.

"Shakespeare" is liberally supplied with references to Time and the need of saving it, and in every sphere we find efforts to eliminate its waste, for time is money, and money is accumulated power, leisure, luxury, travel and (properly applied) happiness. Man mounted the ox cart because the ox could pull more, but his primary object in hitching a horse to a buggy was to get from one place to another quicker than he could afoot; so it has been on through the line of transportation facilities—the steamboat, the railroad train, the automobile and the flying machine. It is the accumulated saving of time that enables man to accomplish more things in his brief span on earth, and that consequently affords him more satisfaction and happiness through constructive



Thomas T. Bower, Winnipeg's Postmaster since 1920.

endeavor until relief in the form of a new shift arrives; these shifts occur three times in the day of 24 hours. The ball must be kept rolling behind the scenes; there must be no let-up or break-down, for the goal is 100 per cent service, and performance has been worked up to the point where it approximates the ultimate.

AS YOU gaze upon this scene you wonder that something does not crack, and you ask: "Don't these mail officials die young?" And the answer is: "Not at all; they outlive newspaper men and Chinese."

self-expression, the net result being that posterity is the gainer and the ultimate in human achievement is brought nearer than otherwise it would be.

That is where efficient postal service comes in as one of the greatest agencies in human progress and achievement. Perch upon the rafters in whatever post-office you will—at London, Paris, New York, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg—and the story is largely the same, but in detail every scene is different and makes a delectable morsel when revealed to the resident of a particular neighborhood.

ON A highly enlightening air and rail trip through Western Canada I stepped into the Winnipeg post-office to find out what happens in the mail service of that locality, especially since a blazing streamer hung across the front of the massive stone structure urging everybody to patronize the air mail. It is often difficult for the visitor to see men of small affairs who surround themselves with secretaries and "bouncers" who ward callers off with the "conference" stall; conversely, it is easy to reach the busy big man on legitimate business because he has learned how to save time, and employs part of it admitting ideas through the door. The door of Room 401 of the Winnipeg Post-office bears the sign "Postmaster. Please walk in," and without unnecessary ceremony I was ushered into the presence of Mr. Thomas T. Bower, a tall, slender, well-knit man of ruddy complexion and iron gray hair and mustache; bespectacled; neatly but plainly dressed; descended from sturdy Dutch ancestors and proud of it; possessor of the hobby of working hard most of the time and playing in summer with a small yacht on the Winnipeg River.

"We have no secrets here," the postmaster began, "but if I tell you some of the things that happen out there in the mail rooms, a lot of people might want to come in and have a look, so how could we get the job done?"

"We will tell the folks the article will have to

office, at the same time that the present assistant postmaster, Thomas A. Rutledge, entered the office in a similar capacity from his native Erin. Since he was first initiated into the mysteries of distributing mail he has worked at every phase of it, with the result that a decade ago he was promoted to the postmaster-ship from the ranks. The jurisdiction of this position extends only over the Winnipeg area, but since Winnipeg is the largest city in Western Canada and enjoys a sort of "bottle neck" position through which all that section's products and communications pass, the measures adopted by Mr. Bower have served as precepts for the postmasters of all the municipalities of the area from the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific Ocean. In fact, it has been asserted that the Western postmasters keep closer tab on Winnipeg than they do on Ottawa or any other city in Canada. In that connection, by the way, Mr. Bower's programme proved so efficient several years ago that Winnipeg's gross revenue surpassed that of the Montreal office, despite the fact that the former city boasts only 250,000 population, as compared with some 800,000. Winnipeg does not consider the competition at an end, since it rang up gross revenue figures of \$3,700,000 during 1929, as against \$4,500,000 for Montreal.

"I will mention a few facts," began Mr. Bower, "before coming to baby chicks, ants and bees. A post-office is

a serious, businesslike institution whose supreme duty must be to render faithful service, sure service, in the shortest possible time. We keep this ideal constantly before us. The Government does not recognize any difference between individuals with one letter or one package and the large corporation which sends out tons of mail at a time. There are no favorites; the treatment to all is the same. By building up a reputation for fairness and efficiency we have gained the confidence and respect of the public, and our aim is to keep these treasured possessions."

Mr. Bower led the way to the "works" where 606 men toil in handling an average of 300,000 letters (150,000 incoming and 150,000 outgoing) and tons of more bulky mail daily. He explained the entire system from the point at which a letter enters the chute until, after passing through the canceling machine and the various receptacles and many hands, it leaves in a bag for the train or the mail-carrying plane.

"In 1906," continued the Postmaster, "this office employed 160 men and did a gross business of \$336,000, or \$2,100 per man. In 1929 we totaled \$3,700,000, or \$6,120 per man, showing that efficiency had gained

greatly during this period of 23 years, in which receipts increased more than ten-fold. I think you will find that the growth of Winnipeg and Western Canada in other directions reached probably similar levels;—a very gratifying record indeed—and we are proud to believe that the Winnipeg office has contributed its share toward enriching life in the homes of the 2,500,000 people of our favored section."

A DEPARTMENT at the rear seemed to be devoted exclusively to parcel post packages, which prove to be matter returned for better address or other reason. It may be stated here that more than half of Winnipeg's gross postal business, amounting to nearly \$2,000,000 paid in cash during 1929, was handled on the [Continued on page 34]



A corner of the Parcel Post Room where Insured Parcels are being listed and bagged up.



A portion of 800 bags of British mail constituting a single consignment from Great Britain.

suffice, and they can't go behind the bars," suggested I.

"That might work," assented Mr. Bower. "What do you want to know?"

"Not so much of the technical, but some of the human things the average man would care to read."

Mr. Bower was born in Ontario in 1867, thus is 63 years of age. He began his work with the Post-office Department some 40 years ago as a railway mail clerk on the run between Kingston and Tweed of the Napanee & Tamworth Railroad, now a part of the Canadian National Railways system and then known in local parlance as the "Nip and Tuck" or "Kick and Push" "Hay-Burner." Twenty-four years ago, as a clerk, he became identified with the Winnipeg



Winnipeg Post-office Lobby.



The volcano that had been fuming within now broke forth in all its glare and flare and flame. For fifteen minutes Irene emptied herself of all emotion—rage bubbled from her.

JEROME ILINGWORTH was not a Mormon. He was a Monogamist. There had been a time when he had been even less than that—when his contemplation of woman had been as something abstract; had never taken concrete form within his mind; he had regarded woman purely in her aggregate form—women.

It was at Donaldson, Ohio, that fate dealt him a full hand—queen high. He had been assigned by his Chicago paper to report the Ellenbogen murder trial at Donaldson—a task of some importance—and between his hotel at one end of the small town, and the courthouse at the other end, there lay, among a multitude of dwellings, a certain house. This certain house was decorated and improved by a certain cosy, vine-grown porch in front. And Jerome Ilingworth, wending his way toward the courthouse in the morning, and back again in the afternoon, had, unaccountably, mysteriously, inexplicably fallen in love at first sight—not with the house, but with the apparently much married young woman who invariably decorated and improved the cosy front porch by occupying it. Around her were gathered day by day, six children. The woman and the children, with the house for background, constituted a picture that Jerome Ilingworth could not eradicate from his inner consciousness.

At first, his sentiment was one entirely of pleasure at the beauty and simplicity of it all. On the fourth day however, he began to feel keenly envious of the chap who had such a wonderful young wife, such a delightful mother for his children. On the fifth day Ilingworth began to feel that it was a confounded shame for that girl to have married until he, Ilingworth, had had a chance to make his bid. But he kept on admiring at a distance.

Jerome might have been startled out of his senses had he known or suspected for an instant that each of the six children who clustered and nestled about the young woman boasted of a separate father. Was the young woman a Mormon? Jerome never asked about that.

He did, however, during the course of the Ellenbogen murder trial, and while his advent lasted in the town of Donaldson, enter upon such due inquiry and investigation in the neighborhood, as resulted, on the seventh day of the trial, in his stepping boldly through the little wicket gate and doffing his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he announced, "my name is Ilingworth and yours is—Miss Andrews, I believe."

Miss Andrews rose and bowed. She really was Miss Andrews. She was not a Mormon, nor a polygamist, nor a bigamist, and not yet even a monogamist. She was the charming proprietor of a little private school. As she bowed to Ilingworth some slight agitation was visible upon her features, for, as Jerome had taken note of her each day, she had quite returned the compliment, each without giving any sign.

"Miss Andrews," went on Jerome, in a very businesslike way, such as only newspaper men know, how to assume, "my being here is almost an accident. I'm a newspaper man, and I'm working up this farce down at the court of sessions. But," he added glibly, "I'm not only a journalist. I am also a genealogist."

The same being a tremendous fabrication.

"I have been baffled by the fourth generation of my mother's side—going backwards. That generation's name was Andrews."

Which was one of the most unspeakable outrages upon truth ever committed by any human being.

"I have been informed," he added, "that you could help me out."

This was the lie direct. The only thing that Ilingworth had been informed was that the name

of the girl who lived in the seventh house from Church Street was Irene Andrews.

He waited, hat in hand, looking down into the depths of her clear eyes, and watching the color gently steal into her face.

"Possibly I can," she stammered.

ON the day that the Ellenbogen jury came in with its verdict of acquittal, Jerome Ilingworth told Irene Andrews in his journalistic way, with pleasant little pauses all through the conversation, that he loved her; that he had loved her ever since he had first seen her, and that it was his intention to stay in town, and in fact, in her house, until she had consented to marry him. And she, poor little girl, dear little girl as she was, felt, of course, that it wasn't right to keep him in that humdrum town any longer than necessary, and, in fact, that it would be scandalous to keep him in her house for an unreasonable length of time—and so she told him her story, and it had been quite the same as his. It was one of those strange, rare, out of the way cases of real love at first sight. Being such, Jerome felt impelled to stay in town a little longer, and to remain in the house until forcibly ejected by Miss Andrews, at ten o'clock P.M.

"I hope," she told him the next day, "that we're not too closely related to marry. Let me see—the fourth generation back upon your mother's side were Andrews, weren't they?"

"Not a bit of it," he answered.

She paused and looked him full in the face. "Are you always going to tell me stories?" she inquired. He shook his head.

"I told the very last one in my life," he answered, "the day I introduced myself."

She nestled close to him. "You know, dear," she

Illustrated by Robert Dorf

PART TWO

went on, "I'm fearfully practical. I've seen so much of all the young husbands in this town, and what they do, and how they treat their

wives. There are two things I want to ask of you. I'm all alone in the world. I haven't anyone but you. You'll always be home—nights? And you'll never leave me?"

Ilingworth smiled down upon her. "As long as you look at me like that," he answered, "I'll do anything you say. If staying home nights interferes with my business, I'll even cut out business. And as for leaving you—wild horses couldn't tear me away, Irene."

"So you say now," she faltered.

Jerome drew her tight. "You take a chance and see," he said.

So they became monogamists. They settled down and started to live happily ever after.

It was in the first week of the third month of their married life that Jerome brought over to her from his typewriter in the corner of their Chicago flat, a dozen sheets of paper.

"Read it," he commanded.

His young wife read it through.

"A short story," she gasped.

He nodded. "Whose?" he queried.

She drew down his head and kissed him.

"Ours," she answered. She was quite right, upon both propositions. The inspiration of matrimony had lifted Jerome Ilingworth from the sphere of a mere reporter of other people's doings. He had become, as in the twinkling of an eye, a fanciful creator. Out of the insignificant Ellenbogen murder case, and his own significant romance, he had built up a structure of strength and beauty, vine-clad with romance and illusion.

Next day he showed it to his city editor. The



By William Hamilton Osborne

Author of "The Red Mouse," "The Catspaw,"
"The Blue Buckle," Etc.

editor glanced it over, reading it in the way that city editors have, in five short minutes of time—but absorbing everything of merit.

"Good," said the city editor. "You try it on the New York magazines."

Jerome beamed with pleasure. The city editor didn't say things that he didn't mean. Jerome started off, but the editor called him back.

"Ilingworth," he said, "there's one thing that I forgot to say. The thing that strikes me more than anything about that story is this one—its dramatic quality."

Jerome stared at him for an instant. Some old habit of mind struggled to the fore. Dramatic quality—the term smote a responsive chord. It sounded good.

Jerome sent the story to a New York magazine. Three weeks later the magazine sent him a check.

"I'll write another one," he said to Irene; "maybe I'll get another check. Who knows?"

But still the words of the city editor kept beating in his ears: Dramatic quality.

There was something in the personal history of Jerome Ilingworth that he had never confided to his wife—and those two words had set his nerves to tingling.

"If I only could," he thought.

Irene Ilingworth's nerves tingled, too—and more particularly when she read the first story of Jerome's in print. It had always seemed to her a great, mysterious thing to read his modest, unsigned stuff in his own newspaper—to have him toss the evening sheet to her and say: "The third column on the second page is mine." But even at that he was only one of the component parts—an atom in the newspaper aggregation.

Now, suddenly, he was becoming a wonderful whole—an aggregation of atoms.

"A Witness for the Defense"

By Jerome Ilingworth

That was worth while. Her husband's name was upon library tables; reading lamps shone upon it; it inspired, excited, rested people—made homes brighter. Jerome suddenly was playing an important part among the people.

But Ilingworth only shook his head. An old ambition stirred within him.

"Let's go to New York," he said.

They went to New York. He dropped regular journalism. He became a free lance. His workshop was his home; his kit of tools lay immediately under his hat. He plunged into labor energetically; worked like a Trojan. The result was success. New York opened its arms to him.

"Ilingworth, the magazine writer. Ilingworth, the writer of short stories."

So people came to know him.

"And," he told Irene, his wife, "We've made money, and we're making money—fast."

But it wasn't money that he wanted. He yearned for something more.

"Come on, honey," he told his wife, however, "we'll spend some money, anyhow. Theatres first."

"I thought," she returned, "that we'd seen almost everything. We've been at least a dozen times."

He shook his head. "This is business," he returned; "we've got to see all the big New York successes, every one of them. It's going to keep us busy. But we've got to do it."

It did keep them busy. And when the season was over, they were tired—or almost tired—at any rate, of the big Borough of Manhattan.

"We've been going it a bit too fast, Jerome," his young wife told him, as she looked over their accounts; "we've had too much pleasure."

"Pleasure," he would answer with a decisive shake of the head; "not a bit of it. It's business—business. You wait and see."

ONE evening, two weeks later, he brought it into her—a neat little typewritten pamphlet, neatly covered with blue covers and fastened at the side with brass tacks. She looked at the outside for an instant. She read the title:

"A R-and from the Burning"

By Jerome Ilingworth

"Very fancy for a short story," she remarked.

"Read it," he commanded. She obeyed. She turned the first page, and started. "It's not a story," she exclaimed.

"It's a play," he said, "a one-act sketch. My first attempt."

She read it through, and laid it down—aghast.

"Jerome!" she delightedly exclaimed.

"Let me read it to you," he remarked.

He read it. To her it seemed as though he did it wonderfully. Interesting before, it was now a thing terribly fascinating, terribly dramatic, terribly strong.

"Do you think it will go?" he queried.

"I don't know why it shouldn't," she returned.

He laughed. "It has," he said.

"How?" she asked.

He nodded. "Do you remember Harry Farnsworth—the chap we saw on the Interborough Roof—in that one-act drama?"

The villain in the 'Flame', she said, "I'll never forget him—never."

"Harry is going to put this on," he said.

"Harry," she faltered at his familiar use of the first name.

Ilingworth reddened for an instant. "I knew him in Chicago," he explained.

"And he's going to put it on," she exclaimed delightedly.

"The thin edge of the wedge," observed her husband.

Harry Farnsworth put it on. "The Brand from the Burning" went like wildfire. The big vaudeville houses booked it for seventy weeks. And every week Harry Farnsworth, regular as clockwork, sent to Jerome Ilingworth his little check for twenty-five.

Three months after that one-act sketch was well under way, a man called on Jerome Ilingworth and his wife.

"My name is William Terwilliger," he announced; "you've seen me on the boards. I want you to write me a Rube sketch—with some fire in it. Humor, you know, an' that sort of thing. But something new. And not a bit less melodrama than Harry Farnsworth's sketch. You understand."

Ilingworth understood. Two weeks later he had turned out "A Rustic Rival," and two months afterward, that was on the boards.

"The thin edge of the wedge," Jerome repeated to his wife. He drew a long, long breath.

"The play's the thing," he said.

THERE was an air of triumph upon the face of Irene Ilingworth. "Jerome," she announced, "I've found the cutest little place—only thirty-five minutes out on the train and ferry-boat. Grass, trees, vines—just what we're looking for. You've got to come and see it."

Next day they went. And when Jerome Ilingworth looked for the first time on Number Seventeen Hawthorne Place, he started. He rubbed his eyes.

"Why—why—" he exclaimed.

[Continued on page 28]



Barbara Kent, petite Universal featured player, is a product of Gadsby, Alberta.

LIFE, some philosopher has declared, is but an insignificant little chart of days dealt grudgingly out to us as though by a malignant deity, and in considering this thought and the relative brevity of human existence one is persuaded to believe in some aspects of the theory of reincarnation. That theory is often startlingly supported by observation of life in Hollywood where time flits through the hours at a mad pace and youth is always in the saddle. For who can doubt that the gods and goddesses of ancient ages, the sirens and the conquerors of history, have again come into being under the actinic rays of that sunny clime where screen entertainment is made wholesale? Who can doubt that the world has again its Cleopatras, its Alexanders, its Caesars and its replicas of Venus and Adonis? Or that these favored beings should gravitate to California as naturally as the gods of old selected ancient Greece for their camp-site? Greece was the stamping-ground of wars and battles without end. So too is Hollywood. And beauty and chivalry show up with a special kind of lustre against a background of conflict.

These thoughts occurred to the Canadian visitor in Hollywood as she set forth to interview three youthful Canadians who have recently joined the company of high gods on the screen's Olympus — Barbara Kent, Jeanette Loff, and Fred Coppins, V.C. All three came from Western Canada. The trio, it is assumed, have weathered the terrific storms of competition which constitute the professional life in Hollywood and are justifying the most hopeful expectations, both as to screen talent and the equally essential requirement, voice.

Hollywood's evil has been rather over-emphasized. Its pettiness is a much more glaring and real vice. Which is only to be expected in the capital city of Makebelieve. Here converge unending streams of humanity from every walk of life — some who have come to exchange hard cash for soft opportunities, others to haunt the studios in search of romance and room-rent, many who have staked all their rubles on the

Two Daughters of the Prairie Make Good in the Talkies

Western Canada's Gift to the Audible Screen

By Jean Cameron

one venture of getting into the talkies by hook or crook, members of the great army of the unemployed who hope by some miracle to be able to eat regularly even though they don't exactly exchange a diet of corned-beef for one of caviar, and some few naive souls who still believe in Santa Claus. Fine and generous deeds have been done even in Hollywood—as well as some of the most despicable acts of throat-cutting it would be possible to imagine. In brief, the film capital is only human, but it is life intensified a hundred percent.

INTO this hotbed of competition there came some few years ago a little girl from Gadsby, Alberta, named Barbara Kent. She had won a beauty prize in Santa Cruz, California, but she proved immediately that she had brains as well, for she went back to high school before trying to become an actress. Shortly after her arrival in Hollywood she won the prize-winning cup awarded by the Los Angeles Examiner for the girl with the highest degree of personality, and later she was successful in a third contest when she stood first among the non-professional beauties and became known as "Miss Hollywood." She was invited to the studio of one of the big film companies for a screen test, and her photographs in motion so captivated the officials that she was offered a contract at once with no strings tied to it. She had done a number of small parts in what are known as "westerns" when the head of another large corporation noticed her, and she was cast

in the ingenue role in *Flesh and The Devil*, a picture starring John Gilbert and featuring Greta Garbo. From that time on the little girl from Alberta has played only important featured parts and two years ago she was nominated a Baby Star, an honor much coveted by the younger actresses. Following this she was signed to do the leading feminine role in *The Small Bachelor* and also in *That's My Daddy*, with the popular comedian Reginald Denny, and later played with Glenn Tryon in *Lonesome*, considered one of the most important pictures made in the new futuristic school. Meanwhile various studios were bidding for her services and she soon found herself playing with such sterling actors as Richard Barthelmess and Harold Lloyd. After months spent in search of a leading lady for his picture *Welcome*



Fred Coppins, who was awarded the Victoria Cross in 1918 for cleaning out single handed three German machine-gun nests at the battle of Amiens, now has the role of a German machine gunner in "All Quiet on the Western Front."

Danger, Harold Lloyd selected little Miss Kent and that she justified his choice none can doubt who have seen that film. She has finished playing in *Backfire* opposite Joseph Schildkraut.

Hollywood is supposed to be a dangerous place for girls under 18 and men over 40, but the little Canadian girl from the foothill country snapped her fingers at danger-signals and went right on winning out all along the line. Her work shows an imaginative quality unmarred by the grossness of the realists. She strikes no poses and indulges in no talk of her "Art" and has just sufficient temperament to render her thoroughly human and likeable. She confesses to a preference for the lighter roles rather than the purely dramatic. I am told that her friends regard her as one of the best little sports in the world, for she never complains of hardships or of hurts and bruises and long hours in the studio. Photographically she is a well-nigh perfect subject. An exact five feet in height and no more she is decidedly petite. Her hair is brown and unbobbed, and her eyes a deep blue and she just falls short one-half pound of one-hundred in weight, being 99 plus an extra half-pound. Like all successful screen players she has an abundant store of energy on which to draw, and she finds outlet for it in tennis and swimming, her two favorite sports.

Little Miss Kent speaks with genuine affection of her old home in Alberta, [Continued on page 33]



Jeanette Loff, whose childhood days were spent on the Saskatchewan prairie, now a featured player at the Universal Studio.

A Tall Dark Man

By Jean L. Hinds

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen



She was the type to instil a little decent reverence into his flippant spirit.



He was just practical enough to keep her down to earth—little dreamer that she was.

ONLY once have I ever thought of giving up telling fortunes. That was the time I was riding in a taxi from Lorraine Paul's Sandwich Shop to the High Street Baptist Church to stop the wedding of Iris Cherry.

I had only fifteen minutes to go and the taxi fairly crawled. Fervently I vowed I'd never look at another tea leaf. If that romantic child married that awful creature before I arrived—I shuddered.

It was all I could do to keep from getting out and running. While I sat there and fussed and fumed I thought of the events of the past weeks. And of Iris with her funny, old-fashioned, idealistic notions.

Iris was one of the waitresses at Lorraine Paul's where I read tea cups. There were five of them altogether, Helen, Rita, Gracie, Fern and Iris.

Miss Paul had certainly hand-picked those girls. Four of them were about medium height or a little over, and dark. They wore lavender dresses and short full skirts and tiny white aprons and white fichus. They waited on the ladies who came in and sat in one of the little booths for breakfast or lunch or afternoon tea.

Iris worked behind the counter. That is, she sold the odd package of cigarettes, answered the phone, or got a sandwich or a cup of coffee for that rare, hurried customer who was more interested in food than in the future and didn't want her fortune read.

Iris didn't look like the other girls. When I first saw her and heard her name I thought, "Iris for her eyes, Cherry for her lips." She was very tiny and blonde and her uniform was gray instead of lavender, and in it she looked like a ravishing little Quaker.

The other girls were hard-boiled, or pretended to be, but not Iris. That child certainly had romantic ideas about everybody and everything. If a woman with beautiful clothes and a bored expression came in for a cup of tea, Iris was sure she was one of that sad sisterhood to whom diamonds had not brought happiness; a plainly dressed pretty girl could not have lunch at Lorraine Paul's without Iris recognizing her as Janet Gaynor or Joan Crawford trying to escape publicity.

Iris looked on Miss Paul as a queen of the business world; she regarded Fern, who was married and had a two-year-old son, as a brave little madonna battling her way through life; I believe she thought I was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter.

And when Shorty came in to deliver the cakes, I'm sure that Iris, herself, felt like the heroine of

the world's greatest love story. Lorraine Paul bought her cakes from Parker's, a large bakery in town and Shorty was the young man who drove Parker's delivery truck. He called at the shop every morning about eleven-thirty.

Tradesmen were supposed to come in at the back door, but that didn't worry Shorty. What he lacked in size he made up in impudence. He'd come swaggering in the front door, chewing gum, his cap perched jauntily over his left eyebrow, a pencil stuck behind his right ear, his arms full of cake boxes. He'd walk up to Rita or Gracie or Helen or Fern and make some such remark as, "Papa's brought the angel cake for his angels. Here you are, little one."

He called all the girls—except Iris—"little one," although each of them was at least an inch taller than he.

When he was talking to Iris his wise-cracks deserted him. He'd stand at the counter and look at her, and, really, to anyone who knew just what a fresh young upstart he could be at times, his expression of reverent adoration was funny.

He hadn't known Iris very long before he began to do less clowning and take his work more seriously. He came round in time in the mornings and he wasted no time fooling with the girls. He'd merely take a second or two to beam at Iris and tell her he'd be waiting for her when she finished work. He began to come in the back door.

Love was surely chastening the bumptious spirit of Shorty. Much as we liked him, we had to admit that a little chastening could do no harm.

We all liked Iris too. The other girls called her a goofy little egg, but there was affection as well as amusement in the words. Everyone seemed delighted about her and Shorty; they were made for each other. She was the type to instil a little decent reverence into his flippant spirit, and he was just practical enough to keep her down to earth, little dreamer that she was.

Her conversation began to be sprinkled with remarks about the darling little dishpan she'd seen on sale, or the sweet little rosebud dinner set she'd looked at all noon hour. She went so far as to say that, in order to save money, she and Winston were going to the picture show only once a week. Winston Buckingham Higginbottom was Shorty's actual, unbelievable name.

Then the hot season arrived and the girls were kept fairly flying round on their stilt-heeled slippers, serving cold drinks and sundaes. It was no holiday for me either, for you can have leaves in iced tea if you want them.

DURING the dog days the atmosphere of Lorraine Paul's isn't quite as exclusively feminine as it is at other times. Scores of people drop in to stand at the counter and sip a casual glass of orange juice or a soft drink, among them quite a number of men. And the sight of our little, blonde waitress didn't exactly drive the sterner sex away.

One creature came in every day, a very tall, dark man with narrow shoulders and greasy black hair and eyes set too close together. He'd drape himself over the counter and take half an hour to drink a glass of ginger ale. Of course, the ginger ale was getting the least of his attention. He was always busy watching Iris, trying to talk to her, catching her hand and attempting to hold it when she gave him his change.

[Continued on page 45]



"I only see one thing here," I said, "but it is very important. Your true happiness will come to you only with a tall, dark man."



The stolid British patrolman pacing majestically up and down along the curb murmurs "Back a bit there if you please!"

THE street leading into Whitechapel Road and contiguous areas is *en fete*. An unwanted, expectant hush has fallen over it, and activity in all the marts of trade has ceased while as much of the East End's population as can squeeze itself into the lane of the impending royal progress has done so. The rest have swarmed up poles or are parked precariously on window-ledge along the route. Every light-standard has its cluster of urchins like bumble-bees on a flower-stalk, and one small but determined youth has wound himself about a large banana-hook hanging outside a fruiterer's shop. Here and there the British flag flaps idly in the breeze.

The unnatural stillness is broken by little spurts of comment, pertinent and otherwise. At intervals an impatient cheer arises. Then:

"Arr-rh! Keep yer 'air on!" somebody remarks. "The bobby'll tell us when she's comin'—won'tcher, old dear?"

The stolid British patrolman pacing majestically up and down along the curb murmurs, as he thrusts out a great blue-sleeved arm: "Back a bit there if you please." No one ventures to dispute his authority. The London mob can be the most unruly in the world—and the most docile. It all depends on the occasion. The arm of the law submits to some good-natured chaffing.

"Wot 'e can't see ain't worth lookin' at. They picked 'im for a lookout, they did."

"Yus but 'e ain't no blinkin' searchlight. Carn't see through the perishin' fog, can yer, bobby?"

A rather cosmopolitan crowd it is. Besides a varied assortment of Londoners a goodly sprinkling of tourists is noticeable, principally Americans. Some of these have been "doing" the tortuous ways of Limehouse and Stewpony and have merely turned aside for a fresh thrill. Ubiquitous in their

plus-fours and horn-rimmed glasses they push forward and stand on tiptoe, craning their necks for the first glimpse of the Smiling Duchess. They make no pretence of concealing their interest. There are several Continental tourists, conspicuous for their complexions of fashionable Riviera tan. And two Canadians stand well to the fore, each armed with the Canadian flag—that is to say, what passes for the Canadian emblem.

Individually the throng presents astonishing contrasts. There is a frail-looking little woman, her head wrapped in an old Paisley shawl, her face working with some hidden emotion; there is a large, hard-faced woman in a bright yellow sweater-coat. She has small, furtive eyes and the general appearance of a female Mussolini. There's a man who looks like a reincarnation of Bill Sikes, who keeps prodding a dirty white dog with the toe of his boot and muttering maledictions at it. And there's another whom he addresses as 'Erb. These two exchange corrosive remarks anent the conduct of the previous day's race in which a nag named "Sweet Hussy" evidently died at the post. Bill urges 'Erb to put his money on a sure winner for tomorrow afternoon's two-forty-five event, a lightning-limbed filly called "Velvet Ears."

The mother of the urchin swinging outside the fruit-shop cries: "'Orace! You get right strytle down orf that 'ook or you'll get a proper 'iding when you get 'ome! Wotcher think yer are—a bloomin' bunch o' bananas?"

Little Bill 'Arris has dropped his halfpenny down the grating in the gutter, and the sound of his lamentation rises to heaven till he is comforted with a half-sucked lollypop snatched from the hand of his older brother—whereupon the latter takes up the burden of the cry. Mrs.

'Arris, wearing a man's overcoat and a look of strain confides to a friend, in the intervals between scolding Bill and shaking little Alf, that she's worried about the rent and that Alf senior is at home in a condition popularly known as "blotto." There are remarks and comments about royalty to be heard. Of His Most Gracious Majesty:

"'Larst time the King passed by, the kerridges went so slow my man took orf 'is 'at twenty-two times—an' 'e would 'ave done it as many more if the blessed brim 'adn't come orf in 'is 'and."

Of the Smiling Duchess:

"Aye, bless her hairrt. She's a bonny wee thing and wha kens but she may be Queen someday!" The speaker is the little woman in the Paisley shawl. Obviously she is a lang way frae hame and sorry for it.

The Little Duchess Passes By

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by Bertram Eldraw

"'Ow she can keep smilin'! She must be rare 'appy. Now, if she 'ad *six*, like wot I've got—but she's got time to be friendly."

"It's her nature," maintains somebody, decisively.

"Aye," chimes in the lady from north of Tweed, not without a good deal of native pride, "ye'd ken fine she's Scot-tish!"

An excited group surrounds



Sylviar, at a push from her mother, hurls the "boky" at the royal carriage; missing it neatly by a foot.

a stocky, freckled little girl of about ten who has been delegated to "throw the boky." This much-envied child answers to the name "Sylviar." Directly behind her stands an anxious mother issuing last-minute instructions, and nervously smoothing down her frock. It is plain that the parent is considerably more wrought-up than is the child. "Remember now Sylviar," she reiterates, "when you curtsey to 'Er 'Ighness kink yer knees but 'old yer 'ead up."

"She'll be orl right, Mrs. 'Obbs. You leave 'er be or you'll 'ave 'er all out in a *presperation*." This advice is tendered by a lady on Sylviar's right who herself wears a look of anxiety for has she not assured everyone within earshot that she has left a bloater cooking on the stove at home in the Mile End Road, and the weekly wash only half hung out?

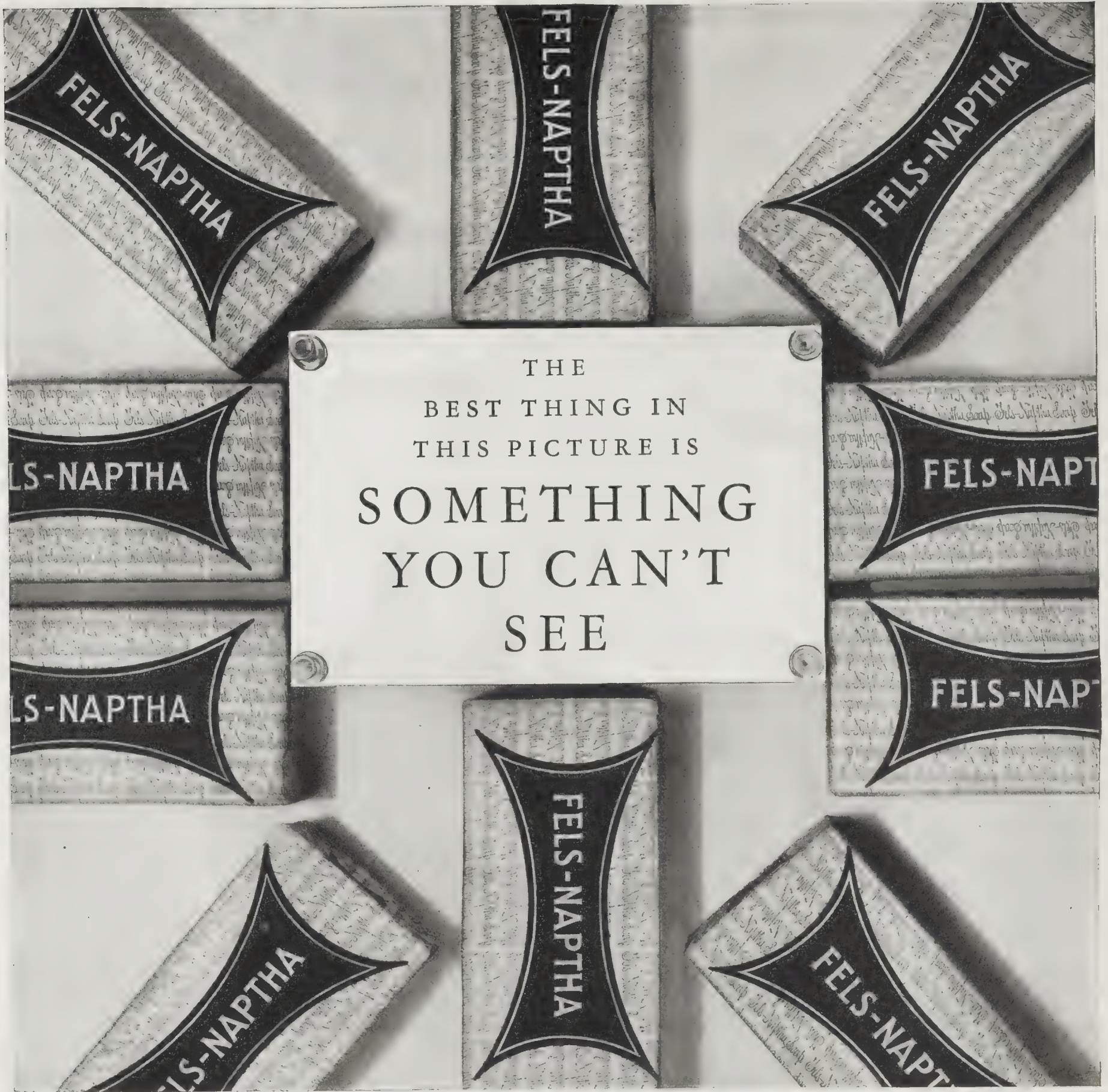
DISTANT sound of cheering from far up the street silences the crowd momentarily. Then is heard the fluted note of a bugle. Whitechapel stands on its toes and peers.

"O-oh! She's comin' now orl right!"

[Continued on page 32]



Here at last is the Little Duchess, bowing and smiling from side to side.



And that something, dear reader, is *extra* help—the *extra* help of soap and naptha, instead of soap alone.

Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. You get plenty of it in Fels-Naptha. It is combined with golden soap by a special process that keeps it always on the job. That's why you can smell naptha in Fels-Naptha from the second you take off the wrapper until the generous bar is down to its last thin sliver.

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clothes come beautifully clean—sweetly, fragrantly, thoroughly clean—without hard rubbing.

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Canada's Lone Arctic Traveller

By James Montagnes

WHEN thirty-three years ago a young mining engineer of twenty-two, just graduated from the University of Toronto, set out on the long trek to Dawson City, Yukon, to take up his duties with a mining company, the Canadian Government kept an eye on him. Two years later he joined the Government service, and since that time, with but one lapse, when he went overseas during the World War, he has been in the Arctic for the Canadian Government.

Major Lachlan T. Burwash is Canada's outstanding Arctic explorer. He knows more about the Arctic than any other man today. He knows the natives from east to west. He knows the country from one end to the other. Twenty-eight years in the Arctic and five years of warfare have whitened his flaxen hair. But there is still in his eyes and in his build the Rugby champion who went north in 1897.

When immediately after the World War the Government had some hard nuts to crack in its administration of the Arctic, it called upon Major Burwash to solve the problems. Prior to going overseas he had spent the years in travelling throughout the Yukon and the Western Arctic, with one or two Eskimos. No other white man ever accompanied him.

There were a few things which Canada wanted to find out about the native population, about the coast line in places which had never been travelled, and about the North Magnetic Pole. Burwash shouldered the responsibility to investigate these items of interest. He spent a year in Baffinland in the Eastern Arctic, travelling with a couple of natives, visiting native villages, learning the customs of the people, and why rumors of a decrease in population were coming to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion.

Then he came home. There was just time to make his report, order supplies and he was off again for the Western Arctic, taking the long train trip to Edmonton, travelling by boat and canoe down the waters which led into the great lakes and so to the Mackenzie River, which carried him down to the Arctic Ocean, an old trail for the Major. Here, in the vicinity of Aklavik he had spent many years of investigation, had travelled east for some distance, and now his task was to reach the Hudson Bay by traversing the entire Arctic coastline from west to east, all of it above the Arctic Circle.

Here the short, powerfully-built explorer shipped on a trading schooner which would take him to Cambridge Bay, half way along the coast. And at Cam-

bridge Bay another schooner, smaller, to navigate even shallower waters, waited for the large ship, and took him to his winter quarters on King William Island. From this isolated trading post which con-

and his natives to stay in their igloo for days at a time, when there was not enough food for men and dogs. Raids by the dogs on food and clothing supplies to ease their hunger. Then again a period of

plenty of seal meat caught through five feet of ice. A sickness among the dogs, which carried off one after the other, necessitated leaving half the load in caches, even some of the scientific gear with which to take observations over this unmap-ped region. The hauling of the remainder of the load in relays using all the dogs on each load. Buying more dogs and having to take the families who owned them along. Then more dogs dying. Finally a bigger camp of natives sighted in Pelly Bay. Spending some days on the ice, distributing load, buying a new set of dogs, and finding the last case of hard-tack soaked in coal oil. Snowblindness after weeks of travelling against the glaring whiteness. And again a shortage of food for the ten fresh dogs and the three men. The blindness becoming worse. Only dull shadows in front through the slits in the native wooden snowglasses. A large party of natives, a dash with the starving dogs, then Repulse Bay, the goal.

Half the job had been left undone. No observations could be made of the North Magnetic Pole because of dog sickness. A rest in Ottawa, a report written, and again down the Mackenzie to Aklavik, where a Government forty-foot schooner waited. Finding an engineer for her, and taking a few Eskimos along, for the Major will not travel without them, not even for a five-mile walk, and the party set out for Boothia Peninsula, on which is stationed that point which attracts all compass needles.

Putting the boat up for winter, and leaving the engineer with her, Burwash set out for the interior of the peninsula. Only the natives accompanied him. And when he had found a spot which swung the ordinary compass around 180 degrees and pulled it down, and which his more scientific dip circle showed was probably the magnetic pole, he camped, built an igloo, and settled down to a winter of observations. That was the winter of 1928-29.

He found the North Magnetic Pole a wandering body, that floated now here, now there. And even though he was right above it, he had to watch it every hour out of the twenty-four, for fear it would wander elsewhere. The secret of it he nor anyone else has not yet found. And as for the iron deposit which is supposed to be the attractive force, he saw none of it. There is only mud and limestone in sight. Perhaps the attractive iron is far, far [Continued on page 40]



1. Typical native of Magnetic Pole district. A native of Cambridge Bay, Victoria Island.
2. The camp at the North Magnetic Pole during the winter of 1928-29. A native sled and husky are seen in the foreground.
3. The plane which brought Major Burwash out from the Arctic last winter, camped on frozen Musk Ox Lake, in the North West Territories.
4. Typical Arctic Coast natives, photographed at Burnside River, Bathurst Inlet.
5. Major L. T. Burwash at Repulse Bay after his momentous crossing of the unknown stretch between King William Island and Repulse Bay.
6. Major Burwash's summer camp at Bloody Falls, Coppermine River, Arctic Coast, where the explorer carried out mineral investigations last summer.

sisted of a wooden shack as residence and a sheet iron storehouse, he would make his dash across to Repulse Bay on the Hudson Bay, a five-hundred-mile jaunt over a region through which, as far as known, only one white man had ever come, and he was the great Rasmussen.

That trip is a record of hardship from start to finish. There was a shortage of food throughout the three months of travelling. Blizzards that forced him

"Beauty is Romance"

says MRS BIDDLE STEWART

"Beauty is romance, and romance is youth! To cherish youth, to live for beauty is the sure way to make your heart's desire come true. A radiant young girl, a beautiful woman is a magnet for romance," says Mrs. Biddle Stewart.

CHARMING young favorite of society in New York and Philadelphia, Mrs. Biddle Stewart is so romantic that her friends call her the "Fairy Princess." Tall and slender, with the lithe grace of a willow, she has the idyllic beauty of youth.

You notice her exquisite complexion the moment you look at her . . . its enchanting ivory pallor in vivid contrast with the cherry of her lips.

"A fresh, clear, youthful skin," she says, "is essential to beauty," and it is true.

Of course she uses Pond's! For, as she says, "Pond's provides the best and easiest method of home care.

"There is the delicious Cold Cream for cleansing," she adds, "to keep the skin flower-fresh and satin-smooth . . . the dainty Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream immaculately . . . the bracing Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and bestow a lovely natural color . . . and the exquisite Vanishing Cream for powder base—a true hand-maiden of romance," says Mrs. Stewart with her winsome smile, "for it keeps one's nose from ever looking shiny—and one's hands always velvet-white."

Yes, a lovely skin is the ensign of romance, and to catch and hold the springtime of her beauty is every woman's duty toward her happiness. That is why Pond's Method is such a success—because of the amazing efficacy of its four simple steps:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores, and float the dirt to the surface.

Second—wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, super-absorbent.

Third—dab skin with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—never fail to cleanse immaculately with the Cold Cream and wipe away with Cleansing Tissues.

Distinguished and lovely women use Pond's four delightful preparations to keep the skin always at its best . . . Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Cleansing Tissues to wipe away the cream . . . Skin Freshener to banish oiliness . . . Vanishing Cream for exquisite powder base.



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An atmosphere that moderns like at meals

So Light, So Gay, So Charming

By Katherine M. Caldwell

OUR modern love of sunshine, of the lovely gaiety and cheerfulness of open and untrammelled windows, has undoubtedly come to stay. Not only that—we have gone on to the *creation* of sunny and cheerful effects for ourselves, augmenting the good work of nature or substituting our own brand of brightness on those occasions when nature fails us.

That we like to eat amid bright surroundings, is something that we have learned quite thoroughly. The charming little breakfast rooms that have found their way into modern house-plans, the nooks we have added to our kitchens, our practice of setting up a little table in the sun-room, have all vouched for the delight that we find in taking our meals in a sunny, bright place. No doubt the same advantage that cheerful table-talk is said to bring to digestion, is also derived from pleasant surroundings.

Of course everyone cannot have a separate breakfast-room to catch the brightness of the morning—and a dignified and handsome dining-room furnished in the more imposing manner, in which to dine by candlelight. On the contrary, many a problem in modern furnishing is presented by the little dining-room that, as one of possibly three or at most four downstairs rooms, must be all things to all men, as the scene of three meals a day.

IT IS exactly this type of room that I have in mind this month, when I suggest a charmingly light and informal treatment for it that includes something of the atmosphere of sunroom, breakfast room and dining-room, all three. And I have also very much in mind the home-maker who furnished perhaps in just

those last days of the pre-cheerful period, when darkish oak built on rather unimaginative lines was apt to furnish the solution to most problems of the modest dining-room. Today, she may regard with envy the bride who is making her choice from a host of exquisite polished woods and enamel finishes, made into furniture proportioned beautifully to fit into rooms of any given size.

Why not make a complete escape from a too-dull dining-room, if you have put up with one for a number of years, and "go modern" to the extent of taking to yourself some of that new lightness and brightness that is one of the nice things about up-to-date furnishing? Perhaps a new finish on your old furniture will suffice, with an entirely fresh type of wall and perhaps a change in floor treatment. If this is feasible (and much can be done in this day of paint and varnish removers and quick-drying enamels and lacquers), you will achieve your ends with a very small outlay of money. If new furniture is needed, you can go about choosing it in whichever of several ways is best suited to your purse.

I AM going to stick to the subject of the *small* dining-room—or the informal little room the bigger house may boast for the less-important meals of the day. Or perhaps it will be a sun-room that is to be adapted to this very pleasant purpose. Quite recently I saw a transformation wrought in the ground-floor plan of a house which now much more nearly fulfils

the needs and pleases the tastes of its owners. Last time I had seen it, there were the usual small dining-room, slightly larger living-room and kitchen, that comprised the typical first-floor layout of the six-roomed house that was built by the thousand a dozen years ago; at that time, however, it was considered extremely modern because of the heated sun-room that, at the special behest of its builders, was of very generous size.

Now, the partition between living-room and dining-room has been abolished, making a really splendid room—the big living-room that had become the great desire of the owners. The fact that the original living-room was almost square in shape and that the dining-room was really less deep than it was wide, has saved the new room from really ungainly proportions—the long walls being carefully broken up by the placing of the furnishings. And that former ample sun-room, with its one wall taken up entirely by windows, has become the most smilingly attractive little dining-room imaginable. It was worked out very much after the fashion of the one illustrated on this page, with a scenic wall-paper and enamelled furniture of small but charming and comfortable proportions. "We can still seat eight at table," explained the proud mistress of the transformed establishment, "and as I would never figure on entertaining more people than that means, at a sit-down meal, it is as large as we require. More guests mean buffet service—and then they can wander wherever they like to find seats." She is enjoying to the full the new opportunities for hospitality that her increased facilities have made possible.

Whether new or old, these lovely little light dining-rooms can be treated from [Continued on page 64]

You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

... to give your teeth the
kind of cleansing dentists recommend

*Surface polishing only
half cleans. Colgate's does
more—it washes away
decaying particles.*

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This

foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

*Colgate's comes in powder form,
for those who prefer it. Ask
for Colgate's Dental Powder.*



Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

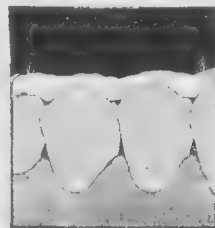
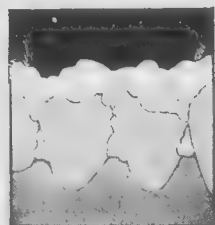


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet, "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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FOR two years, that is, ever since Byrd and his associates set out to explore some of the frozen South and to fly across the South Pole, we have been eagerly following this gallant expedition by means of the newspaper despatches. And now comes the official picture of the great adventure.

This film was originally some thirty miles in length, but it has been edited,—and edited so cleverly that it now stands as an absorbing narrative, packed with thrills and humor, infinitely more dramatic than all but a very few of the films that come from Hollywood. The "story" moves swiftly. The picture starts as Byrd sails away in "The City of New York." Soon the sight of an iceberg tells us that the ship is nearing its goal. Then we see the ice-barrier upon which the explorers made their home for nearly two years, and where the real business of exploration begins.

The picture now continues with kaleidoscopic speed and variety. Sometimes the drama borders on tragedy, for we see Gould and his group marooned for eleven days near the Rockefeller Mountains after their plane has been destroyed by the South Polar blizzards. There is comedy, too. Byrd's lively little canine companion, coated and snow-shoed. Playful seals, reminding one of Bairnsfather's famous "Old Bill." Penguins, of all birds the most clerical-looking, the most solemn and decorous.

We see the Floyd Bennett plane, named for Byrd's companion in his Arctic flight, brought from its icy hangar to start on the flight across the Pole. We follow the flight within sight of the Heiberg Glacier, ten thousand feet above sea level, on to the Pole and then back again to the base camp. Finally we see the arrival of the City of New York, come to carry the explorers back to civilization.

The photography is all splendid, and many of the scenes will long stay in the memory—landscapes frigidly and austere beautiful. The portion of the picture showing the actual flight across the pole is made doubly interesting by the synchronized description given by Floyd Gibbons, the famous author and war correspondent.

"Let Us Be Gay"

"LET Us Be Gay" is one of the many possible variations of the ever-popular "Cinderella theme." The central character of the story is a young woman, who is nice but extremely dowdy. She loses her husband to a more fashionably dressed lady, and for a while her heart is distinctly broken. Suddenly, however, she decides to mope and mourn no longer. She goes to Paris and stays there three years. Paris makes the frump into a butterfly. After three years in France, she is invited to the home of a Mrs. Boucicault, an eccentric dowager. There she meets her husband, who immediately falls in love with her, and the denouement is blissful but amusing.

The picture is based on the play of the same name by Rachel Crothers, which had a long run in New York last season. It is light, diverting, and

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

the dialogue is delightful. Norma Shearer, who has our favorite of all screen noses and whom we consider generally very, very charming, is as attractive as ever in this new role. Marie Dressler gives an excellent characterization as Mrs. Boucicault, sharing honors with Miss Shearer. Rod La Rocque is good as the philandering husband.

"The Unholy Three"

LON CHANEY is very successful in this, his first complete talking picture. His voice is almost as versatile as his face. During the course of the film he has to assume at least four different voices: a man's, an old woman's, a child's and a parrot's.

The story revolves about three stars of a freak museum, a ventriloquist, a strong man, and a midget, who leave the show and go into the pet shop business. The ventriloquist (Chaney) poses as an old woman, the owner of the shop; the strong man is supposed to be her son-in-law; and the midget, in baby clothes, is passed off as her infant grandson. The idea of the shop is to deliver pets to rich homes and thereby get the lay of the land for future burglaries.

This bizarre and surely very "Unholy Three" provide a good deal of rather macabre humor and many thrills. Many movie-goers will remember Chaney's original silent picture of the same story. Although the talking version is excellent, I still think the old silent film was, by its very silence even more thrillingly sinister than the new version. Chaney, however, handles the dialogue well. The best "sound shot" is when the "old woman" is giving evidence in a trial and a break in her voice reveals her true sex and identity.

Chaney, I hear, was really a ventriloquist in his early days, so it is not surprising that he makes such clever use of his voice. By the way, they call Chaney "The Man of a Thousand Faces," and jokingly say that when he went on the Hollywood reducing diet he lost six faces in one week!

"Love Among the Millionaires"

WELL, well! Here's Clara Bow again. This time she plays a humble little hash-slinger who yearns for a millionaire to fall in love with her. He does.

"True to the Navy" was pretty thin entertainment and "Love Among the Millionaires" is thinner. The story is as trite as it can be and theme songs are dragged into it by the tail and for no apparent reason. Clara shares the honor with an antique flivver that falls apart in classic Keystone comedy style.

"On the Level"

VICTOR McLAGLEN, who, like a bulldog, is so ugly that he's almost handsome is featured with Fifi Dorsay in this film. It is a mediocre picture, having a stereotyped story and many dull moments. Miss Dorsay is given only one song, although she is at her best singing. McLaglen is adequate in an uninspired role.

"Holiday"

"HOLIDAY," that witty and deftly handled play by Philip Barry, has now been made into a pleasantly entertaining talking picture. Surely the theme of the play is pleasant enough and one to which we subscribe with heartfelt enthusiasm. This thesis is that we should take our "holiday" when we are young instead of merely wasting that precious period on efforts to amass a fortune. A friend of ours agrees that this is "a swell idea but you've got to have money if you want to eat." Still, "Holiday" contains a charming idea made doubly appealing because the play also shows us the rich as joyless, harried slaves to their own possessions.

The story tells of a young man, with his own way to make in the world, who is about to marry into a family of great wealth. The prospect of many responsibilities frightens him and he runs away. I shall not tell all the complications that follow. That would spoil your fun.

Ann Harding, the recruit from the legitimate stage who has become such a favorite in pictures, is excellent—and beautiful!—in the leading feminine role. Robert Ames is attractive as the holiday-seeking young man.

"Bride of the Regiment"

THIS is the film version of a light opera by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch. This opera was produced some seasons ago in New York under the title of "The Lady in Ermine," and in London as "The Lady of the Rose." It has a romantic story and some very pretty music. The picture version is expensively produced, lavish

as to costumes and settings, but it is not, as a whole, particularly effective.

Ford Sterling, well known in comics, is very good in a comedy role. Vivienne Segal, the musical comedy star, plays well, looks stunning, and sings her one song delightfully. But why only one song? Miss Segal is known for her ability to sing. Why don't the directors make use of this ability. Louise Fazenda and her squeaky laugh are also in the cast.

"Swing High"

HERE is a very pleasant evening's entertainment: a melodramatic story of circus life, enhanced by songs that really seem part of the plot and are not dragged in by sheer force in the usual Hollywood manner.

The circus scenes give color to the story, and are made even more picturesque by

the fact that the story is set around the Sixties, when men's clothes were still rather romantic and women were ultra-feminine in ringlets and ruffles.

Fred Scott as the hero has a taking personality and a very good singing voice. Helen Twelvetrees plays the heroine, an aerial performer. The photography is fine, and includes several really beautiful panoramas showing the circus caravan as it travels along the country roads from town to town. The songs are tuneful and well interpreted.

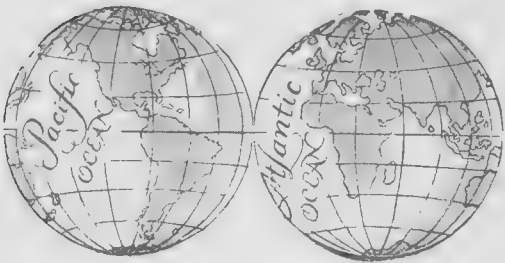
You will like this picture. The children will like it, too.

[Continued on page 47]



The "ROYAL ROAD" to Fresh Coffee

*...leads straight to a tin
of Chase & Sanborn's*



THIS famous globe-trotter, adventurer and author of "The Royal Road to Romance" has tasted the coffees of every coffee-loving country.

But it was Chase & Sanborn's that he finally selected as his preference, for its rich, piquant flavor and luxurious fragrance. In fact, for over forty-five years this famous old blend has been the choice also of appreciative Canadians all over the Dominion.

Supreme quality and scientific skill throughout have earned for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee this enviable reputation . . . Because Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is chosen from beans of the highest quality that grow on sunny, tropical heights . . . Because it is skilfully graded and blended to get just the right consistency for Canadian taste. Because it is scientifically



Richard Halliburton, who writes so vividly of his travels in "The Royal Road to Romance" and "New Worlds to Conquer," makes this interesting statement about coffee: "I've tasted the finest coffees of the world," he says, "in palm-thatched shacks in Panama, in proud palacios in Brazil, in dim bazaars in Turkey, and in intervening points East and West. But never have I known one which could surpass Chase & Sanborn's for the perfect, indescribable flavor that comes from real freshness."

roasted to get the utmost flavor from the aromatic oils.

Travel undoubtedly cultivates tastes, but you need only go around the corner to your own grocer to buy the choice of the most experienced connoisseurs . . . Chase & Sanborn's fine coffee.

Taste for yourself why Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is better. Buy a tin to-day . . . an invigorating treat is in store for you.

TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE we recommend the use of a percolator or a tricolator. If you use the ordinary pot, however, make it this way: Use a heaping tablespoon of Seal Brand Coffee to the cup. Put in the pot . . . add cold water. Let it stand awhile, even overnight . . . when ready, put on the fire. When it starts to boil, remove . . . let it stand a few minutes—Serve.



TWICE-A-WEEK DELIVERY for CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE

Every time you see one of these new green delivery trucks speeding through the streets of your city, remember this! . . . Besides delivering Fleischmann's Yeast, it also brings Chase & Sanborn's fresh coffee to your grocer twice-a-week. He takes just enough to last him 10 days, when any left over tins are replaced by fresh. The coffee we take back is then resold to institutions which ordinarily cannot afford such a high grade of coffee.

(Roasted in Canada)

Chase & Sanborn's
TEA and COFFEE



TANGEE

... the lipstick of
a thousand shades

A thousand hues in one magic lipstick—Tangee! A lipstick color which is yours and yours alone... which blends perfectly with your natural coloring, no matter what your complexion. Apply Tangee and watch the color change to the one individual shade you need!

Tangee is entirely unlike any other lipstick. It contains no pigment. Magically it takes on color after you apply it. It leaves no greasy smear. It is permanent. And because of its unique solidified cream base, it soothes, heals and protects.

Whatever your coloring—Tangee is for you. One of its thousand shades is yours!

Tangee Lipstick, \$1.25. Also the same marvelous color principle in Rouge Compact, \$1.00... Crème Rouge, \$1.25 Face Powder, blended to match the natural skin tones, 75c and \$1.25. Night Cream, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1.25. Day Cream, a foundation cream, protects the skin, \$1.25. Cosmetic, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.25.



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(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

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The House of Scandal

Continued from page 17

"What's the matter?" she inquired. "Just—just like that house of yours out in Ohio," he stammered, "where—"

"Where you made genealogical inquiries about the Andrews," she laughed back. He nodded violently. "We've got to have it," he determined. "How much?" he asked the agent.

The agent told them. "It'll be five hundred down, and five hundred a year till paid for," he added; "taxes are only sixty dollars a year. Beside that there's nothing but insurance and repairs."

"Done," said Ilingworth. "We certainly can afford it, Irene. Five hundred dollars a year is nothing at all, now that—"

"I should think not," returned Irene, "with four sketches on the boards and any number of them in your head."

They signed the contract. Ten days later they moved in. And across the lawn, some two hundred feet away, all unknown to them, sat a certain Mrs. Bellamy, looking on.

Within the next three months, things began to happen. It is said that the buying of a house invariably constitutes a crisis in a man's life. A man builds or buys a house, and dies. He builds a house and fails. He buys a house for his big family, and then his children all run away and marry.

No sooner had Ilingworth bought his house, than money immediately became tight, and prospects darkened. Harry Farnsworth forgot to send checks. Harry was a high liver, and always en tour, he lived up to his profits and everybody else's besides. He sent letters full of contrition, but no money. Will Terwilliger, The Rube, found that rustic sketches, good as they were, had palled a bit, and was having difficulties with his bookings. The two other sketches that were being played, "The Idol," and "The Masquerade," were gems, but the people who were playing them were not of the first rank, and could not command sufficient weekly salaries on first bookings to pay the author well.

"But don't you worry," they had told Ilingworth, "next season we'll jack our figures up to three hundred a week. We're eatin' into the public, and the managers are finding out."

"At any rate," said Jerome to Irene, "Georgia Graeme is a five hundred dollar a week attraction, and when I've finished that sketch for her—"

He finished it, and read it to Irene. "It's called 'The Spy'," he said. If Irene had gone into ecstasies before, she went into a paroxysm now. "It will take New York by storm," she exclaimed; "it's great!"

"It's something more than the thin edge of the wedge," commented Jerome, "and it'll make me doubly famous, because Georgia Graeme will surely make it go. Beside," he added, "she'll pay me fifty a week for every week it's booked."

He was quite right in a way. Georgia Graeme was beginning to be a headliner in vaudeville, and the managers had been watching her. Storms of applause greeted her wherever she went. She was a hard headed, sensible little actress—and she worked her fingers to the bone to accomplish the success that waited for her. She had read Ilingworth's "The Spy," and had approved it as the best vehicle she had ever attempted to employ. But before she even had her little cast together, she broke down from nervous overstrain, and was forced to flee to Europe to get a much needed rest.

Ilingworth stared at Irene, quite aghast. "It looks as though we were up against it," he exclaimed. He felt for the first time the iron that eats into the soul of every free lance—that irregular finance is the penalty of the artist who depends upon irregularity. He had made good money—all that they had needed; he had spent good money. He had not foreseen a time when they wouldn't have good money. But now, even he began to take account of stock.

"Honey," he said, "we've got this house. We've got to pay for that. And we've got to live. And things are getting low. Quite low."

"Something will turn up," she returned, quite confidently.

But something didn't turn up. And worse than that, Jerome's thoughts were so occupied with the financial stringency that he could not give full, free rein to

his fancy. He couldn't write. Ideas would not formulate themselves. The intellectual ink refused to flow.

ONE morning Jerome burst into his wife's cosy little sewing room with determination written on his face.

"Girl," he said, "there's only one solution to this problem."

"And what is that?" she asked.

He paused an instant. "I've got to take 'The Spy' out on the road myself," he said.

"Yourself!" she gasped. "Why—you can't act."

A dull flush mounted to his forehead. "Irene," he said guiltily, "the one thing that I've kept from you all these years is this: The first money that I ever earned was on the boards. I was a newspaper man, second. But—I was an actor first."

She let that act sink slowly home. It was well, she assured herself, that Jerome hadn't told her that out there in Ohio, Jerome held out his hand.

"Hence," he said, "all these sketches. The dramatic bee has always been in my bonnet. The stage has always called to me. I know that all my life I must either write plays or act them. The play's the thing. The drama seems to have me, in one form or another, body and soul. That isn't what I started out to say," he went on; "the point is, that we're up against it. I've been all around New York trying for newspaper work. There's nothing doing for a stranger save at starvation wages. The money market has paralyzed my imagination—I can't write. I've thought it all out—I've got to take 'The Spy' out on the road myself."

It seemed to hit her hard. She thought and thought about it. "I don't like it," she exclaimed. Finally she cast at him a startled glance.

"It—it doesn't mean that—that you'll leave me here—alone. We'll go together, then?"

He shook his head. "You've got the servant girl," he said, "and I don't see how we can go together. You see, I'm practically unknown. 'The Spy' is a good sketch and it will draw once it gets before the lights, but my bookings are only going to be at a hundred or a hundred and a quarter a week—not more than a hundred and a half at the outside. I've got to have three people. Another man and—a woman—"

"A woman," she wailed, aghast; "I—I hadn't thought of that."

"Of course," he went on, rapidly, "you've read 'The Spy'. I'll have to pay them. I'll have to pay travelling expenses. We won't need scenery; it's a drawing room scene—a conventional setting. But—in this way while the money stringency continues I can earn good money on the road. I don't see that I can earn it any other way."

"And this means—that you'll leave me?"

Jerome became petulant. "How can I help it?" he replied. "We're confronted by a condition, not a theory."

"You promised—" she began.

"I know," he interrupted, "but—we've got this house. If I take you with me it will eat up nearly all I make. Don't you see? I've figured it all out. I can see just how to do it. And I don't see anything but that left to do. We need the money. It's business. This isn't a Sunday School picnic. You're my wife. I must support you and myself in the style that we're accustomed to. We must save this house. I'll take 'The Spy' out on the road."

"With a man," she protested, "and—another woman."

Irene Ilingworth shut herself up in her little sewing room and wept.

"He promised me," she wailed.

"NOW," said Jerome, a few days later, "I've got a girl. She's not much good, I'm afraid. But she sort of looks the part. Irene," he suggested, "she'll be here tonight to read her part. I wish you'd look on and let me know what you think of her. You can't get much, you know, for forty dollars a week, and I want your honest opinion on her, if you please."

"Will the man be here?" queried Irene.

"The man," returned Jerome, "is coming on next week from Chicago. He's an old friend of mine, and I can depend on him. But I've got to have the girl in good shape before he arrives."

Irene Ilingworth clicked her teeth.

"Jerome," she said, choking back her tears, "I shall not lift my finger to help you or retard you. You promised me once—once, and not so long ago, you'd never leave me. Now you can take your old 'Spy' out in your own way, to suit yourself—with any woman that you please."

"Very well," said Jerome, "I shall."

For three nights he toiled with the girl downstairs, and for three nights Irene Ilingworth sat, dry-eyed, in her sewing room above.

Finally he took his troubles to her. "Irene," he said, "I'm up against it. This girl is a lemon. She hasn't got a spark of warmth or of vivacity in her. She's simply the coldest proposition that you ever saw."

"Indeed," returned Irene, with a steely glitter in her eyes, "that must be a disappointment to you."

"You recall the action of 'The Spy'," he said. "It calls for a whole lot of emotion. Of course, with this girl, I'm playing Barney's part—he's the Chicago chap who's coming on—I'm playing both parts with her, the husband and the other man. She doesn't kiss worth a darn, and she doesn't respond to an embrace."

"In-deed," returned Irene.

"Of course," went on Jerome, leaning over his production, "I built up a hot part for Georgia Graeme, and though I've changed it to give my part more prominence, yet the girl has got to have some go in her. But this girl is like a chunk of ice."

"Possibly you can win her over—on the road," returned Irene, sarcastically.

He shook his head sadly. "I gave her the g.b. tonight," he said, "and tomorrow I'll have to ransack little old New York for something livelier."

"Get a good one while you're at it," said Irene. Then she lapsed into silence and darned stockings until he left the room. He left behind him the new version of "The Spy."

Irene leaned over and seized it when he left. It held a new interest for her now. She wanted to see what action it required on the part of her husband toward the woman in the sketch; and what action on the part of the woman toward her husband. When she had read it with a view to its production by Georgia Graeme, she had revelled in its passionate utterances, its melodramatic thrill, its pretentious action. She had enjoyed these bits of "Business":

- (—"Kisses her with vehemence")
- (—"He looks into her eyes")
- (—"She looks into his eyes")
- (—"Clings to his shoulders")
- (—"Arm about her waist")

Her soul had thrilled as she had pictured to her mind Georgia Graeme and her cast doing all these things.

But now, the effect of all this had become quite different.

"I think," she told herself with considerable determination, "that I shall have a look at the next woman he gets."

Accordingly she had a look—welcomed the next woman on her arrival. A big rangy girl she was, with a deep shade of auburn hair, who seemed to fill the whole house with her voice and manner. She talked incessantly of the big contracts that had been offered her, and of the big companies that she had traveled with.

"Suppose we read this over, Miss Sheehan," suggested Jerome, and he started in.

Young Mrs. Irene Ilingworth sat and listened politely, until the act was half through, where the important business of the sketch commenced.

(Continued on Page 30)



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The House of Scandal

Continued from page 28

"Oh, it's good you got me, Mr. Ilingworth," said Miss Sheehan; "I can do those parts to perfection. You try me out. I don't boast—but when Georgia Graeme comes back from abroad and sees me in this part—she'll fade."

Irene retired to her sewing room. She could not, would not stay downstairs and see that glaring beauty in the arms of Jerome. Jerome had assured her it was all business, but in her opinion there was too much "business" in all this business. She couldn't think of it, much less sit and watch it.

And yet—and yet—it was worse, somehow, imagining these things than really seeing them. She sat alone for a long, long while, poring over the copy of the manuscript that she had retained, and sighed and moaned and groaned.

"Now they embrace," she wailed; "now she's clinging to him—" She rose at last. "I'll just go downstairs and see what she's doing to him now," she told herself.

She descended to the dining room, and opened the door. She started back in affright. Never in her life had she seen man and woman clutch each other as these two were doing. Her face went very white. She told herself that this was more than acting—that Jerome and the Sheehan girl certainly meant it. It was terrible.

Jerome and the auburn hair fell back before her as she entered. They disengaged themselves the one from the other.

"Oh, that was just perfect," sighed the lady with the auburn hair; "and you come in"—to Irene—"just at the climax, where the husband—mine—is supposed to come. I say, that every night, we ought to have her"—pointing to Irene as she might to a super—"come in just at that point—at least until the other man gets here. Say, look here, Mr. Ilingworth," she rattled on, "is he a good match for me? Is he tall enough?"

At this juncture Irene Ilingworth once more interposed. If she had cast a wet blanket upon the scene, now she froze the blanket. The air was frigid. Something seemed to freeze the haughty Miss Sheehan, and she withdrew, promising to appear at seven-thirty next evening without fail.

Young Mrs. Ilingworth showed her to the door, and slammed it after her. Then she came back to Jerome.

"Don't you dare to have her come to this house at seven-thirty tomorrow night, or at any other time," she exclaimed.

Jerome shook his head sadly. "You needn't fear," he replied in a critical tone; "she's worse than the first one. She exceeds the limit. She occupies the whole scene. You ought to have seen the way she dragged me around this room. I can't have her. She's simply impossible. I'll drop her a note tonight. She'll get it in the morning. I'll tell her the production of 'The Spy' is indefinitely postponed."

"It had better be postponed," exclaimed his wife.

"Oh, but it won't be," he answered; "that's the only way I'll get rid of her. I've got to get a woman that's just right."

"You've got to get a woman that's just right," agreed Irene Ilingworth unhappily. Night after night she had stood it all in silence, so she told herself. Now she must speak. The volcano that had been fuming within now broke forth in all its glare and flare and flame. For fifteen minutes Irene emptied herself of all emotion—rage bubbled from her. She poured anathema upon Jerome. Her eyes flashed fire. Vituperation, denunciation, withering sarcasm poured forth from her. Jerome pulled himself together, and stared at her with wide-open eyes. Suddenly she went all to pieces. She broke forth into a torrent of weeping—infuriated weeping.

"Stop!" yelled Jerome.

But she wouldn't stop, and so he made the best of it, pacing up and down and up and down the cozy little dining room.

"I'll have to quit," he mused at last to himself; "I can't stand this kind of strain." He kept on pacing, pacing, pacing, trying to work out this financial-domestic problem that confronted him.

At last his pacing stopped. His eyes brightened. He stood in front of his wife.

"STOP!" he yelled, in a tone of thunder. He brought his forefinger down slowly until it pointed directly into her eyes.

"You'll take the part of Helen in 'The Spy,'" he said.

She stopped her weeping.

"W-what?" she exclaimed, aghast.

"You'll take the woman's part," he went on, "by George, if you can do this kind of thing"—by his gesture he indicated the mad torrent that she had become in the last few moments—"you can do the other." He gasped with joy at the surprise of it.

"Thunder," he went on, "why didn't I see it all before! You look the part—and you can act the part."

She, too, gasped with joy. "Do you mean it?" she queried.

"Mean it?" he returned. "Of course I mean it. It'll put forty dollars more right in our pockets. Why the deuce didn't I think of it before."

Irene wiped her eyes. "Then," she exclaimed, "we'll go together. There won't be any other woman. And you won't leave me alone, after all."

He wrinkled his brow. "You know, Irene," he went on, "in this sketch I'm going to play the part of the husband. Of course with these girls I was playing Barney's part as well. Being the husband—which is the star male part—'The Spy'—why, I don't do much hugging of my wife. Barney does the hugging. Now, you won't mind Barney's hugging you a bit?"

Irene opened wide her eyes. "Don't you?" she queried.

"It's business," he replied. "Barney's the best chap in the world. Maybe he's a little down and out just now. But he's got two qualities that endear him to me. He's the best 'man about town' that ever trod the boards, and he's the best 'stage hugger' in the world."

"You're sure you won't be jealous?" she fearfully inquired.

"Not a bit of it," he exclaimed, with the joy of success coming back into him; "no more jealous of you than you would be of me."

He sat down, drew a piece of paper toward him and wrote upon it rapidly. "What do you think of that?" he said at last, and pushed it toward her. And this is what she read:

THE STRONGEST DRAMATIC ACT
IN VAUDEVILLE
THE ILINGWORTH'S
IN
"THE SPY"

Jerome Ilingworth's Latest Sketch
Helene Dumont. . . Mrs. Irene Ilingworth
Walter Dumont. . . Mr. Jack Barney
John Hargeaves. . . Jerome Ilingworth
An episode drawn from modern
Metropolitan Life.

"It looks fine to me," happily murmured Irene Ilingworth. "Are you sure I can do it, Boy?"

"After that outburst," he returned, "well, I guess yes."

The next evening Mr. Jack Barney made his advent a bit seedy in appearance, a bit baggy as to trousers, but with his buttonhole in evidence, and above his collar as debonnaire as ever.

BELLAMY glanced with satisfaction at his new dress coat in the mirror of the buffet.

"We don't have to get there till nine o'clock, Ernestine," he said.

His wife merely nodded. His mother, old Mrs. Bellamy, pricked up her ears. "Where?" she queried, breathlessly.

"Oh," said Bellamy, indifferently, "Ernestine and I are just going to take a little look-in on some people that we know."

In reality they were going to a play house, but Ernestine and he had agreed between themselves, that in view of old lady Bellamy's aversion to the mention of the theatre or the drama, that their accustomed pilgrimages to the houses of amusement should be referred to casually as "Calls."

"Nine o'clock is kind of late out here in Jersey to make a call, isn't it Arthur?" queried the old lady. There was something tremulous in her note of inquiry that made Arthur and Ernestine glance at her.

"Sure it is, mother," he returned. He nodded to Ernestine. "We'd better get there earlier," he said.

Ernestine acquiesced. They sallied forth at seven forty-five.

"You won't come with us, mother?" they asked through the old lady's locked door.

"No—o," she quavered; "I've got other fish to fry."

They went, leaving her alone. The old lady was not sitting in her window. She was not sitting in the dark. Instead her light was lit, and she was bustling about the room, getting out a cloak, and choosing her most becoming bonnet.

"I thought they'd never go," she whispered to herself.

She waited for another quarter of an hour, then she unlocked her door, stole down the stairs, and made her way out of the basement door, taking the key with her.

Bellamy and his wife took a trolley and sped down rapidly to the centre of the town.

"We're awful early, Ernestine," said Bellamy.

"Let's go in anyway," she said; "we can stand the rest of the show."

"I'm glad now we didn't see 'em in New York," said Bellamy.

"The Ilingworths?"

"Yes," returned Bellamy, "because everybody'll be here from our neighborhood, the Trainors and everybody else. Funny," he mused, "how we all took to the Ilingworths up there on the hill just as soon as they showed us their hand. When they were mysteries nobody would touch them. But when we knew they were theatrical people, why, they were all O.K."

"There's some reason why the people like them that's deeper than that," returned his wife. "Mrs. Trainor told me that everybody was so grateful to them on the block. But she wouldn't tell me why."

"Here come the Trainors now," said Bellamy.

With the Trainors they entered the vaudeville house and took their seats. They nodded here and there to the others of their neighbors. Even Henry Y. Cook, the aged, was on hand.

And over, far to the right, by some strange coincidence, there sat the Stanishes. They were the people who had moved from Number Seventeen so many months before.

"In all there must be two dozen people from our neighborhood," whispered Ernestine to Bellamy. She fumed. "Oh, why doesn't nine o'clock come around," she said.

At last it came. The curtain descended on the "Nine Stephani's," acrobats. There was a hiatus of a minute and a half. Then, suddenly, at one side of the stage, a fresh

card was thrust forth into view: "THE ILINGWORTHS," it said.

The audience leaned forward in expectation. The Ilingworths had come to town with a big Metropolitan reputation. There was a bustle of excitement.

Just before the curtain rose, Arthur Bellamy took a birdseye view of the house.

Suddenly he clutched his wife's arm.

"Look," he exclaimed, "who's here!"

Ernestine followed the direction of his glance, and just as the curtain rose, she saw, sitting in the first row of the balcony, the figure of an aged woman palpitating with excitement, her eyes glued to a pair of old-fashioned opera glasses.

"It's mother Bellamy!" she gasped.

There was a salvo of applause. The curtain had risen, and there, standing gracefully against the fireplace, stood Irene Ilingworth. Moodily sitting at the table was Jerome. While in the background, just entering the scene, stood Jack Barney, immaculate in evening clothes, glancing impartially at husband and wife, and with a Macchiavellian leer upon his face.

"The Spy" was on for its twenty-two and a half minute run.

THE Trainors pushed themselves behind the scenes. "Mighty glad to have seen you, old man," he said to Ilingworth, as his wife shook hands with Irene. "No use saying it was bully. New York's already said that, you know."

"I'm glad you saw us, too," said Jerome, "for we're going to take this sketch off in about six weeks more."

"Going to take it off?"

"Yes," replied Jerome; "Georgia Graeme's come back. And I've done this same thing up for her in a four-act play. She's bought it, and Boreel & McAdoo are going to put it on. So we retire to private life."

"And social life, we hope," said Mrs. Trainor.

Trainor leaned over and whispered in Jerome's ear. "Old Lady Bellamy was in the house tonight," he said.

"No!" exclaimed Jerome.

"Sure," answered Trainor; "and you know we're all grateful to you up there on the hill—to you and Mrs. Ilingworth."

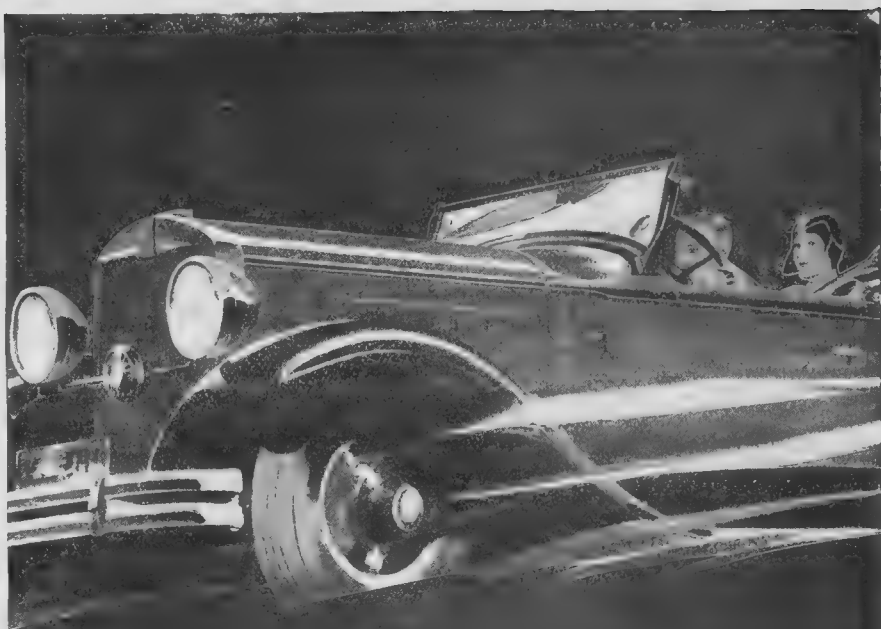
"Why?"

"We don't have to keep our heads down any more." He laughed. "You and Mrs. Ilingworth have taught old lady Bellamy to put her opera glasses to their only proper use."

Next morning at breakfast old Mrs. Bellamy smiled upon her son.

"Arthur," she said, "you know I'm so old I don't suppose it would do me any harm. Suppose next time you go to see a play—suppose you and Ernestine should carry me along."

"Mother," he returned, "you might just as well have come with us last night. We saw the Ilingworths."



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Humming Birds in the Berry Vine

By M. Eugenie Perry

Just beyond our window sill
Is a berry vine,
Growing right against the wall
In the warm sunshine.
When the vine is blossoming
Then they always come,
Bees and pretty humming birds
That "Hum, hum, hum."

Bees can sting, but humming birds
Wouldn't be so mean;
They've the nicest feather coats,
Mostly red and green.
When they sip the honey up—
Every flower has some—
They're like flowers themselves, but flowers
Don't "Hum, hum, hum."

Leaning on the window sill,
Once I saw some wool,
Sort of bunchy on the vine—
So I gave a pull.
Mother said "You've spoiled their nest.
Now the birds won't come.
They'd begun to build. We'll miss
Their 'Hum, hum, hum'."

When the window's open wide
Dot and I lean through,
Pick the berries when they're ripe—
Big fat black ones, too.
But the pretty humming birds
Must have flown to some
Far-off place, where we can't hear
Their "Hum, hum, hum."

Affinities

By Mary L. Jenkins

My soul set sail upon a purple sea,
Through boundless space it floated aimlessly,
Adrift in amber clouds had lost its way,
Had missed the gates of dawn that lead to day.
From caverns dark it heard the ceaseless moan
Of fellow souls, who wandered too, alone.
No common language could they speak to cheer

Each other in the search for daybreak clear
Then silence reigned, and in the hush profound
I knew your soul had called, yet heard no sound.
A moments pause, then swift as travels light,
Unerring as a sunbeam in its flight;
My soul unites with yours, and finds the way
Which leads us both out to the light of day.

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Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



The Little Duchess Passes By

Continued from page 20

"Old little Bill up, quick."

"Ere, stop yer pushin'!"

"Oo's pushin'? Not me!"

Cheers rise to a sustained salvo. The outriders are coming. Again falls silence, so utter and complete that the clomp-clomp of the royal horses' hoofs strikes on the ear like drum-beats. A delicious moment. Even the stolid, matter-of-fact Sylviar is conscious of its significance. She looks up alertly and her mother reaches forward and jerks the wetted paper off the stems of the bouquet. Wife of a prosperous greengrocer, she knows what's what where perishables are concerned and these flowers have reposed in six dampened pages of the Daily Graphic since ten o'clock a.m. Furthermore, for weeks and weeks, so Mrs. Hobbs informs everybody, Sylviar has been practising drop-curtseys before the mirror at home and rehearsing the bouquet-tendering scene, though not always with flowers. Usually indeed with the feather-duster. Sometimes, it develops, she was 'Er Royal 'Ighness, and sometimes Hobbs was. This last is an interesting thought, one that kindles the imagination, but the speaker, describing the efforts of her better-half at impersonating the Smiling Duchess, ends ironically: "Oughter go on the music 'alls, 'e ought!" Mr. Hobbs, who is among those present, disdains to make any retort, and a sudden wild storm of cheering breaks into the lady's narrative.

Spirited horses prance into sight, plumes waving, banners fluttering. From somewhere up the street come floating the strains of a pipe-band, approaching. Children are hoisted on the shoulders of parents, other little ones stoop and duck among the crowd, in search of a better vantage-point. There is the flash of the royal wheels—and then—

"There she is!"

It happens all in a hurried moment, after the long, long wait. Here at last is the Little Duchess, bowing and smiling from side to side! A sight well worth waiting for. A modern Pippa in royal trappings spreading the magic of her smile on a weary world.

"O-oh! Don't she look sweet, though?"

"Ain't she beautiful—ain't she lovely?"

It is Whitechapel's great moment. The thrill of it is felt from the front row to the uttermost fringe. It ripples over the crowd like a little breeze over a field of wheat.

Sylviar, at a push from her mother, starts forward and hurls the "boky" at the royal carriage, missing it neatly by a foot. A solemn bobby stoops and retrieves it from the roadway and places it on the seat of the carriage. Quickly H.R.H. turns and bows in the general direction of Sylviar—whereupon that hitherto unemotional damsel, with rounded eyes and in-sucked breath, wheels about and cries loudly to her parents and friends:

"I say, did yer see 'er smile right at me?"

Mr. Hobbs, his hat off and a large area of bald head exposed to the weather, makes an attempt at taking down the pride of the younger generation.

"It wasn't you she smiled at—it was me," he affirms.

But there is no time for argument—that will come later. The Duchess continues in sight for another glorious moment. Then finally is gone.

A great sigh, a concerted expression from a hundred throats, and the throngs begin to disperse. Young Horace has dropped from his perch and joined his mother and the family. His parent appears to have forgotten all about the hiding she promised him, as she herds her brood ahead of her homeward.

The response of the crowd has varied manifestations. The little Scottish woman whimpers softly and wipes a tear from her withered cheek as she gazes wistfully after the royal carriage, now no longer in sight. Translated into words her look seems to say: "Will ye no' come back again?"

"It's like a breath frae the hills o' hame," she whispers as she turns away.

The stony mask that serves Mrs. Huggins for a face has incredibly softened and lightened. She buttons the yellow sweater closer about her and plods home, a half smile playing about her lips. The harassed countenance of Mrs. Harris likewise has so far lost its look of strain as to wear a relaxed expression, and her tired eyes mirror little forgotten dreams as she carries the slumbering Bill homeward; little Alf following at her heels. What though the rent is two months overdue, and Alf senior is on another binge? What do these things really matter? She has seen the Duchess!

And the lady who has left a bloater cooking at home says she jolly well doesn't care if it's burnt fast to the pan. The royal smile has embraced her too.

The man who looks like Bill Sykes actually stoops and gathers up the soiled white dog he has been kicking about and talks baby-talk to it as he shuffles away. And 'Erb, about to risk his week's wages on another horse, apparently thinks better of it, for he chucks the money back into his pocket and goes whistling off in the company of a pretty girl all dressed up in holiday attire.

Reflected glory lingers about Sylviar. She goes off arm-in-arm with two girl friends, others following close behind, and all talking at once and begging to know how it feels to be smiled at by a royal duchess.

Who indeed may compute the value of that smile? Whitechapel, which is not given to self-analysis, takes up its daily life again where it left off, unaware of its momentary transformation. Tradesmen, costers, housewives, loungers, children, tourists, general traffic—all presently is as it was before. The British flag continues to flap gently in the breeze, but the colored streamers are nearly all down and trampled in the dust. From the bridge comes the harsh grind of a tramcar. A truck rumbles by, its driver leaning out to swear with a fine relish at the driver of a barrow which had got in the other's way. Whitechapel is itself again.

And the Little Duchess passes on her smiling way, perhaps all unknowing too. For being truly royal and truly Scottish it is safe to assume that she takes no count of her largesse.

The Turn of the Road

By Fred Scott Shepard

"The Turn of the Road!"
Is it there that we falter
And shrink back with fear
From the way we must tread?
Have feet grown weary
On paths that were rugged?
Are spirits depressed
With forebodings and dread?
Let Faith lift her eyes
To the hilltops of promise—
The best of life's journey
Lies ever ahead.

The Turn of the Road
May depress us or cheer us,
For just as we view it
To us it will be:
Our eyes may be leaden,
Not catching the beauty

Which lies all around us,
If we would but see;
Or keenly alert
To the visions inspiring,
That thrill us and fill us
With glad ecstasy.

"The Turn of the Road!"
Is it forward or backward
We look, as we come
To the turn of the road?
If forward, the way
Will be brighter and brighter;
If backward, regrets
And sad memories will goad.
Then ever press onward,
With courage unfaltering,
The Master of life
Will give strength for each load.

Two Daughters of the Prairie Make Good in the Talkies

Continued from page 18

but admits that those youthful times now seem very far away. She lives with her father, mother and brother, in an attractive home in Hollywood, and there is a family car of good standard make, but Barbara has a special fondness for a Ford runabout which she uses constantly and drives skilfully though sometimes at a rate described by her brother as "lickety-split." She is tremendously popular among her friends.

A CONTRAST in every particular is Jeanette Loff, another Western Canadian who has attained to distinction on the audible screen and whose feet, it is said, are already on the path leading to stardom. Miss Loff is a statuesque blonde over whose delicate features one can instantly trace an impalpable veneer of that sophistication without which it is probable that no young girl could ever get far in the kingdom of celluloid. She impresses one as thoroughly well able to take care of herself, and unquestionably she has done well by herself. Miss Loff spent her childhood and early girlhood in the town of Wadena, Saskatchewan, where at the age of sixteen she was playing the piano in the local movie theatre. Her father, M. J. Loff, had come to Western Canada by way of Orofino, a little lumber center in the Idaho mountains, and before that from Copenhagen, and he is an accomplished violinist. Her mother was of mingled Danish and Norwegian extraction. While little Jeanette was still in her teens the family moved out to Portland, Oregon, and there the girl was enabled to develop the musical talent which she inherited from her male parent. It was decided in family council that she should make pipe-organ playing her career, and to that end she proceeded to take lessons at the conservatory. In due course she became organist at several of the Portland theatres and was earning what was considered excellent money, and saved a goodly portion of her salary. Just when or how the movie idea began to take root in her mind is not very clear, but perhaps fate had a hand in diverting her ambition. At any rate, in Hollywood her Nordic beauty was a definite success in the photographic tests, and she began to secure small bits in such films as *Young April*, *The Collegians*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, etc. She was selected to play opposite Rod La Rocque in *Hold 'em Yale*, and the studio was so pleased with her work that it duplicated the team in *Love Overnight*, which she followed up with a featured lead in *Annapolis*, then in *The Sophomore*, and *The Racketeer*.

The film people say of her: "In the past era Miss Loff was a charming photographic personality, but so were thousands of other girls in Hollywood. Talking pictures disclosed that she had a remarkably fine voice, education, and musical ability of no mean order, and these have made her very effective on the audible screen. Undoubtedly she should reach the status of star before long."

Miss Loff takes pleasure in recalling her childhood days on the Saskatchewan prairie. It was then that she learned skating, swimming, riding, and as she grew a little older, dancing. She also mastered the art of sailing an ice-boat in Canada. Her hobbies, it is not surprising to note, are listed as "riding and all forms of outdoor sport." She might be described as a typical daughter of the Vikings. There is nothing temperamental about her, and while her dignity and reserve tend to discourage attempts at familiarity, one gathers that she is wholesome-minded and very genuine and not given to pretense. She is about five-feet-two inches in height but seems taller than that. Her pale golden hair is luxuriant and has never been shorn, and she has the blue eyes of her race. The studio tables of weights and measurements have her registered as weighing 105 pounds, but it is quite within the bounds of possibility that she may tip the scale at slightly more, particularly now that curves are more favored. Miss Loff lives with her family, to whom she is devoted, in a rambling Spanish bungalow that is a riot of flowers, and her friends declare that she is a splendid hostess and extremely capable in all household matters.

AND now that the rule of "ladies first" has been observed, let us consider another Western Canadian who has been making good in Hollywood—Mr. Fred Coppins, V.C., of Edmonton, Alberta. If you would learn about heroes and the stuff of which they are made, ponder on the record of this young man. He enlisted at the outbreak of war and was at Ypres at the time of the first gas attack. His army service culminated only in 1918 near the close, at Amiens, where he was awarded the most coveted British war decoration for cleaning out three German machine-gun nests, single handed. After that achievement, the difficult business of crashing the movies must have seemed child's play to him. With the characteristic modesty of the Victoria Cross man, young Coppins didn't parade his medals, and even when he had "enlisted" in the screen's German Army in the motion picture *All Quiet* nobody in the film capital knew about his decoration until the production was nearing completion, when the fact was discovered quite by accident. In this picture, which has been made from the popular book by Remarque. *All Quiet On The Western Front*, Mr. Coppins wears the grey-green uniform of the Hun and takes the part of a machine gunner. He shoots "blanks" at the oncoming French in the battle scenes, and they will tell you that he grins sometimes as though in appreciation of the strange quirks of Fate. But about that V.C. and how he won it:

"Tell us," I asked, "how a man comes to do a thing like that?"

"Well," he replied, "we had attacked and then we ran into those machine-gun nests, see? There was a barrage—our own or theirs I don't know which, but it cut off retreat and there we were. We all fell flat on our faces . . ."

He paused a moment, as if recalling that paragraph of Remarque's: " . . . part of the wood rises slowly in the air . . . shells commence to hiss like safety-valves; as though he had been spat there every man lies glued behind a mound . . . the dark goes mad, heaves and raves . . . there are daggers of flame . . . the earth bursts before us . . ."

"We fell flat," he continued simply, "but there were no mounds of earth—for us. Ground was as flat as the prairie. That stuff Remarque wrote about Mother Earth being a soldier's only friend at the zero hour certainly came home to us—though of course that was long before he wrote it. We sure hugged the earth. The Huns peppered us. I could hear their machine-gun shots and they sounded like the slap of a paddle, soft and harmless you know, plop-plop-plop, all round us. How does a man come to go over the top? I can't tell. There we were, all stretched on our faces, never knowing when Death had us dated up for a rendezvous, and I suppose I went kind of mad lying there not able to do a thing, so—well, I just got up and did it, that's all."

Mr. Coppins glanced casually down at his uniform, the grey-green which once had drawn his fire but which now earned him a very good living in make-believe war, and he murmured: "Seem's as though this oughtn't to be so clean and tidy . . . how we used to mess 'em up, we Canadians! Blood and mud. Whew! . . . I can see it all yet."

"And you just got up and did it?" I prompted in an effort to switch him back to the main track.

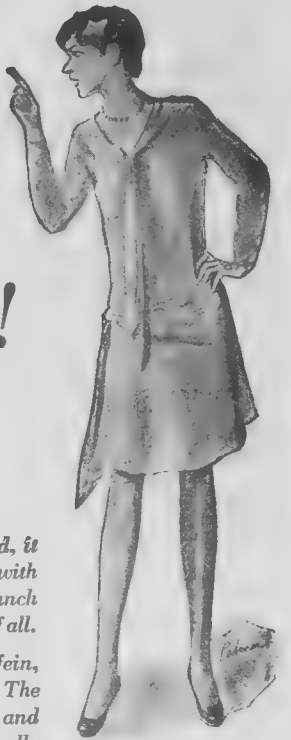
"Yes," he nodded. "It was a crazy thing to do, but what choice was there? If there had been six inches of earth in front of me for protection I wouldn't have dared do it, I guess. Never would have got up at all maybe. But it was that or six feet of earth—" and he shrugged.

They called him back to work, and he made a mock salute and went goose-stepping away. Canadians in Western Canada will watch with special interest the screen soldiering of this man from Alberta who does such remarkable things in such an unostentatious way. He is thought to have the makings of a talented actor, in addition to which he has the reputation of being popular among the shifting, capricious, exacting social circles of that tinsel kingdom where talkie entertainment is made.

What's wrong with modern parents?



This daughter found out!



"My Dad had the flu. When it departed, it must have taken Dad's good disposition with it. Whew! Breakfast was hush time; lunch was rush time and dinner the worst time of all."

"Dad and Mother always took caffeine, but we were never allowed to have it. The more Dad took, the more crabby he got and the more nervous Mother became. Finally Mother had a nervous breakdown and the doctor insisted that she try Postum for a month. She tried it and gave it to us. Then Dad tried it. Three cheers!"

"Now we have a party at our house every meal. We sit around the table, every one of us with a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, and there is a feeling of companionship and understanding that we never had before. Dad is interested in everything that interests us. We youngsters are learning, by the Postum route, that our parents are not just parents, but real human beings and royal good sports."

J.S.—(High School student)

MOST fathers and mothers want to be more than just "parents"—but how difficult it is when Father feels "crabby" and Mother has "nerves"! The sad part of it is that most men and women don't stop to look for the cause of their trouble. They go on taking beverages containing tannin and caffeine—and wonder why uncongeniality has crept into the family circle.

If it seems incredible to you that tannin and caffeine could be the cause of nerves and irritability in your own family circle, just make this test. Let Postum take the place of beverages containing tannin and caffeine at your table for thirty days. Then check up on yourself and your family!

You'll be amazed at the difference you find. You yourself will feel better, both mentally and physically—and you'll see the same improvement all around you. Postum has only good after-effects.

mellow—distinctive. Two million families could tell you you're sure to like it!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐ Check which
(prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ you prefer
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ ☐

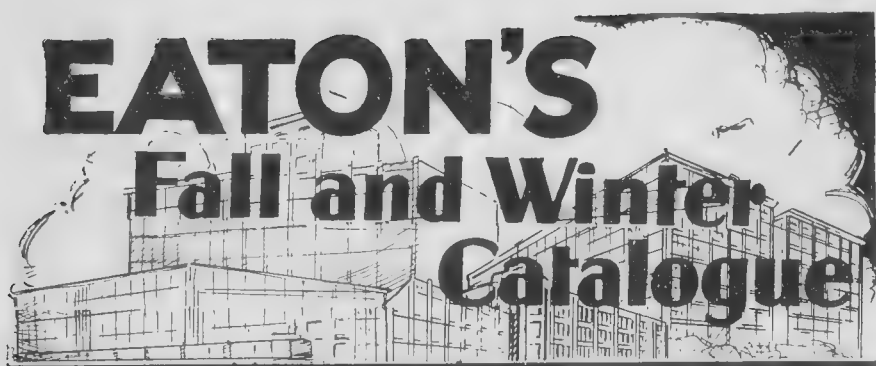
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Fill in completely—print name and address

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.



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THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
CANADA

Post-office Proves Busy Mart Where People's Hopes Rise---and Fall

Continued from page 15

mail-order side, much of which came from mail-order houses whose business compares favorably with that done in more populous communities of the United States by such establishments as Sears, Roebuck & Co. and Montgomery, Ward & Co. of Chicago. The Eaton business is so large and complex that by special dispensation of the Post-office Department at Ottawa a station has been installed at the local store on Portage Avenue, where all the outgoing parcels are handled by their own force in its own trucks, under the helpful supervision of a representative of the department. This representative, by the way, is one of the most valuable in the service because he carries scales in his fingers. It is not practicable to weigh all the mail on scales because of the delay, so Mr. Robert Kent balances the packages in his hands, and his experience is such that he can judge the weight exactly many times and within a few ounces always. There are other clever men in the Winnipeg force who, like Mr. Kent and the well-known fish, carry their scales with them. The delicate touch of these men not only hurries along the mail that should pass quickly but saves the Government many times their salary annually by withholding for weighing the matter that is short. However, there is little delay in overweight items, for the leading concerns using the mails keep on deposit by cash an amount sufficient to cover any reasonable overcharge, and these sums are regularly replaced. Single letters go to individual addressees with postage-due stamps attached, and the amounts are collected by the postmen at the doors of offices and homes.

Incoming receipts from money orders and postal notes paid at Winnipeg by concerns and individuals who mail them to payees elsewhere average \$150,000 a month, while the amount paid out on this kind of paper sent from other points averages \$3,000,000 monthly. In the latter classification, when wheat was moving freely in the autumn of 1927, the high peak of \$6,000,000 in a single month was recorded. Postal notes are purchasable in sums of 10 cents to \$10, and are payable to anyone as payee, the name being written in. They are principally used by mail-order concerns, banks, and insurance companies, and often cover lodge dues, taxes, etc.

The chirping of young chickens dispelled the fog of facts and figures at this juncture, and Postmaster Bower took the hint:

"We haul quite a good many chicks in pasteboard boxes like that, two feet square and eight inches high, the limit of weight under parcel post regulations being 15 pounds, as against 50 in the States. These boxes are manufactured with perforations for light and air; they come with straw on the bottom and carry about 50 chicks, or larger ones 100. The chicks start out from home three days old, and fat. They require no feeding or watering en route, as it is figured they will be en route only three days at most. Occasionally a miscalculation or intervening Sunday adds an extra day or two, in which a few of the little fellows sink from exhaustion and are in danger of dying. Several of the boys in the postoffice are chicken fanciers. To avoid responsibility in such cases, the regulations forbid us to interfere, but in extreme situations the boys help their feathered friends."

"That is a situation," I interposed, "in which you would never be subjected to an official hanging."

"As long as the chick pulls through, we

are safe," he agreed. "Now and then we carry a box of a colony of bees or ants. The ants are passing through to some experimental laboratory, and are fortunately screened in. The bees are screened in also, and number at least 1,000 members. Should the bees escape, we have men who can handle them, but we have never been called upon to do so. The queen bee usually arrives from Ohio, the bee culture state, and she travels in a special "Pullman" all by herself. This palatial combination sleeper, diner and observation car consists of a wooden block of soft wood four inches long by one inch wide by three-quarters of an inch thick, tagged or labeled. Intersecting holes three-eighths of an inch wide have been bored through the block, across and lengthwise, to provide Her Ladyship with four-direction runways and turn-around, while the whole may be considered her snug hangar. The ends or openings of the holes are screened so as to keep her prisoner. I have never examined this ingenious coach closely enough to determine whether the Queen Bee is fed en route; the facilities of construction are there, and if she eats at all it is of a bee bread menu, made of a pill of bran flakes or corn meal and some wet sugar, syrup or honey. Her calm serenity is disturbed as little as possible."

"We transport occasional leeches used by medical men in experiments, and certain germ cultures which science has need to study here and there. Several years ago four employees of the post-office, including myself, were seized with scarlet fever in a peculiar manner. Investigation disclosed that epidermis germs had been transmitted from Saskatchewan by a man in the post-office who was suffering from the same complaint. Such cases are rare. In fact, science has made such progress that we entertain no fear from such sources. Germ cultures are sent freely through the mails under the proper regulations of the Department. Some years ago we were accustomed to pass quantities of harmful patent medicine samples. We found that children now and then were made ill by opening such packages and putting the contents into their mouths. So the practice was discontinued except with respect to such containers as can not be opened by infants. In every way we render service with the maximum of good results."

MR. BOWER is near the retirement age, and he frankly says the postal service of the future is the game of younger men, like the aviation industry, although he concedes that the more conservative middle-aged men have made it what it is and deserve much from an appreciative public. To the directing genius of the workers at Ottawa, where Hon. Peter J. Veniot presides as Postmaster General, he gives much credit for the spirit of loyalty and efficiency which exists among his own staff.

Men of accomplishment speak sparingly of their own works, so I paused on the way out at the desk of Assistant Postmaster Rutledge to ask what manner of man was his chief.

"There's no finer, more progressive or young in spirit than Tom Bower," was the reply. "He don't put on any airs or style or blow his own horn, but he gives the people service all the time. He values money for what it will buy rather than to take it with him; he divides generously with his friends, and he could have been rich except that he is the kind of man he is."

Mignonette

By C. M. Lindsay

Upon a sodden city street
By drenching summer shower wet;
I spied, untouched by hurrying feet,
A tiny sprig of Mignonette.

I stooped to salvage it—Ah, me!
That fragrant sprig of Mignonette.
I seemed once more to plainly see
A garden I shall ne'er forget!

An old-time garden, far away,
Amid the misty, blue hills set;
Where droning bees came ev'ry day
To hover o'er the Mignonette.

I glimpsed once more the hollyhocks;
The clove-pinks and the Bouncing Bet;
The marigolds and nodding phlox,
And—sweeter far—the Mignonette.

My soul grew faint with longing there,
Among the throngs which moil and fret;
I longed to breathe the purer air
Whence came that sprig of Mignonette.

Dear God! What ghosts of yesterday
It brought to life—What vain regret;
What memories of one who aye
Loved gardens—and the Mignonette.

Young Grub Streeters

Continued from page 4

stand and buy five cents worth of molasses candy. This she would eat about half an hour before meals to take away the appetite she had no way of satisfying. She always stayed in bed until noon in order to make one meal serve as both breakfast and lunch. Her second and final meal of the day she had at about eight o'clock in the evening. At one time she lived for several days on graham crackers and oranges.

All this time Joan continued to write on the side. Sometimes she sold an article; but by the time the check came in there were so many places for her money to go that she would be back in the same poverty-stricken state again within a few days. One morning she found herself facing the day with one lone nickel to her name. She used that nickel to get to the office of a relative, to whom she appealed for help to tide her over. Eventually she was forced to accept a job that would bring her in a regular salary. She succeeded in getting one—the publicity job which she held when I arrived on the scene.

At the end of four years in New York Joan had reached the stage where she could, by working like a slave, count on earning an average of \$30.00 a week free lancing. To accomplish this she had to give up her publicity job. She free-lanced for a year, and made a go of it, but it was such drudgery, and the strain was so great that she abandoned it at last, and accepted a position in the publicity department of one of the New York book publishing houses. She continued to write in the evenings, turning her attention now to fiction, and her persistence and courage have been rewarded in a measure, for she has just had her first novel accepted for publication. But it has taken seven years—and Joan is unusually talented.

AN acquaintance of mine, who is now a successful novelist, and two young writer friends of hers, came through similar harrowing experiences. One in particular stands out in my mind. These girls shared an apartment and lived in true Grub Street fashion, writing and living from hand to mouth. In the delicatessen where they made their unpretentious purchases, there was a genial young German who developed a strong attachment for one of the girls. One day he grew bold, and asked her to accompany him on a party. A conference was held. It was decided that for the sake of diplomatic relations, the girl should go. It had been a very lean month, and credit at the delicatessen would be a god-send.

The night of the party came, and with it another problem. The girl had no party dress. One of the other girls had, but it was too small for the popular one, who had remained rather plump in spite of continued deprivation. By dint of much tightening of corset strings, hasty letting out of seams, etc., "The Sacrifice" was finally squeezed into the dress.

"And remember—" her friends warned her, as they perspired over the final touches, "We're depending on you. Don't forget to bring us something to eat from the party!"

At the party there was much dancing, and some drinking. The room was hot, and meals had been sketchy and inadequate that day. At the height of the festivities "The Sacrifice" fainted dead away on the dance floor. As soon as she could be revived, her frightened escort piled her into a taxi and rushed her home,

empty stomach, tight corsets, and all. Thus ended the romance, and incidentally, the young Grub Streeters' hope of further favors from the delicatessen keeper.

This is the sort of thing that goes on continually in New York City. I know personally at least a dozen young people who are trying to make a place for themselves in the writing field, and who are doing everything from cutting pies in quick lunch restaurants to airing the Pekinese for the prosperous, in order to keep body and soul together while they make their tragic stand for recognition in the world's most crowded market. Romance? Adventure? Perhaps—when you don't have to do it to live.

The physical hardships attendant upon such a struggle are hard to bear, but worse still is the spiritual agony that every aspiring young writer is forced to pass through at one time or another; the slaving to produce something worth while; the sending out of the manuscript in high hope, and its return, with, more often than not, the deadly, non-committal rejection slip. But there are pills even more bitter than this to swallow. The following will suffice to give some idea of my meaning.

ONE day I thought up a plot for a short story. It seemed to me to be so good that I decided to gamble some time on it (fiction writing is the greatest gamble of all, as most Grub Streeters are aware). I finished the story and sent it off to a magazine. It came back, but it was accompanied by a letter from the editor. She liked the story, but it was too long. Would I cut it down a thousand words and submit it again? *Would I?* I was almost delirious with joy and excitement. It meant \$100.00 at least, not to mention the achievement of having "broken in." I did the cutting carefully, reverently, and sent it back, and started to watch the mails for the check. About a week passed. One morning I found a long envelope in my box. It was my short story. "Sorry," the editor said, "but this is not quite strong enough yet. Let us see something again, won't you?" And that was that.

Be not deceived when you hear of someone who has had a "lucky break" in the writing field. I heard this phrase used in connection with the success of a girl who, a few years ago, won a prize in a novel contest which gave her something over \$10,000. "Her first novel, too!" exclaimed the outsiders. "What luck!" I happen to know the girl, and I know that that book was written three years before it went off to the contest, and that during a good part of that three years she was living on the thin edge of nothing in a small apartment in Greenwich Village, writing and trying to sell poetry and short stories. When she decided to resurrect her novel, and revise and retype it to enter it in the contest, she had to make a point of completing the work within four weeks, because she could not afford to keep her rented typewriter for longer.

Be not deceived. That is not luck. That is not success over night. It is, rather, in approximately 999 cases out of 1,000, the belated flowering of seed sown too often in poverty, fatigue and discouragement, and plentifully watered with bitter tears. Life imposes grievous burdens on the young, unknown writer, and happy are they who are not crushed beneath their weight before the coveted goal is reached.

If I Should Drown

By Verna Loveday Harden

*If I should drown, Oh Lord, let me not sink
In stagnant water where no song is sung,
But in a rushing river, where the waves
Far upward in a lacy foam are flung.*

*If I should drown, Oh let it be where waves
Make music as they strive in fierce-run race;
Where sunlight on the waters glints and gleams
It cannot be so far from Thy bright Face.*

*If I should drown, Oh Lord, let me be lost
In waters that leap, and grope, and twine,
That laugh and sing the while they search
for thee. . . .
Whose spirit is as turbulent as mine!*



Don't buy until you're sold

This remarkable shaving cream is its own salesman. 86% of those who try it, adopt it.

Just mail the coupon, please, for your free test.

GENTLEMEN: A remarkable sales policy—and a remarkable product—have made new records in the shaving cream field in the past few years.

A comparative newcomer has become the world's fastest selling shaving cream. A simple, man-to-man introductory plan has been largely responsible.

When we perfected our new product—Palmolive Shaving Cream—we offered it to men fearlessly, resting on their judgment. Instead of asking for sales, we asked for the opportunity to prove, at our expense, the things we claim.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p.m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p.m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

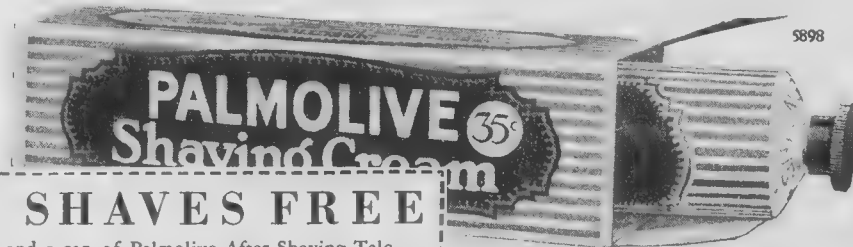
Out of every hundred men who try Palmolive Shaving Cream, 86 find what they have sought, and never desert it. Thus it has supplanted old methods and brought new shaving comfort and ease to millions.

What men wanted

1000 men were consulted before we started work. Their requirements were our guide. Our great 68-year-old laboratories strove to fulfill their exacting order. After 129 formulas were discarded, success came. A shaving cream made on the olive oil principle, that embodied 5 exclusive features, was perfected.

Now, the test, please

Whether your present method suits you or not, won't you try our new way? After all, we take the risk of pleasing you. So won't you mail the coupon now, please?



7 SHAVES FREE

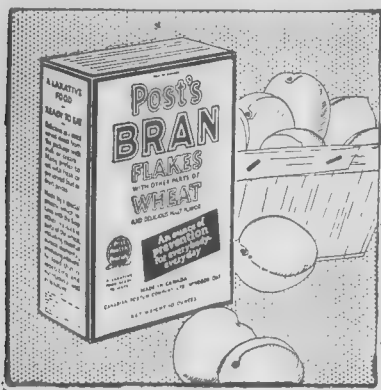
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc
Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. 2054 Toronto, 8.

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5 Great Advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

"It tastes so good"



"It keeps me regular"

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HOW pleasant it is to know that a cereal with such a tempting flavor as Post's Bran Flakes is as effective as it is delicious! How natural it is that more people eat Post's Bran Flakes with other parts of wheat than any other bran cereal in the world! You need bulk in your food to help safeguard you against the dangers of constipation. That bulk is in Post's Bran Flakes. You need flavor to tempt you to eat the bran cereal which you need. Post's Bran Flakes is perfectly delicious.

Eat Post's Bran Flakes each morning for the next two weeks. See how delicious it is with milk or cream, with fruit or in muffins or in bread. Eat it regularly—for regularity. You'll find it fun to feel good!

Ordinary cases of constipation, associated with too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"Now you'll like Bran!"

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

B6-30M

Loup Garou

Continued from page 9

"Where is *M'sieu de Villiers*?"
Pepin led Leduc up a broad staircase and along a wide hall. Before a halfclosed door he halted. Leduc nodded, and entered softly.

In an old fourposter, his head bandaged, lay the last *Sieur de Villiers*. His eyes were closed, his chest shook with the turmoil of his breathing.

Leduc laid a finger on the old man's pulse. At the touch the body stiffened, the vulture-like eyes opened. They stared at Leduc. Then the right arm extended menacingly.

"Son of the devil!" The *Sieur de Villiers* strove to rise. "Out of my house! Apostat! *Ame damnee!* Out! The cure!"

He broke into horrible oaths. Such fury might hasten his death. Leduc left. The old man's curses followed him.

"...enter my house again... and, living or dead..."

Leduc hurried down the stairs. "Mademoiselle, I can do nothing. I will telephone the doctor of Lescheneaux. He will come as soon as the storm is over."

But Leduc knew that the *Sieur de Villiers* would end before the blizzard.

All night the storm raged and all the following day.

Evening found Leduc before the fire in his office. He was regretting that duty to his other patients had forced him to leave Denise de Villiers alone with Pepin and her dying father. Again his doorbell rang loudly.

Leduc opened to a little round man with ruddy cheeks and twinkling eyes. The caller removed his fur cap, rubbed his cold hands, and presented his broad back to the fire.

Leduc dreaded what his jovial visitor might be about to say to him, for Hercule Malherbe was the coroner of Villiersville.

"Hein, Paul, I have a nasty job for you. But you are a young fellow and strong. You must go tonight, *mon garcon*, to the manoir."

Last night the *Sieur de Villiers* had died, and at dawn Pepin had fled to his cousin in the village. The cousin had insisted upon seeing the cure, to whom he had told all. The cure had said that Pepin must give himself up, and then the cure had sent for the coroner.

"Eh bien! Murder? Again we all know that the old man should have died months ago of his malady."

Leduc looked out at the storm. "It is bad," he said.

"It is very bad."

"Where is *Mademoiselle de Villiers*?"

Malherbe threw up his hands in horror. "Mon Dieu! She is alone with the body of her father!"

Leduc found his coat, his fur cap, his skis.

"I will bring her back with me. Your wife will receive her?"

"Certainly. She cannot stay there. And till the storm ceases, no one, not even the Sisters of Mercy, can get to her."

"I will tell her that I am to make an examination, a little formality before issuing the certificate of death. Expect us at your home about two o'clock tomorrow morning."

Leduc found his black bag, stood irresolute a moment, then went to the kitchen, rolled up the oilcloth from the table, and stuffed it into his gay, braided sash. He was ready then to go.

In his head rang the *Sieur de Villiers'* curses.

ALTHOUGH Leduc knew every tree, every fence in the countryside, it needed all his care to avoid losing his way.

On the main roads it was easier, but the final twisting mile of the fief road was blind going.

It would have been useless to have asked a neighbour for a horse (Leduc himself kept only a Ford), for the night was cloudy with thick snow falling, and on such nights horses lost their way.

The journey seemed longer than it had done yesterday although he made better speed.

He found himself wishing that he had brought his revolver. But no, a revolver could not help him.

Loup-garou! Over all the world that legend had appeared. Vampire, werewolf, *loup-garou!* He remembered an article seen only a few years ago in one of his father's journals. From an educated man in Africa, it contained statements, sworn

to by several people, of strange occurrences in central Africa at the present day; a record which might have been written in the eighteenth century when all Europe shuddered under the fear of the vampire.

Leduc thought for sanity of the Picotte cow. But that proved nothing.

If ever a man had run *loup-garou*, of none could it be more credible than of the late *Sieur de Villiers*. Certain it was that not in Villiersville for many a year had Gaspard de Villiers gone to confession. Often he had been heard to declare that he had a father confessor in another village, but this the peasants had not believed.

Leduc's thoughts returned to Denise. The old feud might pass now....

At last he came into sight of the manorhouse. In an upper window was a faint radiance; the house showed no other light. The glimmer came from the room where yesterday the *Sieur de Villiers* had lain dying.

He knocked. Again. Still no answer. Fear gripped him. He beat on the door with his bag of instruments. Just as he was about to try the fastening, and to enter, by force if need be, he noticed a light in a small building close to the wing of the manoir which was furthest from the death chamber. The little theatre!

He walked to it, and knocked with assumed boldness.

"Who is there?" It was the voice of Denise de Villiers.

"It is the doctor, *Mademoiselle*."

She opened the door. She caught his hand.

"Oh, but you are good to come! Pepin has left me. I heard him go, although he tried to let himself out so quietly. From a window I watched him. On his snowshoes he ran as if some awful thing were behind him."

Her face was haggard, her voice unsteady.

Removing his skis, Leduc entered the theatre. The place could not have been used for decades. There were numbers of old rickety chairs, and on one of these was a coal oil lamp.

Gently he told her that he was to take her back with him to *Madame Malherbe*.

"Yes! I cannot stay! I tried to sit by my father, but—I thought—the sheet," her voice broke. "I ran!"

"For each, *Mademoiselle*, there is a point at which the nerves give way."

"I have heard," she whispered, "strange things of my father. I know that my mother feared him. Before him Pepin trembled. For my father would say, 'If ever you disobey me, Pepin, if ever you leave me, then in the night when I run *loup-garou*—I did not hear what my father finally said to Pepin, but Pepin gave a cry, and struck my father, and shouted, 'I will kill the *loup-garou*!'"

"*Mademoiselle*, see, I will build you a fire in the hearth. You will be warm and safe, while I make a little examination. A mere formality, *Mademoiselle*, so that a certificate of death may be issued."

She watched him build a fire with some of the rickety chairs, none of which was steady enough to be sat on. Then Leduc went to the great crimson velvet curtains, which had been used to draw across the stage. Rotting, they tore easily from their rings. Of these he made a crude pallet before the fire.

"Rest and warm yourself, *Mademoiselle* for you have a long cold journey before you. I will be back in about half an hour."

"A half hour!" She understood. After a pause she said, "Poor Pepin! My father perhaps died of the sickness which he has so long had?"

"*Mademoiselle*, that is my hope. May I take your lamp? I will leave you my flashlight. With it and the fire you will be all right."

He would not ask her to come with him to find another lamp.

At the door of the little theatre she said, "I will fasten the bolt. Knock loudly three times, and speak. I will open to none else."

He buckled on his skis, for although there were but a few yards to the manoir, the snow was soft and deep. Shielding the lamp with his coat, he clutched his black bag under his arm. Denise de Villiers closed and bolted the door of the theatre.

The front door of the *manoir* was unlocked, as Denise had told him it would be. He removed his skis, and walked across the hall to the broad staircase. An icy wind struck him. Of course, since Pepin had fled, the fires would have gone out. The house was cold as—as death.

He mounted the stairs. At the bedroom floor he saw an oblong of light from the doorway of the *Sieur de Villiers'* chamber.

He reached this. Tall candles around the bed, and on the bed a sheet outlining a straitened human form.

What must be done had best be done quickly. He pulled back the sheet. Over the face of the man who yesterday had cursed him he put a small cloth.

This was the first autopsy that Paul Leduc had performed alone.

He moved a table to the bed, and on it he placed the lamp and his black bag. He rearranged the tall standing candlesticks.

From his black bag he took out a leather roll of instruments, untied this, and spread it on the table. His hands were stiff with cold. The pillows and bed coverings he threw in a heap in a corner.

No need here for measuring the body or such records for identification. The head first, no more might be needed.

But for that he must remove the cloth! He remembered that always when one worked on a head, it stared at one.

He removed the cloth. The wind rattled the panes. With shaking hands he unwound the bandages from the bald head of the *Sieur de Villiers*.

On the scalp was a discoloured contusion and a recently healed break in the skin; an injury of about three days standing. The skull beneath the wound was firm.

He moved the head about, listening carefully for sound of a fracture.

The room was full of shadows. In a far corner the darkness seemed to be forming into a form.

He took the head in both hands. With a jerk he dropped it. On the opposite wall a huge shadow leaped forward—the shadow of a wolf!

Leduc shrank back. The thing moved with him. The wolf was made up of candlesticks, of his own body, and of fear.

He must not look about him. Haste! Haste was everything.

Now came one of the horrors of an autopsy on a bed. He must shift the body to a horizontal position, the head projecting on to a chair. He did this; arranging beneath it the oilcloth from his kitchen table.

His incision must go from the ear, over the vault of the skull, down to the other ear.

He leaned over the bald head of the *Sieur de Villiers*, scalpel poised.

The eyes opened!

Leduc leaped back, knocking over the table. The lamp crashed to the floor.

The body sat up!

Leduc bounded from the room. Down the black corridor, his legs like water under him, bumping against the walls, fumbling for the head of the staircase.

The sound of a heavy body getting out of bed!

His hand found the balustrade. *Loup-garou!* The man who ran *loup-garou* might die and be buried, but his body never rotted; by night it still ran *loup-garou!*

He fled, falling, clutching at the balustrade, stumbling down the stairs. Behind him came the thing.

He was downstairs. He was in the main hall. The moon shone through the front door which he had not shut. He ran for his very soul.

Out into the snow! No time to pause for skis. Plunging knee-deep, sinking, battling with arms and breast against the snow, sinking further—

Beating on the door of the theatre! Loud blows. Louder, in quick series of threes.

"Denise! Denise!"

The door gave. He fell forward.

"*Mademoiselle! The bolt!*"

On his feet again, together they bolted the door. Leduc braced his back against the heavy oaken panels.

Save for the glow of the fire, they were in darkness. The lamp lay on the floor of the deathchamber.

With one arm he drew the shaking girl to him. He found again his courage.

"Have no fear, *Mademoiselle*. Here we are safe."

The storm had ceased. The moon shone through the windows. The fire crackled gaily.

"Do we not go to the village?"

"No. In the morning—"

She screamed.

Framed in one of the moonlit windows was a dark form.

When he could speak, he faltered,

"It is only a wolf."

The dark shape moved, trotted away from the window.

"No, no! *Sainte Vierge!*"

Denise de Villiers moaned and crossed herself.

From the other side of the door against which they leaned came a long low howl.

The girl in his arms became limp and heavy. Lifting her, he carried her to the pallet before the fire.

As he bent over her another cry stiffened his scalp. A scream, human and of stark terror, gurgling off into a fierce growl.

Leduc knelt by the senseless girl, making no effort to revive her from her merciful faint. He prayed to the Virgin and to all the saints.

After what seemed a long time she stirred, came to herself. Again for her he found courage. He told her that when they did not return the coroner with some of the villagers would come to their aid. Now that the moon was bright and that the blinding snow had stopped falling, the villagers would not fear losing their way. In sleighs they could reach the *fief* road, and from there use skis or snowshoes.

His words rallied his own heart. Had it been all hallucination? His father used to say that there was no limit to the power of the mind over the body. He strove for rational explanation. A trance, perhaps? No medical man had pronounced de Villiers dead. A girl and an ignorant peasant might have been mistaken. In his own haste he had neglected the routine tests of death with which an autopsy should be commenced.

If so, he must as a physician return to the aid of the *Sieur de Villiers*. At that thought he knew that there had been no hallucination. What he had seen, he had seen. That shape at the window!

Nor had his forced bravery deceived Denise de Villiers. She shook her head.

"It will be morning before anyone can come. Only God can help us now."

Together they knelt. And as they prayed, they found each others' hearts. A merciful weariness came on them. They lay and slept.

LEDUC awoke to loud knocking on the door, to a great heat, to broad daylight, to voices, and to a strange crackling and roaring.

Denise still slept. He rose and opened the door. What had been for over a century the home of the de Villiers was now a roaring mass of flames. Before him stood *Hercule Malherbe* and a peasant. A few yards away a group of villagers bent over something on the snow.

"*Mademoiselle de Villiers?* Where is she?"

"In here, safe, asleep."

"She must not see—"

The group around the thing on the snow parted. Leduc saw.

On the snow lay the naked body of the *Gaspard de Villiers*, horribly mutilated, as if partially devoured by some great beast.



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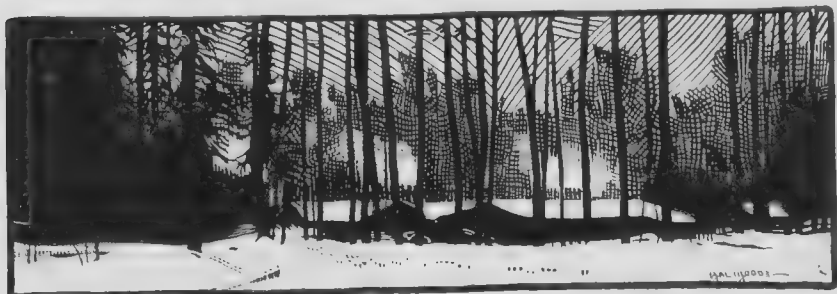
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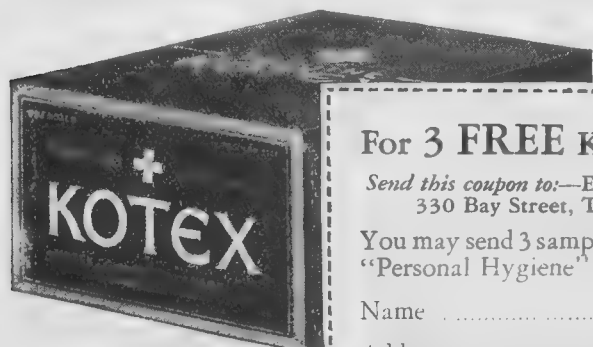
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Retribution

Continued from page 11

angrily. She screams and covers the spraying wound with her big checked apron.

"Mother, mother, you are hurt!" shrieks Katja, delivered from her paralysis and running to her side. "Oh, dearest mother, you have cut yourself. Oh, however shall I stop this awful bleeding?"

"Fool!" barks Ivan. "Tch! Fool, to cut yourself and my supper not yet finished."

Said Marfa dully—though already the smile was ebbing up from the depths of consciousness: "Finish your papa's supper, Katja. Give him plenty of cream, undiluted. I can see to the cut myself."

But the wound was deep. Ivan, fed to bursting, had ambled out to his fields and still she mopped and pinched and mopped again with her voluminous apron. Behind her in the shadowy room Katja's footsteps, light as a fawn's, sped her from task to task. And a soft murmur, like the drone of bees, fell on Marfa's ears. Her little Katja was praying to the saints; praying for a charm, a palliative. Finally a glad cry and a soft young body came flying at her.

"Mother, mother! The Blessed Virgin herself must have reminded me! See, dear mother, a lock of my hair to coil about the wound. Don't you remember? Don't you remember that old Nastya Ermolova, the seeress, said it was a sure charm against bleeding and poison! Glory be to God, I thought of it in time!" . . .

MARFA moved her chair a fraction and the sound of the scraping legs sent a chill through Ivan. What was she plotting behind that devil's mask of hers, he wondered. Would she never be done with her dark dreaming? Oh, yes, she would be done with dreams shortly for there was much else to do. But one thing more she must rebuild from her tortured memories. She must put this Ivan on the witness stand of her heart and weigh his evil actions with this new dispassionate mind of hers. She must consider him once again as he was that day a week later as he swept into the house, a wolfish grin on his good looking cruel face, calling out: "Ho, there, Katja, leave off the separator. What a devilish racket it makes. Marfa, you good-for-nothing, don't you ever oil the thing? So, Katja, little kitten, you want a beau, do you? Well now, look you, you shall have your wish. You shall have a lover, Katja. Horspidy, you shall have your fill of love, my girl, I promise you!"

Katja, like a frightened deer, flashes silent agonized appeals to her blanching mother. "What—what—I do not understand, papa Ivan, I don't know what you mean."

"No? Well, so much the better. Knowledge is neither here nor there in women, Katja. But listen now, you both. I have made all the arrangements with the Widow Polenski. Katja marries Nicholai next month!"

Stricken to stone Marfa stands like Lot's wife seeing behind her the smoking ruins of her whole miserable world. Piti-ful, mean, sordid, yet she had thought in it safety—a respectable haven for her sweet daughter. Ah, but she had been wrong; she understood that now. And God, it seemed, punished brooding cowardice with a harshness seldom meted out to folly.

Truly, her perceptions were strangely keen now, sharpened to a clean edge by this appalling threat to Katja. She was no longer bowed down by the old shame, for she understood now that loving, howsoever wantonly, was less vile than a marriage such as hers. She had been foolish to love that handsome cossack with his flashing smile and glittering uniform, but what word was there to describe that shame-born gullibility which led her to believe Micklenoff—then an upper servant on her father's estate—when he brought that dreadful message from a woman calling herself Serge Epiphanov's mistress! . . . How accursed above fools she had been to accept Micklenoff's treacherous sympathy—his offers of help in a desperate position . . .

Marfa shudders, and her grim, deep-lined countenance turns ashen as the panorama of flying years unfold before her; Micklenoff, the coarse-grained, with his thirst for power and independence, fastening upon her coward fears to lift

him out of bondage; out of her fool's gratitude forging a weapon to undermine the old life; enslaving her spirit, stealing her lands. So much accomplished, what remained but to take her into this stranger's country where none might guess his secret abuses or care what befell Marfa, Vladimar's daughter . . . To Canada, where ambition and ruthlessness would swiftly lift him out of his hated peasantry—into this strangers' wilderness where he might have his will of her because she had borne a child that was not his child—Oh, pity of women! What had she not endured and gratefully, because, as she thought, he had saved her from bringing the unpardonable disgrace upon a respected family and an ageing father. To think of it now was a flame in the heart, but at the time how hungrily she had hugged her agony thinking it God's good stripes for her just retribution. Poor fool! But ever this conceit was stripped from her when news reached her of Serge Epiphanov's suicide—his death at her door, so he had written before the end . . .

So much for the fruits of conscience, that lying network of ingrown convention! There remained only Katja; for her she would suffer any and all things and yet in her own way work an odd retribution. As fast as Ivan shed his stubborn peasant ways she, Marfa, adopted them to his pride's undoing. A contemptible, coward's existence, yet she had thought to build her daughter's happiness on such evil sands! No wonder Ivan had dared to overstep the last barrier, thinking her so vile, so broken and so cowardly that this mention of Nicholai would serve to veil his ghastly purpose.

She could almost laugh at the recollection of his blank astonishment when she whirled on him instead:

"What do you say, Ivan Micklenoff? You would marry my innocent Katja to Nicholai Polenski? To Nicholai, that rickety halfwit with a filthy human vulture for a mother? You dare go that far, Ivan—you think there is no limit to my endurance?"

How long ago had she said that? How long; a week, was it—or two, or a century?

Thoughtfully, critically, Marfa turned the clumsy ironstone cup round and round in her calloused fingers. Then, with a sudden burst of wild laughter, she dashed the ugly thing to the floor. It shattered into yellow fragments. The sharp explosion brought an odd thrill to Marfa and to Micklenoff a wave of mortal fear.

Hola! How brave he now was, that six-foot Ivan. That lordly giant whose hobnailed bootmarks were still on her body—a grim testimony to her futile pleas for Katja!

Her breath hot on her lips, hot as the hate that blazed in her eyes, Marfa rose to her feet. Moving slowly, deliberately, diabolically, she hunted in the kitchen drawers rattling knife against knife. Soft though it was she heard Ivan's stealthy efforts to move back his chair. "Sit where you are, Ivan!" she shot at him quickly, adding with calculated cunning, "you must know, my dear Ivan, that it is easier to kill while the victim sleeps . . . as it is easier to inflict torture on the fool who believes she endures it to some purpose."

"Marfa! Marfa! For God's sake listen to sense!" Ivan found tongue at last, sweat pouring in a million fleshlets from his terrified carcass. "If you've done this horrible thing—Listen! Listen! If you've—" He broke off in a grating whimper, aghast at his own deductions, overwhelmed to the point of nausea at the thoughts of what lay ahead.

Like any beast threatened with sure extermination, Micklenoff made his last frenzied attack: "Fool! Fool! Listen to me; you'll gain nothing acting like this—God! you've ruined me as it is. Ivan Micklenoff the husband of a murderess! Ivan Micklenoff! No, No! hear me through, Marfa. We must use our heads. Listen, old woman—doubtless I was too hard. But don't forget the blow your father gave me—My God, put down that knife! I was wrong, all wrong! I'll not excuse it. I was hard, cruel, wicked. But look now, Marfa, I'll make up for it. Be a sensible woman and come away peaceably. I know a place in the far North where—you'd never be found."

Marfa broke into another hailstorm of cackles. "No, no, my good Ivan. You'll not put me anywhere. I've had all I want of your tender protection."

"They'll hang you, Marfa—" It slipped out at last in a tense whisper, leaving Ivan pale as a corpse at the mere sound of it. Marfa smiled sardonically.

"Jesu!" he gasped, "you stand there unmoved, you—you crazy murderess, unnatural animal to kill your own child!"

"So ho! You suffer to think of Katja dead? Katja with the soft eyes and warm young breasts—kind Ivan! Is death then so much worse than the life you planned for her? Is the mercy of God not to be preferred above the vile thing you were plotting? You!—I spit on you for a black Judas! You, with your schemes of an idiot son-in-law for a shield! You killer and robber of all that's best in women!"

Ivan purpled to the eyes; on temples and neck the pounding veins stood out like hempen ropes, his hobbled rage threatened to choke him; his knees wobbled, everything whirled in front of him. Only Marfa's eyes, large and black with ancient hate, remained hideously real. And the awful things she said! What if she should repeat them—what if she should use them to—?

Subtle as the tiger Marfa padded close, caught his paralyzed arm, digging deep with her harpie's talons as she whispered consolingly: "Take heart, good Ivan, you have yet two legs and a head to call your own. I shall do none of what you fear. Not I. Go now to the dear Widow Polenski and break the sad news. Tell her she'll never buy a semblance of respectability for her silly son at my Katja's expense—and to your enrichment. Tell her all, good Ivan."

Whither Ivan went and where he spent the next mad week matters little. But it is certain that the Widow Polenski, who had already paid a certain sum to Ivan, was the voice to rouse the countryside. Katja was missing. Katja had disappeared as completely as though she had never existed. Katja had not been seen by anyone for three weeks at least. Not a solitary individual in that scattered settlement remembered seeing her anywhere since the concert at the church when she had sung and danced so prettily.

And Micklenoff, that sensible steady Russian, was behaving strangely. Wandering the woods and roads like a grey ghost; letting his stock run wild, his fields suffer. Eventually, from some source the explanation leaked out: Micklenoff's wife was off her head—a danger to the whole settlement.

HENCE it came about one day that two strange men, sitting splendid horses, and having about them the unmistakable air of authority, rode up to Marfa's door. But the woman who opened to their sharp commands was not the crazed old eld they had been led to expect. Marfa met them with dignified composure. She was, they noted, a tall well-made woman, grown heavy through incessant toil; a woman, nonetheless, who once must have been remarkably handsome. She was dressed in some quaint old-country garments; fine stuffs, richly embroidered. And her feet were neatly shod.

The elder man, an officer of rank Marfa perceived at once, spoke out bluntly: "Mrs. Micklenoff, it is my disagreeable duty to arrest you for the suspected murder of your daughter."

She nodded, smiled slightly, and in her best English answered promptly: "I am ready, Mr. The Law. Every day I have expected you. Perhaps you will eat before we start? It is so far to the town."

"Great Scott!" broke from the younger man, a cub in the service. "Pretty cool, sir. Gad! I believe she'd poison us without a single qualm."

Sergeant O'Mally frowned. "You're an R.N.W., not a flea, young fellow. Don't jump at conclusions. Go in and entertain the lady while I take a turn around that slough we've heard so much about."

Marfa's smile broadened and the door flew wider. "Enter, enter, Mr. The Law. You can watch me making tea. All will be safe then from poisons."

And tea she did make to his everlasting amazement and a very tasty meal as well, stepping about her hospitable task with

quiet precision and, he could have sworn, a secret amusement. When O'Mally returned it was to witness a scene of such homely comfort and rustic charm as induced for the moment a violent shock. The motherly woman who smilingly invited him to the delicacies of her table seemed aeons removed from that unnatural monster who had used the brutal thing he held in his hands, a heavy kitchen knife, stained about the point and wrapped in a checkered apron gruesomely clotted . . . an ugly bit of evidence even without the silky brown hair meshed in that horrible apron!

So much for what Sergeant O'Mally found by the old slough. At the trial much was made of a network of footprints and a certain depression that might have been made by dragging a heavy object to the water's edge. The so-called slough could not be rashly penetrated for it was known to have a quagmire bottom.

A strange and terrible crime. So ran the headlines. One of the many mysterious crimes enacted on the borders of civilization. Senseless! Inhuman! Insufferable!

DAY after day Marfa was badgered, grilled, threatened and pleaded with. What was her real motive? Why had she done it? No one in the whole neighborhood had a word of reproach for the missing Katja. Nor indeed had anyone ever heard of a serious disagreement between them. What, then, was at the bottom of such an incredible reversion? She must have gone mad. Here again no one could testify to any act or word of Marfa's which might sustain the theory of smouldering insanity. Yet she must have been mad—only a mad woman would turn upon her own child with a carving knife.

"No, no, Mr. The Law, I am not mad. I never, never was mad," Marfa persisted doggedly, almost fiercely.

The counsel for defence lost all patience with her. On what earthly grounds could he defend her if she maintained this stubborn attitude? What leniency could she expect? What sympathy? How was he to proceed if she balked him at every turn in this assinine manner? Sanity, indeed! Well, if she wasn't crazy before she certainly was crazy enough now. It made him a laughing-stock even to attempt her case!

The prosecuting attorney availed himself of an easy opportunity to indulge a melodramatic penchant. He obviously enjoyed himself as he bullied his willing victim:

"You admit this is your knife, Mrs. Micklenoff?"

"Yes, Mr. The Law."

"And this apron? Stained with human blood—for it has been analyzed as human blood?"

"Yes, Mr. The Law."

"And this strand of hair, severed from a fair young head—it is your daughter's hair?"

"Yes, Mr. The Law."

The young attorney, impressed with his own importance, condescended to smile at Marfa's fuming counsel. Then resuming a becoming severity:

"You also acknowledge, Mrs. Micklenoff, to burying these proofs of your guilt at dead of night on the edge of that quagmire slough?"

"I buried them, Mr. The Law."

"And you were sane—quite sane at the time, Mrs. Micklenoff?"

"Yes, Mr. The Law, never more sane," cried Marfa in a loud ringing voice.

The attorney made a significant gesture, much as to say—there you are, gentlemen, deplorable or not, what more remains to be said. The improvised courtroom, crowded to capacity, reacted with an angry groan. The judge rapped for silence, and the satisfied attorney went on:

"You were sane, quite sane, yet you killed your unoffending daughter—struck down your own flesh and blood in wanton cruelty and sunk her body in that filthy black bog!"

"YOU say it, Mr. The Law," Marfa came back, unmoved. "YOU say it." Nothing else could he get for all his driving. Over and over again that unvarying reply, crisp, cold, and with a bent of grim humor behind it. "You say it, Mr. The Law! You say it, Honorable The Judge!" [Continued on page 40]

how to escape
a job you hate!



and save 50% of your dusting

■ Is there any way of having exquisitely polished furniture without the stickiness that collects dust and makes housework that much harder?

■ Yes! Experimenting on just this problem, chemists found that 50% less dust collects on Johnson's Wax than on ordinary oil-type polishes. These findings are certified by ourselves and by a well-known firm of chemists.

In Paste or
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Instructions—

■ Johnson's Wax (either liquid or paste form) is applied like any polish, except that you use less of it. Wash surface clear of oil or dust first, and let it dry thoroughly. Apply Wax and polish with soft cloth.

■ The diagrams above (in photograph) compare the different action of oil and wax on furniture. Upper one shows how dust particles stick on the oily film like flies on flypaper. Below—note how dust particles rest on top of dry waxed surface—and how few there are! You dust only half as often!

■ A practical little booklet, "Reducing the Care of Floors & Furniture" together with 25c can of Johnson's Wax will be sent on receipt of ten cents.

S. C. Johnson & Son Ltd., Dept. WH9, Brantford, Can.
Gentlemen: Please send me full 25c can of Johnson's Wax and new booklet, "Reducing the Care of Floors and Furniture." Enclosed find 10c to cover mailing.

Name _____

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Let good things get together . . .

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

with Fruits

Honey Milk or Cream



ENJOY to the limit the many tasty things produced on the farm . . . the plump ripe berries, luscious orchard fruits, golden honey, fresh milk and cream.

Serve them with Kellogg's Corn Flakes and enjoy a wonderful treat of flavor and healthfulness.

Kellogg's are so crisp and delicious you'll welcome them for lunch and summer suppers as well as breakfast. Extra easy to digest—ideal for the children's evening meal.

Children love their delicious flavor and crispness. Even the youngster who dislikes milk will readily take it with Kellogg's. A sensible way to satisfy between-meals hunger—to provide extra nourishment during the afternoon, which is so often desirable.

Sold by all grocers. Served everywhere. Look for the red-and-green package. The patented waxtite inner-seal wrapper keeps the flakes oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.

More corn used for Kellogg's than all other ready-to-eat cereals combined.



Retribution

Continued from page 39

Certainly in the minds of those present Marfa Micklenoff was not only guilty but a kind of ogress too inhuman to countenance; for whom hanging was much too merciful. Nonetheless it seemed British law harbored some qualms about exacting the supreme penalty where the body of the supposed victim was not to be found. But in a country where, in the main, men still believed in the good old rebuttal of the open ranges, it was nothing short of heroism for His Honor to indulge such legal chicanery to the point of suspending Marfa's sentence pending a draining of that dreadful bog. And it is very certain that a wholesome fear of the Scarlet Riders, rather than any respect for the majesty of the law as represented in attorneys and conscientious judges was what kept the infuriated crowd from falling upon the prisoner when she left the courtroom between her stalwart guards.

She seemed not the least affected. Indeed, her indifference was so marked that it inspired such an outburst of furious abuse as cannot bear transcribing. Whereupon Marfa Micklenoff flung up her head in a curious fashion and her eyes, calm but very bright, fixed themselves on the far horizon. In the days that followed she maintained this strange calm, sitting from dawn till dusk in apparently peaceful meditation. One request she made. She must see the papers. Laboriously she poured over them column by column, as though seeking something that never appeared. Only in reading the papers did she display the least emotion. A queer piece that Micklenoff murderess! Heartless and stupid. So said her jailers again and again. Such was their honest belief until the day when word was brought to Marfa that two young people clamored to see her.

Then, indeed, did the stolid prisoner flare to the heights of Russian intensity. No sunrise more luminous than the glad light that flooded her face. "Glory be to Thee, Oh God!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Where are they? Where? Where? Mother of Mercy, blessed be Thy name! Quick, quick, take me to them. Quick, I say! It is my daughter Katja and her husband!"

Poor creature! For the first time pity went out to Marfa unstinted. Poor, unhappy creature, she was raving mad after all. But not half so mad as the legal gentlemen whose fingers had been stirring Marfa's pie felt themselves to be before that strange day ended. For, sure enough, it was Katja who leaped into her mother's arms the moment she emerged from the dark doorway of the prison hall. Katja, and a young man who called himself Silas Burn and her wedded husband. A handsome young fellow who made his living selling coffees and teas, spices and flavorings and a heterogeneous lot of patent medicines throughout the country districts.

Katja could only weep, kissing her mother for gladness' sake. But Silas was

eager to explain. Because his territory was large and most of it far from the railroad, he used an ingenious house-wagon for his business and a good strong team of trotting mules. On his very first visit into the Micklenoff vicinity he had met Katja and loved her. After that they had contrived a stolen hour or two whenever his way led anywhere near. They had not intended marrying so soon, for Silas was eager to establish himself first. But, when Micklenoff made that dreadful announcement—What! Hadn't they heard of his beastly bargain! Well—anyway, it was Marfa who had the good sense to force her shy young daughter to write to Silas telling the whole story, and asking him to take her into hiding at once.

Fortunately the letter reached him even sooner than the women had dared to hope. By the end of the following week Katja was safely away, hidden snugly as you please in his wagon with its boxes of spices and tea. And glad they were then that fear of Micklenoff had prevented their ever meeting publicly. Nonetheless, it was Marfa who had had the good wisdom to send Katja to a now almost deserted village eight miles north of their farm. There, in the dead of night, on a little travelled trail, he had met her. But, oh! never had they expected or dreamt this terrible consequence! Good lord, Katja had almost lost her senses when just by chance a paper got into their hands at the isolated trading post where they were camping—waiting, as they thought, for Micklenoff's wrath to cool.

A PRETTY broth of herring! "But by the Holy Saints!" thundered Sergeant O'Mally, "why cook up that yarn of murder, anyhow? Good heavens, Mrs. Micklenoff, don't you realize I could have you all up for perjury—contempt of court, devil knows what else?"

Said Marfa slowly, beaming at him over her daughter's soft brown head: "The Law comes to take me away. I did not ask it. But I do not resist. It is explained to me to do so would be useless. That is my crime. YOU say, and the lawyer of the long words he repeat it, and the honorable judge also, YOU say: Marfa Micklenoff, you killed your daughter! And I answer always: Mister the Law, YOU say it. Honorable the Judge, YOU say it."

"Lord, yes! So you did. So you did, you sly old sinner. But come now, Mrs. Micklenoff, why didn't you tell the truth—I mean all of the truth?"

Once again Marfa's face set in a curious mold, proud, uncompromising, determined. Proud, too, the cadence of her voice: "I tell you, Mister the Law. It was revenge! Some day, maybe, I tell the rest."

One day she did. On a very pleasant day, in fact, crisp and bracing, as only a prairie day can be. Just a week after her sensational release, when the jovial O'Mally came to tell her that Ivan Micklenoff had been found dead in his bed with an empty vial on the table beside him.

Canada's Lone Arctic Traveller

Continued from page 22

down in the bowels of the earth, thinks the Major.

This is the man to whom the Canadian Government turns when it wants advice as to what to do for the Eskimos. He states they are necessary to the development of the Arctic. A white man is foolish to attempt to do anything in the Arctic without them. He advocates more doctors for their welfare; there are now four among them. He believes that the furs which they catch and the other raw materials which are procured in connection with the hunt for food should be developed by them. With a little teaching they make excellent carpenters, tanners, and craftsmen on fur.

Care is taken that they are not exploited by fur traders, but Major Burwash is afraid that the mining men who are now going into the country by plane may do the opposite by giving them too much for their services.

He will talk to you for hours about the natives and the country and its future. But of himself—very little. Just that he has been here and there, has spent practically all his life in the Arctic, and that his longest single stay was for five years. And if you ask him about dangerous experiences, he brushes that off with saying that snowstorms are the worst calamities that can befall a traveller in the Arctic. Yet he feels safer in the Arctic than anywhere else.



Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

On Going Into Business

SOME time ago, the suggestion was made in a newspaper article that Canadian schools were educating students to think as employees instead of as employers. Now students must be taught to serve and to be good servants before they can expect to become leaders and masters. But there is possibly a danger in producing too many people who have no other ambition than to work for somebody else. The position that England has attained in matters of commerce is largely due to a spirit of enterprise and independent thought and judgment and England is, or was, the home of thousands of small but independent traders.

Since I read the article referred to, I have recalled the fact that while many of my students have done very well in business life, comparatively few have started in business for themselves, and very few, indeed, have ever suggested that they would do so. Nearly all of them have taken it for granted that some day they would be working for somebody else. This is excellent, but is it enough?

It is true that the last quarter of a century has seen great changes in business organization. Chain stores and great amalgamations, with their tremendous purchasing power, have caused the way of the smaller and independent merchant to be beset with many difficulties and yet it is believed that there is still room for many independent business men who are prepared to conduct business in a specialized way and on a modern business basis.

Large Stores Versus Small

M. P. GOULD says that, if carefully analyzed, the large store has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. In reality, the modern large store is twenty, thirty or forty stores combined. Some people might think that with the combination of so many stores, the problems of each would be lessened. The contrary is true. The problems are multiplied in an increasing ratio.

The small store, by itself, is free to act independently, but each department in a large store must act in unison with all the other departments. It is hedged about by the customs, traditions and policies of the whole store. Its space is fixed; its methods of doing business are fixed; its style of advertising is fixed.

This illustration suggests something of the opportunity that still exists for the independent dealer, but he must profit by the business-like example of the larger institutions. Consider this problem for instance:

William Redfield is now proprietor of a store of which his grandfather was proprietor fifty years ago. Do you think the problems of administration with which he has to deal are more or less complex than those with which his grandfather had to deal? Of what significance is this to the student who plans to go into business for himself?

Questions for Consideration

JAMES O. McKINSEY, in Business Administration, put the following, among other, questions for young men who have in mind the idea of starting in business for themselves:

1. John Brown, after graduation, plans to go into business. State some different types of business in which he may go. Can he enter any of these if he lives in the town or city in which you live?
2. Mr. X says: "My business is different from others and I must work out myself the way in which it should be run. It does me no good to study the way in which other businesses are conducted." Do you agree?
3. "The man who makes the greatest success in business is the one who knows everything about some branch and something about every other department of business procedure." How does this correspond with the statement of Mr. X? Which do you think is nearer correct?

4. "The sole proprietor is not required to consult other officials and so can act promptly in emergencies." Of what significance is this for those who wish to enter business for themselves?

5. James Smith is contemplating the purchase of a retail store located in a small town. He has sufficient capital to provide for three-fourths of the purchase price. He is in doubt whether he should borrow the remainder of the capital he needs or whether he should take in partners who will supply it. Explain the factors he should consider in making his decision.

6. Draw up a list of reasons which might induce a sole proprietor to take a partner. Make a list of the objections a sole proprietor might have to taking a partner.

7. Henry James, who is thirty years of age, has accumulated savings of \$10,000.00. He is employed as assistant superintendent in a large factory. He desires to go into business for himself. He has two opportunities to invest his savings: (1) In the stock of a large corporation conducting the largest manufacturing plant in the province; (2) by purchasing a half interest in a small but prosperous manufacturing firm conducted by a sole proprietor. Which investment will he probably make? Why?

8. James King, seventy years of age, is a retired manufacturer. He is offered the same investments offered to Henry James. Which will he probably make? Why?

9. "Each business unit has guaranteed to it certain rights and has imposed on it certain obligations by the law of the province and nation." Why should the law concern itself with the affairs of business units?

10. "In every business there exist four functional groups of administrative activities—marketing, personnel, finance, and standards and records. In a manufacturing business there exists a fifth—production." Illustrate the presence of these in the following: (1) grocery store, (2) dry goods store; (3) bakery, (4) drug store, (5) shoe store, (6) manufacturer of automobiles, and (7) publishing company.

11. "A business should have quite definite information concerning sales demands before it is organized." How is it possible for it to obtain this information?

12. The seller may establish the price of his commodity, (1) at the market, (2) at less than the market, and (3) at more than the market. Illustrate when he should do each.

13. James King has just organized a business for the sale of the X product. He is in doubt as to the best method of selling to use in marketing his product. How should he proceed to solve his problem?

14. Henry Johnson states that he purchases most of his groceries and dry goods from a mail order house, and that he makes a great saving thereby, because he eliminates all the expenses of middlemen. Do you agree?

15. "Without financial planning the success of a business is largely a matter of accident." Do you think this is true? Do most firms need such planning?

Planning a Career

PROPER preparation for the responsibilities of a business career will involve some sacrifice of the leisure and pleasures of youth. Livingstone said he never made a sacrifice in his life. He regarded his life of isolation and toil in the fastnesses of the Dark Continent as necessary to the great end he had in view. This is a wonderful spirit, and his view of means to an end is a lesson of priceless value; yet considering the diversions of our times and the natural inclinations of youth, discipline and training for any purpose mean sacrifice. The measure of sacrifice in each case depends upon the ambition and temperament of the individual.—D. W. Bole.

Rout Gum Troubles defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"



THERE is no greater dental folly than to care for your teeth and pay no attention to your gums.

No matter how gleaming your teeth, how pure their color, how free they are from fillings and cavities, it is equally important that your gums be strong and healthy.

Yet...all the time...you hear of people who have been forced to have seemingly sound teeth extracted. Your dentist's x-ray file contains hundreds of photographs that prove the dire results of gum neglect.

If ever your tooth brush "shows pink," it's an infallible sign that your gums need attention. Gingivitis, or even pyorrhea, may result unless you take prompt measures to bring your gums to health!

Fortunately, it is easy to care for your gums as dentists say you should. Simply brush your teeth and massage the gums twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Massage and Ipana rouse the circulation. They help to restore a normal tonicity to the gum walls. They give back the stimulation your gums should get, but do not, from the mastication of hard, fibrous foods.

For modern food is too soft, too yielding; circulation flags, tissues break down, gums grow soft and logy. But massage with Ipana, gently at first, harder later on, restores the stimulation that your gums need so much to keep in health.

How Ipana tones and hardens the gums

Ask your dentist about this. Ask him about Ipana. He will probably tell you how good it is and why. Containing ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic widely used by the profession, Ipana exerts a toning and stimulating effect that makes the massage doubly effective.

Don't think, however, that Ipana is only a specific for gum troubles. It's the cleanest feeling tooth paste you ever used! It's about the best tasting. Your teeth will shine with its continued use!

There is a sample offered by the coupon on this page. Frankly, we'd rather not have you send for it. For it's small—and sometimes the mails are slow. Rather go to your druggist today, get a full-size tube (100 brushings) and give Ipana a real chance to show you what it can do. It will clean your teeth beautifully. It will keep your gums healthy.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name

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City Prov.

4

"Grow old along with me;
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which
The first was made."



Oh Mary, Mary!

"**G**REAT news, Mary! I've just fixed it so we'll be independent at sixty. No money troubles—no worries—comfort and happiness for you and the kids, no matter what happens!"

"How did I do it? Simply by taking out the New Great-West Prosperity Policy. You bet I'm feeling GOOD. Be home in twenty minutes to tell you all about it."

THE GREAT-WEST "PROSPERITY" POLICY

is a new plan specially designed for men who desire early financial independence. Example: Man, aged 25, deposits \$313.50 annually. At age 60 he has the option of drawing a monthly income of \$100 for life or a guaranteed lump sum of \$14,300—plus substantial accumulated profits. In the event of death, his family inherits the full benefits.

The New Great-West "Prosperity" plan affords special disability privileges and numerous other appealing features. Write for information.



THE Great-West
ASSURANCE **Life** COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

140



SINCE our last issue the country has come through the throes of an election which has been featured by many issues, more particularly those of unemployment, the tariff, and the Imperial Conference to be held in London this Fall. The result has shown the election of the Conservative party and the defeat of the Liberal Government, which has been in power for almost nine successive years. The new Prime Minister has formed his Cabinet and apparently from present indications, an extraordinary session of Parliament will be convened in September to deal with the unemployment situation, this being in accordance with certain election promises held out by the Conservative leader. It is to be earnestly hoped that some means will be found to alleviate this evil which is so widespread and so detrimental in its effect.

The great question now before the public is the wheat situation. Present estimates founded on information acquired by elevator companies would seem to point to a yield of between 360 and 390 million bushels. One large line elevator company bases its computation as follows:

Manitoba	50,000,000 bushels
Saskatchewan ..	210,000,000 bushels
Alberta	125,000,000 bushels

Reports from Manitoba at first suggested serious damage from rust, but later reports show that this has been exaggerated, particularly in view of the fact that a great percentage of the Manitoba crop is Durum wheat, which is not affected by rust. The crop looks particularly good throughout Northern Alberta and Saskatchewan where the yields are running as high as thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre. Reports from southern Alberta, near Lethbridge, show a yield of twenty-five bushels of summerfallow and ten bushels per acre on spring plowing, and winter wheat was estimated as yielding fifteen to twenty bushels. An extensive trip throughout Manitoba, conducted by one company, showed an average yield of twenty-three bushels per acre. The grade so far is running No. 3 and No. 4, but it is believed that the average crop will be No. 2 and No. 3 with a fairly large percentage of No. 1 and a sprinkling of No. 4. The samples at present show that though the berries are small they are well formed and very hard.

On the whole it looks as though the crop will be decidedly above the average both as to yield and as to grade. During the last week the price has advanced very considerably, but this has been due, perhaps, to the response of a very sensitive market to any scare such as rust or extremely dry weather. We are of the opinion that the price will not advance materially and that from 95c. to \$1.00 will be about the average price for wheat. This, of course, is subject to the crop being harvested, and it needs no stressing to show that there are still many vicissitudes to be encountered before the harvest is safely garnered.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—As a regular reader of your magazine I would appreciate it if you will advise me on the following points:

(1). I am considering taking out an accident and illness policy with the Continental Casualty Company (Head Office, Federal Building, Toronto). Is this company reliable and in good standing? (2) I have a few shares of Sherritt-Gordon stock. The certificates are made out in the name of the firm of brokers through whom I made the purchase. Is this quite in order? Supposing this brokerage firm goes out of business, would my ownership of the stock still be all correct?—H.D.L.

A.—We believe that a policy in the Continental Casualty Company will prove satisfactory. Any insurance company in Manitoba and in Canada must maintain a deposit with the Provincial insurance authorities and with the Dominion insurance authorities. These authorities check up the activities of the company periodically and compel them to maintain on deposit sufficient securities to pay anticipated losses in the Province and in the Dominion. (2). You hold what is called a "street certificate" for your shares of Sherritt-Gordon. We would suggest that you send the certificate to the mining company to be registered in your name. Street certificates are commonly in use among brokers. The brokerage firm guarantees the authenticity of the signature and the certificate is then usually accepted by some other firm. To prevent any trouble they should be registered in the name of the holder thereof.

Moline, Man.

Q.—Being a subscriber to your paper I would like to have your opinion on an investment I have made.

I hold twenty-five shares of Baymar Oil Ltd., Head Office, Calgary, Alta. Please tell me if these shares are of any value, or if they likely will be in the near future.—Mrs. K.

A.—Baymar Oils Ltd., is one of the new Alberta oil companies which is still a pure speculation, and the shares of this company have no proven value.

According to our information, the company has not yet succeeded in obtaining a producing well, and until such a company has advanced to the production stage we cannot recommend its shares as a purchase. It is possible that the company may be very successful.

Lethbridge, Alta.

Q.—I am interested in your investment column and would like very much if you would give me a report on the Sturgis Creek Mining Co. This is a new company holding, I believe, valuable mining property in the vicinity of Trail, B.C., and the Consolidated Mining and Smelting operating at Trail, have valued the property with the idea of working it. At least that is the report, and the stock is not listed on the market. I would like very much if you could let me know the standing of this company.—M.C.

A.—The Sturgis Creek Mining Company appears to be still a prospect with sufficient development work done to encourage further development. You will appreciate that the purchase of shares in such a company is very highly speculative.

We have not very much information about the company except that it is capitalized for 2,000,000 shares, of which 843,545 are issued. Apparently, the samples taken from development work show that it is a silver, lead and zinc proposition. At the present time with the depressed prices for these metals, we doubt very much whether any very active development of the mine can be hoped for. When the prices of these metals advance to more normal rates, the company may then obtain the necessary financing to ascertain whether they have a real mine or not.

Minnedosa, Man.

Q.—I am interested in Cannor Mines Ltd. and would like to know, if in your opinion it would be a sound investment?

Also, has this company started production on their mines?—"Hiawatha."

A.—At the present time the securities of Cannor Mines Limited are not in the investment class. To begin with, very few mines can be considered as investments. The majority of even the good dividend paying mines can only be considered as speculative investments. In the case of a new company like the Cannor Mines. [Cont'd. on page 44]

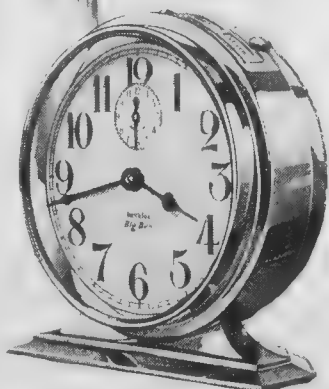


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Them on their Way**

A mighty army... millions upon millions... rely on Big Ben to wake them every morning, and enjoy the many rewards of unfailing punctuality.

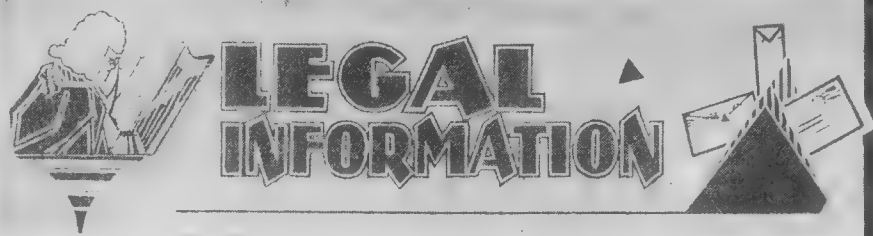
Big Ben, a sturdy, handsome fellow, ever faithful to his trust... carries a positive two year factory guarantee.

Big Ben base model in lustrous nickel finish or in beautiful shades of blue, green and old rose.



WESTERN CLOCK CO., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

Made in Canada



A LANDLORD leased a suite of rooms to a tenant in an apartment block in which there were a number of other tenants. The lease contained a provision that the tenant would not permit the premises to be used for any purpose that would disturb the other tenants, and expressly reserved the right to the landlord to terminate the lease at any time without notice, whenever he believed that the tenant had done or suffered any act which was a breach of this express covenant.

The landlord attempted to obtain an order of the court for the eviction of the tenant on the ground that the neighbors were disturbed by the screaming of the tenant's two-year-old child. The evidence showed, in the words of the court, "that the charges referred to the obstreperous behavior of a two-year-old child which had an unusually hard time of it while teething." There was no doubt but that the neighboring tenants were seriously disturbed by it. The child screamed and kicked for hours at a time, both day and night, despite all the efforts of the parents, a nursemaid, or series of maids, and a doctor to quiet him.

The landlord had several interviews with his tenant in an effort to persuade him to move out. The crying of the child was thoroughly understood between them and the landlord knew that the tenant, far from using the premises for the purpose of disturbing the other tenants, was doing all he could to keep the child quiet. He was using the suite as a residence for his family and for no other purpose. The crying of the child was an incident of the family life which, without evidence that it was caused by neglect or cruelty or some such cause, could not be controlled by the tenant.

The court held that it was impossible on the evidence that the landlord could have any honest belief that the tenant was committing a breach of the covenant and refused to make an order to evict the tenant.

Answers to Queries

Fort Frances, Ont., August, 1930

Q. Would you please answer for me through your paper the following questions:

A. A marries B in Russia in the year 1913, and came to Canada the same year. In 1920 B left her home and went with another man, the same year A got separation papers. A has not heard of B since; can A marry again without divorce papers, and what course of law would A have to follow to marry again legally?—G.W.

A. A cannot legally remarry until he obtains a formal divorce through the courts. If A has not had any trace of B for seven years or more and then marries, his second marriage will be invalid if B is still alive, but A cannot be prosecuted in such case for bigamy. To obtain a divorce A should consult a solicitor. It would probably take about nine months in the usual course to obtain a divorce.

Winnipeg, Man.

Q. In June, 1929, I installed wiring for electric stove and hot water heater in a rented house. This was done with the knowledge and consent of the landlord. He has refused to allow me to remove this on the ground that they are fixtures. Can I remove the switch boxes, which are attached to boards which are, in turn, nailed to the beams of the building?

Provided I leave the premises in good repair and cause no actual damage, have I a legal right to remove these boxes? The landlord in question refuses to compensate me in any way.—E.M.M.

A. We are of the opinion that you are

entitled to remove the electric stove, hot water heating, and the switch boxes referred to in your letter. The rule is that you must not remove anything if the removal would damage the building. In this case you perhaps could not remove the boards which carry the switch boxes, but there is no doubt that you could remove the switch boxes and any wires if you do not deface the premises. This must be done while the lease is still in force or within a reasonable period thereafter.

North Vancouver, B.C.

Q. I am applying for Old Age Pension. My wife is having an allowance from the Government of \$40.00 per month; can my Old Age Pension be reduced on that account?—"Budget."

A. The fact that your wife is in receipt of a small income does not, we believe, affect your right to the Old Age Pension. However, it will depend upon how the income was created.

We suggest that you communicate with the pension authorities, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

Swan River, Man.

Q. A woman seventy years old, born in Ontario, and a British subject, has lived in Manitoba fifty-two years, and the last twenty of that time in this district, but who may not be able to get a birth certificate as she is doubtful if her birth was registered. She knows there is no family bible record of her birth. She has an older brother and sister. Have been told by one who has obtained Old Age Pensions for others that their affidavit, sworn to before a justice of the peace, would be taken by the Pension Board as proof of her age. Is that correct? Could she get the Old Age pension, failing her birth certificate?—M.H.

A. The pension authorities are, of course, entitled to the best evidence which they can obtain in order to ascertain the age of an applicant for the Old Age Pension. The best evidence is a birth certificate. If this cannot be obtained we believe that the pension authorities will accept the affidavit of a person who should know the age of the applicant, for instance an older member of the family, or in fact any person who would be likely to know the age of the applicant could give the necessary evidence.

We would suggest that you take up the matter with the Old Age Pension Department of the Manitoba Provincial Government.

Q. Please say where copy of adoption papers (England) may be secured and how much they would cost.—A.C.

A. The service which we offer to our subscribers does not include legal information as to the laws of countries outside of Canada. If the child is living in Canada, Canadian laws will govern the case.

Saskatchewan.

Q. My husband is getting the worst habit until it is very miserable for me and my girl who attends public school. We cannot trust him to go to town on the smallest errand. He forgets the chores and comes home drunk or so foolish that he is incapable of looking after the work. I have a lady boarder and make butter and care for chickens, and practically keep up the household expenses and clothing for myself and child. When he is sober he isn't so bad, only I have no say in financial matters. He has a heavy mortgage on the farm. He has also bought an expensive car without paying his debts.

How much must a wife stand from a husband who carries on this way? Is she entitled to leave him? Could I, under the circumstances, expect support if I left the home?—"A Westerner."

[Continued on page 44]

AN ESSENTIAL SERVICE

We recommend for investment the following senior security of a company engaged in a service essential to Western Canada.

INTER CITY WESTERN BAKERIES LIMITED

6½% First Mortgage Bonds
Due May 1st, 1950

Controlled through ownership of 88% of common stock by Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

At 100 and accrued interest to yield 6½%.

(Carrying a bonus of ½ share of common stock with each \$100 principal amount of bonds purchased).

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Electric Railway Chambers, WINNIPEG
603 Canada Bldg., Saskatoon 322-5 Rogers Bldg., Vancouver
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812

Children's Savings Accounts

Believing that the individual thrift of our citizens is the backbone of Canada's prosperity, the Bank of Montreal does all in its power to encourage systematic saving on the part of youth.

At all of our Branches we welcome the Savings Accounts of Children.



BANK OF MONTREAL

Total Assets in Excess of
\$800,000,000

251 Branches
West of the Great Lakes

When Choosing a Bank



The solidity and long experience of this Bank strongly invite consideration. On the personal side—our managers will be found to take a friendly interest in their customers, glad to talk over their problems and to be helpful in any business or personal matter.

Write for location of our nearest branch

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital \$10,000,000 Reserve \$20,000,000
Resources \$275,000,000

General Office, Toronto—J. A. McLeod, General Manager

905



That is your reward when you use British American Gasolene.

Power to take you where you want to go, at the speed you wish to travel . . . with unfailing smoothness.

Power to get away, power on pickup, power without the penalty of excessive carbon, pitting . . . or any of the troubles caused by gasolines of less than the highest quality . . . and there is no price penalty.

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THE LIFE SAVER
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The BRITISH AMERICAN OIL CO. LIMITED
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YOUR BEST SURETY OF SATISFACTION

Patronize your local merchants for your needs

HE has denoted his faith in you by establishing himself in business in your community—where he pays his taxes. He deserves your every consideration.

He can supply you with all the nationally advertised, reliable brands, which in their safety assure you of comfort and satisfaction.

Winnipeg Commercial

is a monthly journal serving the general retail trade of Western Canada; if your local dealer does not carry the lines YOU wish, write us, giving the name of the product and of the dealer, and we will endeavor to have these lines put within your reach. Of course, your enquiry will be dealt with as confidential and as promptly as possible.

THE WINNIPEG COMMERCIAL
Stovel Building, Winnipeg, Man.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 42

which has not a successful record of operation over a number of years, it is impossible for us to recommend it as an investment. At the present time its shares are purely speculative. It may be, that the company will eventually prove to be a very satisfactory speculation, but it is certainly not the type of investment that we could recommend to a lady.

(2). The company has not yet commenced actual production from its mines. We discussed the matter with the fiscal agents of the company and they report that the programme prepared for the company is that the company will commence production early this Fall. Sufficient money for the present needs of the company is on hand, but further sums will be necessary before the programme laid down by the directors can be completed.

Leslie, Sask.

Q.—Could you give me some information regarding the Graphic Publishers Ltd., of Ottawa, Ont.

I understand it is a new company recently incorporated. Do you consider they will be a going concern or will they be out of business in a year or so? Is the business managed by reliable people? To what extent is the shop completed now, and are they in shape to earn? Would you consider it a safe investment? What sort of printing or publishing are they intending to do?—A.L.H.

A.—The Graphic Publishers Limited, Ottawa, were incorporated under a Dominion Charter with an authorized capital of \$50,000.00, divided into 1,000 shares of seven per cent preferred voting stock at \$50.00 per share, and 1,500 shares of common no par value stock.

It will be appreciated that a company embarking in the publishing business is entering a highly competitive field which is now dominated by American publications, which, with their very

much larger market and consequently larger output have so far over-shadowed any purely Canadian publications.

The Graphic Company has undertaken to publish fine Canadian books of a purely Canadian type. This undertaking, while laudable and worthy of support from an altruistic standpoint, must be viewed purely from its financial position.

One of the objections to the stock is that it lacks marketability. You will have to consider that if you purchase it you may have to hold your stock for a considerable time before you can sell it.

Prince Rupert, B.C.

Q.—Will you please tell me if you think the Investors Syndicate is a reliable investment for a young man not having more than about \$10.00 a month to invest, or could you advise me as to what you think a good investment.—M.B.L.

A.—In its class, the Investors Syndicate is a fairly good investment. It is an American company operating branch offices in the larger cities of Canada. It sells 5½ per cent certificates on the instalment plan, which are backed by first mortgage real estate bonds. Payments are made on a monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual basis, the company guaranteeing to pay 5½ per cent compounded.

The success of the undertaking depends upon the ability of the management to place its money in sound first mortgages. Such an investment is not so attractive as a purchase of sound bonds of the Dominion of Canada or of the provinces. Nearly any of these bonds can be purchased through your bank or a broker on the instalment plan. They have the further advantage of being readily marketable at any time. The bonds of the syndicate do not at present possess this desirable feature.

Legal Information

Continued from page 43

A. The difficulty in answering your enquiry is caused by the fact that very little can be done by outside persons to help you in your unfortunate position. If your husband is so conducting himself that it is impossible for you to remain with him you are permitted to leave and can sue him for support. This can be done by starting an action before a judge of the district court, a magistrate, or by any two justices of the peace. The court may make an order for weekly payments not exceeding \$20.00 per week, the amount of such order being dependent upon your husband's means. If he refuses to obey this he may be committed to gaol.

The best thing to do would be to give him another chance and if he does not sober up, consult a local solicitor and take proceedings against him.

Slocan Park, B.C.

Q. We have a piece of land and it joins a farm on one side and the owner lives in town. We have fenced it and asked the owner of the land joining us to pay half of what it cost to fence the line that joins us, but he refuses to do so. How can we best make him pay his share?

It is nearly two years since I paid out the money for this fencing and he has said he would pay time and again, but when we asked him recently he said he would not pay it.—O.S.

A. We have had some difficulty in advising you as to what proceedings are available to you in an effort to obtain re-payment of half the costs of your fence. The Boundary Fences Act of British Columbia was drafted with the intention that the costs of the fence would be fixed, and the proportion thereof payable by each party settled, before any construction of the fence was commenced. It may be that in practice this has been interpreted by the British Col-

umbia courts to mean that the procedure set out in the Act is available after a fence is completed, but we have been unable to find any decision on the point.

The Boundary Fences Act provides that you may notify the other owner and give him more than one week's notice that you are going to have three fence viewers of the locality arbitrate and fix the amount due to you. When you serve this notice upon the other party you should also notify the fence viewers. You should sign the notice, which should give the time and place for the meeting to settle the division of costs. If the parties cannot agree upon the selection of fence viewers then it will be settled by a judge. When the viewers make their award it is in the nature of the award of arbitrators, and will fix the type of fence to be constructed and maintained by the parties, and provide who will construct the fence and repair same, and will allocate the costs between the parties. The award when filed in court can be enforced as a judgment and registered against the other man's title.

As above noted, we are not sure that the act is intended to cover your case except for repairing and maintaining the fence in the future, and you would probably be well advised to consult a solicitor in your district. If the provisions of the Act are not available to you we do not know of any other right which would justify you in claiming payment for half the fence, unless you can show that there was an actual agreement between you and the other land owner that the costs of the erection of the fence would be shared between you. If you can prove such an agreement you could commence an ordinary action in the court which could be enforced like any other court proceedings.

A Tall Dark Man

Continued from page 19

I don't know when I took as active a dislike to anyone as I took to that man. I've rubbed up against a lot of people in my time and I've had to learn to judge character. Besides that, laugh if you like, fortune tellers are psychic; they can tell the sheep from the wolves at a glance. And that long land with those little eyes set too close together certainly wasn't popular with me.

I didn't worry about his attentions to Iris, because, whenever I had time to talk to her for a minute, she'd start telling me about how Winston had just got a raise, or how good Winston was to his mother, or how Winston knew more about trucks than any other man in town.

One day, she told me that if I looked on the third finger of her left hand the next Monday morning I'd see something interesting. Naturally the very first thing I did the next Monday morning was to dash up to the counter and say to her, "Now, Iris, don't try to hide your hand under your apron. Come on, let's see this something interesting."

Iris put her left hand flat on the counter. There was no ring on her finger. Then I noticed that she looked as if she had been crying, and that her soft lips were drawn into a stubborn line.

"Iris! What's the matter? Did you and Shorty quarrel?"

After quite awhile I got the story out of her and then I didn't know whether to laugh or box her ears and tell her to thank the Lord she'd found a young man as sensible as Shorty.

Winston's mother, who lived in a small town, had come into the city to help them celebrate. According to Iris, Mrs. Higginbottom was the dearest old lady in the world. And the old lady, on her part, thought that Iris was the sweetest girl in the world. In fact she decided that after the young folks were married she'd like to live with them.

Right there Shorty had put his foot down. His mother had a good home and all her friends were in the small town. Besides, he'd said, young married couples should keep away from their families.

Iris told me all this with tearful indignation in her voice. She was terribly disappointed that Shorty had acted as he had. To think that he'd refuse his mother, his own mother, who was the dearest old lady in the world, a home!

Iris was an orphan and had never lived with any dear old ladies.

I don't know just what had brought on the climax of the quarrel. Iris was too near tears to say much more, so I left her alone, thinking I'd try to talk sense to her later on.

Later on I did. She was as sweet as honey, as gentle as a lamb—and as stubborn as a mule. Oh, I wanted to shake her and shake her hard! But all I could do was to hope that she'd come to her senses and make up with Shorty.

DAYS went by and when Shorty came in to deliver the cakes he walked past Iris with a stony face—I suppose he had a healthy stubborn streak of his own—and Iris turned and pretended to be very busy arranging goods on the counter. And both their faces expressed the tragedy that only hot-headed youth can know.

The dark, slithery sheik still came in every noon hour. He lingered longer than ever, and I thought Iris didn't snatch her hand away from his attempted caress with her former vehemence. Then I told myself it was just my imagination. But it wasn't. I'm psychic.

The next day the heat wave reached its peak. Eleven o'clock in the evening found all the customers gone and Miss Paul and the girls and me simply gasping with relief. We were simply too tired to get up and go home right away, so we sat around one of the tables and served ourselves with tea.

Afterwards, as usual, the girls shoved their cups toward me.

Well, as I said, they all pushed their cups toward me, and I started wildly romancing without even pausing to see which cup belonged to which girl. I conjured up handsome millionaire husbands, and world-cruising yachts, and two thousand dollar a week movie contracts for them. When I came to the last cup my imagination was giving out and I was sleepy, so I thought I'd dispose of it quickly.

"I only see one thing here," I said, "but it is very important. Your true happiness will come to you only with a tall, dark man."

"O-o-oh!" breathed Iris, and I realized it was her future I'd settled.

I eased my conscience by resolving to read her fortune again in the morning, this time with my mind on the job, and see an aggressive little leaf which couldn't possibly mean anyone but Shorty.

I couldn't carry out my resolution, for next morning Iris didn't appear. We phoned her boarding house, but the landlady said she'd gone out. The landlady didn't know where she'd gone but she'd worn her new flat crepe dress.

None of the others seemed to connect her absence with the fortune I'd told her, and I tried to convince myself that there was no connection. But, being psychic, I knew better.

Shortly after ten I received proof that my inner knowledge was right. One of the girls brought me a letter marked "Personal," and said a messenger had just delivered it. I opened it and saw it was from Iris. I felt weak when I read it. This was what I read:

"Dear Mrs. MacDonald: I'm being married at ten-thirty this morning at High Street Baptist Church. I wanted you to know because I owe my happiness to you. When you told me my true happiness could only come with a tall, dark man, I knew there was no use going against fate any more. Love from Iris."

I DIDN'T wait to tell anyone where I was going. I just grabbed the note and snatched my hat and ran out of that tea room and hopped in a taxi and shouted, "High Street Baptist Church and hurry!"

The only thing which seemed to hurry was my wrist watch. Fifteen minutes after ten, and seconds flying! I leaned over and prodded the chauffeur and tried to bribe him to break a few traffic laws. Not he! I've read a lot about the speed-mad youths of this break-neck age, but I guess I must have picked an anachronism. If anyone is looking for a nice, safe, steady-going, law-abiding, turtle of a taxi driver to use at a funeral, I recommend that lad for the job.

Finally, at ten twenty-three, he drew up in front of a stone building. "High Street United Church!" he announced.

"United?" I yelled.

"Yes, madam," he smiled. He seemed quite pleased with himself.

"Get back in," I shouted. "It's the Baptist Church. Baptist, you grandson of a snail! Baptist! Baptist!"

We reached the Baptist Church when it was ten twenty-seven by my watch. I paid the safe and sane young half-wit and got out.

I looked up at the church clock. Ten forty-five! Too late I remembered. When I wear a wrist watch it always runs either fast or slow. I have too much electricity or magnetism—or maybe it's because I'm psychic.

For a moment all I could do was stand there on the sidewalk in front of High Street Baptist Church and gape at the clock.

Suddenly the church doors opened. I turned sick and shut my eyes. Then, grimly determined, I forced myself to look. My heart flopped over with relief.

There was Iris coming down the steps on the arm of Shorty! They came right up to me. "Meet Mrs. Winston Buckingham Higginbottom!" crowed Shorty.

Iris threw her arms around my neck. "If it hadn't been for you we might never have made up! When you said my true happiness was with a tall, dark man I went home and called up Winston and—"

"But the tall, dark man?" I asked.

"Yes," said Iris, "isn't he grand?" Adoringly she looked up at Shorty. All at once I realized that Iris was one of the few women who could look up at Shorty, and the truth dawned on me.

To the rest of the universe Shorty might be a little, undersized boy with mouse-y hair and sallow skin, but to tiny, blonde Iris he was the only tall, dark man in the world!

So I gave them my blessing and went back to telling fortunes.

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On July 1st, a Dodge Eight-in-Line started a continuous Mileage Marathon—running back and forth across the continent—piling up miles to give the world a new conception of the dependability, economy and long life with which all Dodge owners are familiar.

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A fretful cry means something wrong, and watchful mothers quickly learn to know what it is. Nine times out of ten a teaspoonful of "Gripe Water" will soothe away the trouble. It's always perfectly harmless and safe.

Use it for disordered stomach, flatulence, colic, acidity, indigestion, looseness or constipation. Use it at teething time—whenever your baby cries in a fretful way or has a griping pain.

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WOODWARD'S
"Gripe Water"
KEEPS BABY WELL

Have You Any Legal Problems? Remember the columns of the Western Home Monthly are always open to you. Send in an enquiry regarding any of these worries and the same will be explained to you in next issue.

Would You Burn a Golden Tree?

By J. V. Norcross

EVERY Canadian is a shareholder in one million square miles of timberland, and turning trees into money is second only to agriculture in Canada's industrial life. Fire, our servant, often runs amok and may turn a forest of beautiful, green trees into a smouldering, black waste. With only ten million taxpayers in a vast country, the Government cannot protect the timberlands without our co-operation. More timber is destroyed by forest fires than is used, and ninety percent of this loss is due to carelessness. The three factors in the protection of forests from fire are prevention, detection and control.

Systematic prevention has only been carried out during the past twelve years, although earlier efforts were made. The pioneers looked upon the forest as an obstacle. They had to hew down trees to make room for their cabins and roads, and thousands of acres of timber were wantonly burned. We know the value of our forests, and are constantly reminded of the necessity for keeping fire from them. There are regulations as to permits for lighting camp fires or burning waste material, and railway steam locomotives are equipped with fire preventative appliances.

Lookout towers are the best means of detection where communication and transportation are available. They are built on hills or elevations, with windows on all sides, and the men in charge are supplied with field glasses or telescopes. The average range of visibility is twenty miles. The men live in the towers or in cabins close by. As soon as a watcher sees any sign of fire he identifies the location on a map, which is divided into radial sections, and reports it to the nearest ranger by telephone. The highest fire lookout in the world is on Mount Cartier, British Columbia, nine thousand feet above the sea, and is reached by a trail fourteen miles long. These towers are especially useful in our Pacific province on account of the high mountains. In Nova Scotia a circle is drawn around the lookout and a stake bearing the number "1" is placed at a point due magnetic north from the centre of the tower. The circle is then divided into twenty-four equal parts, bearing tablets up to the number "23". The observer has a map showing the location of each tower, and he reports its location according to the numbers of the radial lines.

The forests of Northern Quebec and Ontario are patrolled from the air. This method is most practical on account of the large, sparsely settled areas to be covered and the safety assured by the many lakes and rivers. Aeroplanes are used for patrol work in Alberta. Smoke of a camp fire is visible for several miles from a height of six thousand feet. When a fire is seen word is sent to the nearest ranger by radio or by dropping message bags. If there is no road or trail near the fire the plane transports men and equipment. This service is used for aerial mapping and for moving forest rangers to and from danger points. Air patrol is valuable for scouting after lightning storms to see if any strikes have developed.

Automobiles, railway motor cars and boats are also used for patrolling the forest. Our Forest Service is so effective and well organized that large areas can be watched at little cost. A small force is kept on throughout the year to repair equipment, work on improvements and look after the sale and cutting of Government timber when the fire season has passed.

Men and equipment are rushed to the fire as soon as it is reported. The object

is to fight the blaze while it is small and stay with it until it is out. Each fire presents a new problem and the method for fighting it is decided by men of experience. Stations are built at strategic points, where equipment and food are kept. Portable motor-driven pumps and hose are effective in controlling forest fires. One of these can throw seventy-five gallons of water a minute and can do the work of twenty-five men with hand tools. If the water supply is distant from the fire the pumps are used in relays.

The fire demon is not the only culprit. Disease and insects have to be fought, and science is gaining on these enemies. The demand for timber can only be met by overcoming the losses, encouraging the annual growth to increase the productivity, and enlarging our reforestation policy. Canada is the Empire's storehouse of soft wood supplies, so that we cannot afford to be extravagant.

THREE-QUARTERS of our soft wood timber is in British Columbia, where one man in every five gets his pay cheque from the forest industries. Its strong Douglas fir is used all over the world. Western cedar, "the wood that lasts for ever" is ideal for boat building, wharf piling, roofing and telegraph poles. The strong, light Sitka spruce, which grows only on the Pacific Coast, is the best wood for air-craft. Other important trees in British Columbia are the yellow cypress, Englemann spruce, balsam fir, pine, hemlock and cottonwood.

Southern Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are almost treeless. North of the Prairies there are forests of spruce, jack pine, larch, balsam fir, aspen and white birch. In southwestern Ontario we see the broad leaved tulip tree, sycamore, sasafra, chestnut, black gum, papaw and black walnut. North of this belt are elm, beech, basswood, ash, birch, oak, hickory and maple. The white pine of northern Ontario is important in the forest production of Canada. The forests of the Maritime provinces and the Gaspé peninsula of Quebec are largely coniferous, with an abundance of spruce. Spruce grows in all the forests of Canada and is used for paper pulp. The hemlock, balsam fir, jack pine, birch and poplar are also pulpwood trees. Canada is the largest producer of paper in the world and exports more than sixteen million dollars worth of paper and wood pulp each month.

We know that trees put money into our pockets, but their value is not only in sawn timber. Water power development depends upon equability of stream-flow. Trees preserve the water supply by retarding the rapidity of the run off, whereas there is nothing on treeless areas to stop the flow after storms or delay the rapid melting of snow. Rapid run-off in deforested areas washes away valuable soil. Uniform stream flow aids irrigation, an important development in Western Canada. A copse of trees will shelter a farm from storms and increase the water-conserving power of the soil.

There would be few fish in our streams if there were no trees to give shade and to balance the flow of water. The forest gives protection and food to game animals, and thousands of Canadians depend upon trapping for a living. Birds make their homes in the trees. Without them the insect world would become a conquering army. Canada's attraction to tourists would soon fade if we lost our forests.

Then there is beauty alone. Could we be happy without trees?

To Lucile

By Donald A. Fraser

Lucile, Lucile,
My heart you steal,
You filch it with your eyes!
But, Oh, Lucile,
Some pity feel,
I pray you for your prize!
If not, Lucile,
'Twill swift congeal,
And shrivel in long sighs.

Ah, then, Lucile,
How will you feel,
When all my love is dead?
Your heart, Lucile,
Will never heal,
Your joy will all have fled!
So, sweet Lucile,
Come woe, come weal,
Let our two hearts be wed!

Who Would Be Slender?

By Elizabeth Dyson

"ISN'T he splendid?" I whispered Beth, giving me a gentle nudge as we were leaving the theatre last night. "He" was a distinguished-looking man moving slowly down the crowded aisle ahead of us. A well-dressed woman, evidently his wife, was chatting with him.

"He is, but look at his wife," I whispered in turn, "A pretty face but what a figure!"

"Well," said Beth, as we walked toward a tea-room for wafers and a water ice, "if I had a husband like that, if I ever managed to secure one such," she repeated for emphasis, "I would certainly battle with the extra pounds. 'I'd take no risk of comparison in this day of sylph-like proportions.'"

Beth and I are business girls and we know that while at home we are loved for our charming dispositions and kind hearts, the world at large looks at us with no such indulgent eye, and for success in our chosen field we must keep our complexions clear and our figures slender. We both have a slight tendency to "over-dupois" so we weigh with infallible regularity each week. Last night both Beth and I found we had gained a little and so for tomorrow and next day our menus will be something like this:

Breakfast—	Calories
1/3 glass of orange juice	35
1 small cup puffed rice	100
1 glass skim milk	100
Coffee (may be sweetened with saccharine)	00
Total Calories	235
Luncheon—	
Lettuce and cottage cheese salad	
Lettuce 1 head	85
Cottage cheese, 2 1/2 tbs.	
French dressing, 1/2 tb.	
3 thin slices graham bread	75
3 halves of canned pears with 3 tbs. juice	100
Tea with 1 1/2 tbs. skim milk	10
Total Calories	270
4.30 p.m.—	
2 chocolate creams	200 200

Shadowland

Continued from page 26

"Juno and the Paycock"

ANYONE who is weary of the general run of films and longs for something a little unusual—and intelligent—would enjoy the picture version of Sean O'Casey's famous play, "Juno and the Paycock." An Irish comedy that turns to a stark and ironic tragedy of Ireland during the wars. The play made a great impression some seasons ago when it was first played in America by the Irish Players.

The picture version has followed the original play faithfully and, like the play, contains some excellent acting, some fine dialogue and many clever characterizations. Sara Allgood, stage creator of Juno, the leading role of the play, is in the screen version, and Edward Chapman is her lazy husband, "the Paycock." For the sake of both the famous play and the excellent acting this is a picture that is distinguished and well worth seeing.

Two Shorts

Two short pictures that are unusually entertaining are "Tschaiakowski's 1812 Overture" and "People Born in July." The first is, of course, founded on the great musical composition. The second is one of a series of movie horoscopes

which tell the characteristics—according to astrology—of people born in different months of the year.

Some Films Reviewed in Previous Issues

"So This is London"—Will Rogers in a very wholesome and amusing comedy.

"The Silent Enemy"—A very distinguished picture dealing with the Indians in the days before Columbus. Ontario is the setting. Canadian Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance plays the leading part.

"Adventures in the South Seas"—An entertaining travel picture.

"The Big Pond"—A comedy of international social relations with Parisian Maurice Chevalier more attractive than ever as the hero.

"True to the Navy"—Clara Bow and a rather dull picture.

"Caught Short"—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in a rollicking comedy.

"Young Man of Manhattan"—An entertaining love story. Newspaper setting.

Jerome Carver

Dinner—	Calories
Lean roast beef, medium serving	150
Mashed potatoes, 2 tbs.	50
Cauliflower, large serv'g	25
Apple snow, 1 cup	120
Sponge cake, 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 x 2"	100
Coffee with 1 1/2 tbs. skim milk	10
Total Cals.	445
Total for day	1150

Twelve hundred calories a day is a reducing diet for the average person and in the above menu we have saved fifty calories for the evening. If Beth and I are down town we have a water ice, or Bovril, or clear coffee with a medium wafer. The second menu is a straight three-meals-a-day affair:

Breakfast—	Calories
1/2 grapefruit, small	50
1 egg (boiled or poached) — if fried the fat will add materially to value)	80
2 slices graham bread, thin with speck of butter	65
Coffee with 3 tbs. skim milk	20
Total Calories	215
Luncheon—	
Chicken salad, medium serving	150
4 soda crackers	100
1/2 cup stewed rhubarb	100
2 plain cookies	100
Tea with 1 1/2 tbs. skim milk	10
Total Calories	460
Dinner—	
3/4 cup vegetable soup	25
1 pork chop, large	250
3/4 cup mashed turnips	50
1/2 cup cold slaw	50
1/2 medium potato	50
Strawberries, 3/4 cup	50
Coffee with 2 tbs. condensed milk (unsweetened)	50
Total Calories	525
Total Calories for the day	1200
Of course, Beth and I practice our "daily dozen." These do not make us slim but keep us in trim.	



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The Greatest Thing

By Edward Ormerod

THERE lies on my desk today a well-thumbed copy of Professor Henry Drummond's little book: *The Greatest Thing in the World*. I have just concluded a many-times-repeated reading of it, and to those who are not familiar with it, and who love the beautiful things of life, who cherish the noble and lovely things wherever found, I warmly commend it.

Who shall estimate for us the result of putting away out of our lives everything of hate, ill-temper, envy, malice, criticism, greed, intolerance? How frequently do we come upon the disastrous results of these things in the working out of our own or the lives of those about us. The genius discouraged, the kindness turned to indifference, the friendships estranged, the tender feelings trodden upon—through lack of *The Greatest Thing*.

Men are learning slowly to prepare themselves not for death, as we used to do, but for life. After all these years we are just beginning to appreciate the idea that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us—not a far-off place to go to some day, as we had come to think of it, but a something to be realized here and now—within us. Only through long ages of time and tragedies of experience are we learning the true nature of the interdependence of men, that truly no one of us lives unto himself alone.

No man today, aiming at achievement in any legitimate sphere of human endeavor, can afford to permit within the compass of his personality hate, antagonism or enmity toward others. Such sentiments are of the nature of destructiveness, and must be guarded against with the same care we use against fire, burglary or other destructive agencies. The practice of indulging in spells or outbursts of hatred or enmity, like material conflagrations, leaves always behind it ashes and loss. The dignity of sane living, the culture of worth-while personality, large attainment, high achievement, all are rendered difficult or impossible where such emotions are given place, where their anti-social influences are permitted to set up and function. Many of us there be who spend year after year a large measure of effort in indulgence in these destructive emotions, or in weak and inefficient attempts at the control or abolishment of them, wasting so nervous energy and setting into operation forces which must inevitably recoil to our own disadvantage as well as to the hurt of those against whom they are aimed.

Age! What Is It?

By Janet A. Carruther

MANY people regard age merely as a slowing up of activities, degeneration of the mind, hardening of the arteries, and in some cases a time for morbid retrospection and disappointment.

What is the reverse side of the picture? Does not it mean graduation from the school of life, experience, achievement, fortitude, the bringing to fruition the blossoms of the earlier years.

The boy of fourteen who would like the world to regard him as eighteen has the better perspective. Why? He wants people to think he knows more than he really does. He knows the value of the years.

People who dread age, defame the years that have the glory of refinement and completeness. There is no teacher to equal experience, even sorrow and disappointment, bring self reliance and fortitude, lifting the mind above the trifling petty annoyances that prohibit its soaring to its brightest and best.

A wider outlook, a keener appreciation of the things that are worth while, a gentler arbitration of the actions of one's fellow man all come with a better knowledge of the world and its ways.

Experience never embitters if the game has been played fair; it piles up a bank account which age cannot overdraw.

Henry Ford was kind, when recently, he voiced his appreciation of his em-

On the other hand, the culture and development in one's life of *The Greatest Thing*, is truly constructive and as it grows becomes a means to further progress along the chosen path, to attainment of an increasing measure of successful living, material, cultural, mental, spiritual. It is a putting into operation in a favorable direction of the great law of attraction whose functioning or expression is like attracting like.

Analyzing the *Greatest Thing*, Professor Drummond says this:

"Paul, in three verses, very short, gives us an amazing analysis of what this supreme thing is. I ask you to look at it. It is a compound thing, he tells us. It is like light. As you have seen a man of science take a beam of light and pass it through a crystal prism, as you have seen it come out on the other side of the prism broken up into its component colors—red, and blue, and yellow, and orange, and violet, and all the colors of the rainbow—so Paul passes this thing, Love, through the magnificent prism of his inspired intellect, and it comes out on the other side broken up into its elements. And in these few words we have what one might call the Spectrum of Love, the analysis of Love. Will you observe what its elements are? Will you notice that they have common names: that they are virtues that we hear about every day; that they are things that can be practiced by every man in every place in life; and how, by a multitude of small things and ordinary virtues, the supreme thing, the summum bonum is made up?

"The Spectrum of Love has nine ingredients:

Patience—"Love suffereth long."

Kindness—"And is kind."

Generosity—"Love envieth not."

Humility—"Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."

Courtesy—"Doth not behave itself unseemly."

Unselfishness—"Seeketh not her own."

Good Temper—"Is not easily provoked."

Guilelessness—"Thinketh no evil."

Sincerity—"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

"Patience; kindness; generosity; humility; courtesy; unselfishness; good temper; guilelessness; sincerity—these make up the supreme gift, the stature of the perfect man."



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ployees who had passed the meridian of life.

In the Great War it was men of experience, men who had served stern apprenticeships, and had proved to the world their ability and stability to be strong and reliant; who were given command in the hour of our country's peril. Master minds did not say, "You are too old, we would rather have you under forty."

When ominous storm clouds begin to gather about our ship of state, or our great commercial enterprises; and they begin to flounder amongst the rocks of doubt; we look to the captain who has piloted the rock-strewn channels of years, for safety . . . not to the inexperienced, and say, "Come we'll let you experiment now."

The great timbers have to be seasoned, the steel girders have to be tempered and tried, to secure their structures on a trusting base. Time has to mature the fruits and the flowers of the earth to bring out their beauty and their fragrance.

But man . . . should he be swamped, pronounced "not seaworthy," just when he gets his compass set for safe anchorage?

Why slander age?

Youth is the testing time; age the trusting time.

Give the years their due, they are venerable.

Tang

Continued from page 13

be for her an escape and for him a reply to Sibyl and to any unwanted pity from his friends.

"Of course I'll go!"

And as she spoke the long future unrolled itself before their eyes. And he knew that never again would he speak frankly to her of Sibyl.

They rose simultaneously. They hurried back to the hotel. It was as if they were both eager for bright lights and people's faces, afraid of the thing which they had done.

FIVE days later Dick married Joy Bollart. And all through the ceremony Dick was thinking of Sibyl Townley. A voice inside his brain seemed to be talking to Sibyl. "Now you can't hurt me any more!" And he knew that it had been at the prompting of this inner voice that he had asked Joy to marry him. Joy had said of Sibyl, "She will come back." If Sibyl "came back," he would have to go through it all again—the ecstasy, the blurring, the dropping-through-space, flung-out-of-heaven feeling. And the ecstasy could not tempt him, now that he realized the price. It was horrible as the reincarnation threat. No joys were worth reliving, if one had also to go through again measles, spankings, appendicitis, and one's first jilting.

The clergyman had pronounced them man and wife.

He was helping Joy into a motor. They were being driven to Mrs. Bollart's charming cottage of turquoise-washed plaster, covered in cherry bougainvillea. How young Joy looked.

"Barbadoes is wild with excitement. They think our marriage is 'so romantic'."

He laughed. "Well, isn't it?"

She stared in candid astonishment. "Do you think there could be a less romantic marriage?"

She spoke pleasantly, as if the marriage in question had no connection with them.

"How old are you, Joy?"

"Twenty-four. How old are you?"

"Thirty."

She was a year older than Sibyl. She looked much the younger. Which was not surprising, Sibyl having seen and lived so much more.

The motor stopped.

"Please," whispered Joy, "look romantic. We mustn't disappoint people."

JOY had no warm clothes, nor could any be bought in Barbadoes. So they must keep to the tropics for their honeymoon.

But for the boat home and for the journey to Montreal from New York a friend of Mrs. Bollart's had lent Joy a heavy ulster. It was a warm coat, nothing else could be said in its favour. And during the past ten years it had been similarly lent to seven different women who were going north. A masculine overcoat lasted still longer in service in Barbadoes. If any man were taking a trip north, he would at once inquire around as to who owned an overcoat. Overcoats were as impersonal as masquerade costumes.

Trinidad, however, was warm enough for a bride of the flimsiest raiment. Accordingly Trinidad was chosen.

Dick decided that they could stay there a fortnight. It wouldn't be bad. Joy seemed quite a nice girl, and she was pleasant to the eyes. A marriage without sentiment, but certainly no story-book clause of "wife in name only." Because he would never love anyone but Sibyl was no reason against taking from life such simple pleasures as remained.

One person at least, his old father, had been delighted by the marriage. An enthusiastic cable had brought the paternal blessing and a generous credit at Barclay's of Bridgetown.

The first evening on the boat Dick inspected every woman in the dining-room. None could touch Joy for looks. His wife's prettiness was becoming a fetish with him. People would not be sorry for him. Sibyl would not be able to be sure that he had not fallen in love with Joy.

They had a small table for two under a porthole. Joy was excited. But clearly because she was "travelling."

"I've never travelled before. I've never been off the island. Isn't it too exciting?"

Dick ordered champagne. Obviously, on one's wedding night. After her first glass Joy became confidential.

"I'm terribly grateful. I thought I would never escape. I would look at all the girls older than myself, the old maids and the near-old-maids, and I would see what I would become. Oh, not that I was crazy to get married, but it did seem the only way to introduce any variety into life. And I do want you to know that I'm broadminded. This has all been very impulsive on your part. If you get fearfully bored with me, we can divorce quickly. I won't act like flypaper."

He smiled. He was remembering Sibyl as she had said, "Dickie, the marriage feast, and the wine ran out."

"Of course I've never travelled before. I haven't seen anything of life. But I've always been a reader. I hope you won't find me quite so fusty as most girls are who have never been out of Barbadoes."

It was said spiritedly, but it had a note of apology. Dick knew that she was remembering his description of Sibyl.

"But despite all your reading, you are old-fashioned. For instance, you don't make up."

Quite simply Joy replied, "I don't have to."

He laughed. "That's no excuse. It's out of style to look natural."

"Oh! And I thought they were trying to improve themselves. Very well. I'll paint."

His first twinge of husbandliness caught Dick.

"You'll do no such thing. I forbid it."

Joy opened her eyes widely.

"You are nice!"

Dick gazed at this girl who was now Joy Renfrew. Her simplicity had as quick nuances as had the urbanity of Sibyl.

"Do you realize that you are my wife?"

She smiled frankly. She was not afraid. It did not occur to her but that they would be to each other considerate and friendly—reasonable people.

After dinner they sat in deck chairs under canvas awning. The sea was smooth, they might have been sliding over a gently heaving ocean of black tar.

Soon they stopped talking. She was a girl with whom it was easy to sit in silence, resting. For hours Dick gazed at the night, Sibyl at Cannes... new and marvellous clothes... Distillate of wealth and of bizarre contacts... brown eyes smiling through drooped eyelashes... reddened brown hair that grew in a widow's peak... strange heart that listened to its own beats, that said—"My pulse slackens, this drug no longer stimulates."

The sea was breathing less smoothly. It rose and fell in deep sighs. The boat had begun to pitch. Every upward swoop of the bow, every downward dive, bore him further from Sibyl Townley. She could never hurt him more than she had already done. He was a married man, he had given hostages to fortune.

"Joy! Of what are you thinking?"

No answer. She was asleep.

"Joy!" He shook her gently. "Long past midnight, Joy. Come along, you're tired."

She blinked, rose docilely, and staggered sleepily along the pitching deck.

In their cabin he kissed her for the first time since he had asked her to marry him. She was simple and natural and trusting. She took kisses as they came, unanalytically. He recognized a second symptom of the husband—"I shall have to look after her, she is like a child venturing out of a closed garden."

"Joy, I'm going to look after you."

THE next day they descended the rickety stairway that hung bias over the ship's side. At its foot stood a white-clad apprentice-officer, ready to help the ladies into the bobbing launch.

The launch carried them to a jetty swarming with East Indian coolies. They were at Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Watching Joy's face, Dick remembered that Barbadoes "an absurd little island in the middle of nowhere." True, the Barbadians always affectionately spoke of it as "little England" or "the little world," but none the less it was but twenty-one miles by fourteen. Yet for twenty-four years it had been all the world this girl had ever known. Dick smiled kindly at

(Continued on page 50)

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poisons from forming (we all have them) and helps carry them away.

Women need a natural aid like Nujol just as much, if not more than men. There are so many physical conditions they have to go through that upset their normal schedule.

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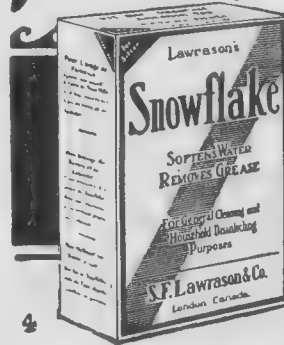
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Tang

Continued from page 49

the memory of an episode at the outbreak of the Great War. The Barbadians, so Dick had heard, had cabled across the seas—"Go ahead, England! Barbadoes is behind you."

Sibyl had twice encircled the globe.

Joy's shining eyes had gathered around her, like flies about honey, a swarm of peddlers. They pressed their wares upon her. Pierced silver things, fruit, parrots. Used only to whites and negroes, Joy stared at these dark men with aquiline noses. As for their women, Joy could not take her eyes from a colourful Hindu girl, draped gracefully in her soft sari, the veil floating from her head, a gold ring piercing one nostril.

Dick thrust aside the clamorous mob. Meekly the statuesque women withdrew a few feet. But their eyes still solicited Joy; their small brown hands extended their merchandise; their voices crooned softly, "Here am I, milady! Here am I, milady!"

"Oh, can't we buy something?"

"It's trash."

"Those bracelets! I want two. They will bring me luck." Joy fumbled in her purse.

For a few shillings Dick bought two bangles of fretted silver. Delightedly Joy slipped them on to her arm.

"I've never had any jewelry!"

Sibyl too liked bracelets. Dick remembered one to which Sibyl had recently treated herself. "Like my new ice? Cost me forty thousand, Dickie. Rather nice, isn't it?"

An antediluvian Ford rattled them up to Queen's Park Hotel. It was more cosmopolitan than the Marine of Barbadoes. Joy basked in the scene on the wide screened terrace; southern men in their faded, much-washed silks; American bloods, dapper in recently acquired and very new suits of cream silk, feeling very tropical, very in-the-scene; women, white and Creoles of French and Spanish admixture, in clothes of every hue and every graduation of chic. Little groups clustered about the small iron tables, sipping planter's punch.

A negro boy led them up to their bedroom. It was a large chamber with a private balcony. Its windows had no glass, merely muslin curtains to be drawn or closed at will. The ceiling was lofty, and the top third of the walls and of the door was of open lattice-work. Two white-netted beds, coldly aloof in opposite corners of the room, were like tents.

Joy was delighted. She did not mind the absence of an electric fan, she felt no inconvenience from the heat or the humidity.

"Let's lunch quickly, and then begin to see everything," she begged.

They lunched on the terrace off pawpaw served with lime; off *pastilles*, a Spanish entree of hash and raisins cooked in cornmeal and wrapped in a banana leaf; off rice and breadfruit and curry; off biscuits and cream cheese and guava jelly.

Joy was studying a guidebook.

"The Pitch Lake and the Maracas Falls, beautiful drives, and—oh, Dick, can we see everything?"

It was the first time that she had called him "Dick." Rather cleverly she had heretofore avoided calling him anything at all.

DICK sat opposite his wife, at dinner in their Montreal apartment. Joy was chattering gaily. Joy—how her name suited her. He had realized that the first time he saw her. As her talk ran racily on, confirming his diagnosis of her innate joyousness, he felt the authentic I-told-you-so pride of prevision.

But he was listening only with his ears. His heart and brain had developed an aggravating habit of acting independently of his ears and of his own stereotyped replies.

A month today he had been married. And six weeks ago he had been engaged to Sibyl Townley.

"And, oh, Dick, wasn't this afternoon's blizzard too heavenly? Snow, snow everywhere, inescapable as the lava from a volcanic eruption! I expected it to rise till it covered the housetops, till we were

all frozen stiff in typical attitudes like the lava casts of the Pompeians, I put on my lovely new fur coat and my funny Puss-in-boots overshoes, and I walked into the storm. Montreal seemed like a city of another and unreal world. I finally reached the mountain, where I was nearly buried in the big white blanket."

Joy was rather wonderful that way. She could keep things going, without even prodding beneath the surface. She seemed able to live lightly, finding satisfaction in the novelty of her existence. Everything interested her. She adored their apartment, and was breathless at the beauty of its furnishings. Dick's parents, though poor compared to Sibyl Townley, were rich by Joy's standards, and their wedding gift had been to furnish the apartment from kitchen to drawing-room.

While Dick's mother had been occupied with interior decorators, Joy had shopped gaily on her own account, acquiring a winter wardrobe.

"No, dear, I love your mother, but I don't want her to help me buy my clothes. I want to do my own choosing. Besides, she might think me extravagant."

"I hope you won't be, Joy. Get what I you think right, but remember I'm not a millionaire. You'll need a fur coat, get a decent one, they last for years. But—I can't afford mink!"

The next day when Dick returned from his office he had found Joy radiant.

"I've got everything, everything I can need for a year!"

He gasped. "Enough for a year? I say, at one go!"

She had looked frightened. "Of course my Southern things will do for the summer."

"Show me what you've bought. Have they come?"

"I brought them with me in a taxi. I couldn't wait for them to be sent. I'm stock size, no alterations needed."

Joy produced her wardrobe for the next year. A warm dress of fawn jersey, an afternoon gown of navy silk, a little evening dress of black net.

"Where are the rest—the good things?"

"Why, that's all. It's heaps. The jersey dress cost \$9.95, the blue silk \$34.59, and the evening dress—oh, Dick—fifty dollars! Prices are terrible up here."

"Tomorrow you must go with mother for some decent things."

She stared. "You said not to be extravagant."

"Where's the fur coat?"

A fawn lamb's paw thing, reduced to \$100.

Dick groaned. Two hundred dollars wasted. His wife could not be dressed like a shopgirl.

"Send the dresses back. The coat we must keep, as you say you wore it home." But Joy refused stubbornly to return the dresses or to buy other ones.

And Dick's mother advised him not to insist. She told him that Joy was probably sensitive at having had no trousseau nor any money of her own with which to buy new clothes, and that it hurt her to spend a lot of his money on clothes only a few weeks after her marriage. "Leave it go for a few months, Dick. Don't hurry her."

Dick looked over the dinner table at his wife. She was wearing the navy silk. She looked like a pretty schoolgirl. But the effect was very unpretentious.

The telephone rang. Their one maid being busy with the serving of dinner, Dick answered the telephone.

It was a telegram for him from New York. From Sibyl!

You win. I have come back for the simple things. Meet me D. & H. tomorrow morning. Sibyl.

"Dick, what is it? You look queer."

"Nothing. Just a telegram. Not important."

He couldn't eat. Joy's face across the table became vague. He should have waited, should have trusted Sibyl, should have known that she would come back to him.

He focussed his eyes on Joy's face until the vagueness went. He looked at her sleek golden hair, her unpainted freshness, her candid eyes. He liked her. She was simple and reasonable and delightfully natural. [Continued on page 51]

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Tang

Continued from page 50

She had not even tried to coax him into declarations of love. Which, considering everything, was, he imagined, rather unusual. She had accepted their marriage in the spirit in which he had offered it, making no subsequent efforts to get from him more than had been in the bargain. No, she probed at nothing. She was like a light child running over crusted snow, careful never to break through.

If he met Sibyl's train tomorrow, someone might see him. It would not be straight by Joy. But if he did not meet Sibyl, it would seem to her like a slap in the face. For apparently Sibyl had not heard of his marriage.

Dinner was at last over. Dick rose.

"I've got to run out for half an hour."

He went to a telegraph station and wired Sibyl on the train.

Regret impossible meet you. Will explain. Dick.

He returned to the apartment.

Joy was bending over some needlework. His wife. He did not love her, she did not love him. Only yesterday, in reply to a query of his, she had told him that she would have married almost any man who had made her a similar offer of escape.

"Of course I made sure that you were trustworthy. I asked Jim Holbrook about you. You know he introduced us. He said he'd known your father, and that he could vouch for at least two things, that you hadn't already a wife, and that you were trustworthy."

Made sure that he hadn't already a wife, that he was trustworthy—her only requirements. And yet, not bad requirements.

"Dick, I know what's worrying you."

He sat down, and opened a newspaper. Did she guess that the telephone call had had some connection with Sibyl? But they had never referred to Sibyl since that night on the beach at the Crane.

He glanced up at her. She was not sewing, she was looking at him.

"Dick, you remember what I said about a divorce? I meant it. I could learn stenography. I could support myself."

She had guessed. He laid down the newspaper.

"Sibyl Townley, the girl to whom I was engaged, arrives in Montreal tomorrow morning."

Joy made no comment.

Her passivity nettled him.

"I had a telegram from her. She asks me to meet her train tomorrow morning."

"I knew she would come back." She spoke very softly.

Then why had she married him? If really she had known, if some woman's instinct had told her what he had not dared to hope, how then had she been so unfair as to marry him?

"You women love your intuitions."

"No." She looked up, calm still. "We would rather be like men, blind to inevitabilities."

"What do you mean?"

She shrugged. "You know that some day you will die. But even that you don't quite believe."

This was too much. He rose, poured himself out a whisky, and tossed it off. Absentmindedly he offered her one. It was not until she said quietly, "Thank you, yes," that he remembered she never drank whiskey.

"Say when."

He tipped up the decanter.

"I told you to say when."

"Oh, thank you. Yes, that will do."

To the double portion of whisky he added soda, and watched her drink it. Then he poured himself a second.

Joy was looking oddly at him.

"You still love her?"

"Women want to be told a thing so often."

"What is she like?"

He stared at her, annoyed at himself for his unreasonable resentment.

"She is twenty-three years old, has coppery hair, and is slimmer and taller than you. She wears marvellous clothes and jewels. She has travelled a lot. Every man she sees falls in love with her. Men of every type. She has refused—"

"Did she tell you so?"

"She is exotic and urbane. She is—"

"In fact, the sort of girl that every man dreams of marrying."

"Yes."

She rose, and moved carefully to the door.

"Tomorrow I'm leaving here. You can divorce me for desertion."

"I'll stand by our bargain just as long as you stand by it," he replied irritably.

Her eyes met his, and he thought he saw something that he had never before seen in them. Longing. Then suddenly she began to cry. And he hated himself for suspecting that both the look in her eyes and her sudden tears might be due to the whisky to which she was unaccustomed.

She left him. He heard her going to bed.

All night he sat up in a chair in the living-room.

Sibyl was coming back to him. And it was too late.

"MISS TOWNLEY called on me this afternoon."

"Sibyl called on you?"

"Yes. Nice of her, wasn't it? She came at once, as my husband is such an old friend of hers."

Sibyl had called on Joy!

"Did she tell you that I called on her this morning? I wanted her to hear of my marriage from myself."

"That was nice of you, Dick." The same simple frankness that could not possibly be irony.

"Joy, I had to see her."

Joy nodded gravely.

He looked at her. "What were you wearing?"

"My fawn jersey."

Her fawn jersey! \$9.95!

"I never wanted you to buy those cheap things. Sibyl will think I haven't the decency to dress you properly."

He went to the telephone, and gave his mother's number.

While he waited for the connection, Joy said,

"Miss Townley's very direct, isn't she? She even asked me how old I was, and told me her own age."

Dick asked his mother to take Joy the next day and buy her the smartest clothes to be found in Montreal. He gave no reason for his request.

Then he turned to Joy.

"Mother has heard of Sibyl's return. She'll see that you look right. Mother never liked Sibyl."

"Miss Townley asked us to dinner tomorrow evening."

"You said that we were engaged, of course?"

"I said that we would be glad to come."

THE next day Dick held himself from telephoning to Sibyl. He must not see her alone again.

The previous morning when he had called upon her, she had rushed into his arms.

"Dickie! Dickie! I had to come back! Oh, Dickie, I love you again, edge all new and unblurred!"

His arms had crushed her to him, but he had managed not to kiss her.

"Sibyl, I'm married."

"You! Married!"

Sibyl staring at him. Then Sibyl sitting down and laughing hysterically.

"Oh, Dickie, you always were exciting! That's why I had to come back. You always said, always did, the unexpected thing. But to marry like that—off hand—out of spite—oh, Dickie, how you must have cared!"

"I had to come, Sibyl. I didn't want you to hear of it from anyone else."

She held out a protesting hand.

"Oh, Dickie, not that! No banalities at such a glorious moment."

"It amuses you, my marriage?"

She had sobered.

"Dickie, I love you for it. It was the divinest thing you could have done, because the ultimate. Oh, Dickie, I'm so sorry I hurt you. But—Lord, what a tang!"

She had seemed to him then the most infuriating and yet the most desirable woman alive. He had answered coldly.

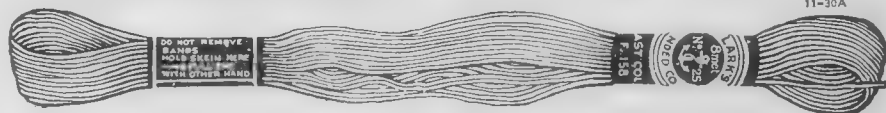
"I'm married. Don't misunderstand. To a woman who trusts me, who made sure I was trustworthy before she would consider marrying me. She is pretty and unsophisticated, a mere child."

"How old?"

[Continued on page 52]



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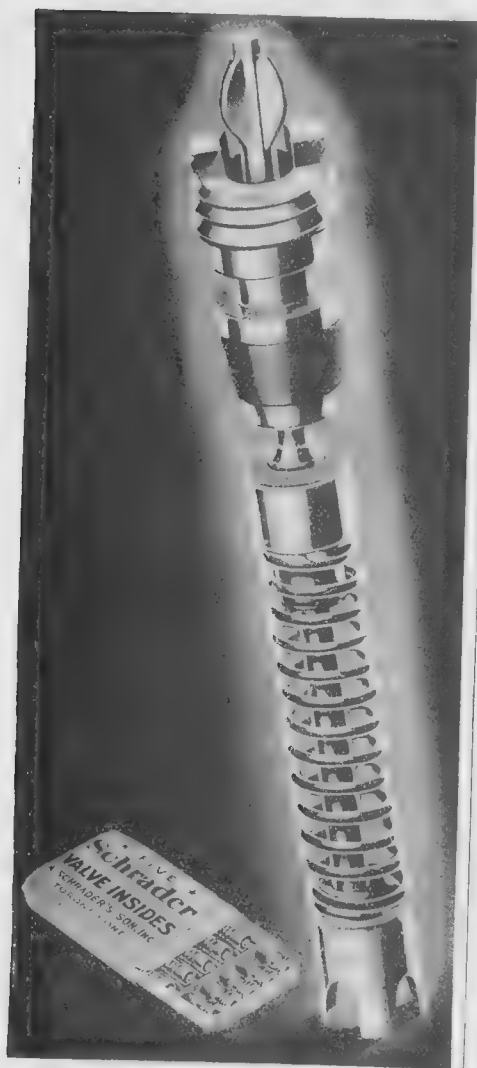
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Tang

Continued from page 51

He had hesitated a moment, and then replied, "Eighteen."

Why had he lied to Sibyl about Joy's age?

Sibyl had frowned.

"Eighteen. I'd rather she'd been older. I wish she had been older than I am. It would have made a fair field then."

And Sibyl had asked Joy her age. Sibyl now knew that he had lied.

In ten minutes he and Joy would leave for Sibyl's dinner-party. An hour ago he had said,

"Mother told me that she had ordered some beautiful gowns for you. Have they come?"

"Yes, the one that I am to wear tonight. There wasn't time for even the most rushed made-to-order gown."

And now Joy entered, wearing a long tulle dress of so pale a blue that her eyes seemed to have drained most of the colour out of it.

"Turn around."

Joy turned. The back was incredibly low.

"Mother bought you that dress?"

"She was a bit nervous about the back. I heard her whispering with the man who imports them."

"Mother liked that dress?"

"Your mother said, 'M'sieu George, I want something more Paris than Paris.'"

Dick saw it. He laughed.

"Mother is wonderful, and so is that dress, and so are you, Joy. What sort of a cloak did you get?"

Joy produced a soft wrap of deeper blue velvet. Dick smiled with pleasure. Sibyl herself could not be more exquisitely gowned. And Joy's beauty was natural, fresh and unpainted. And he wanted Sibyl.

Sibyl received them graciously. She was wearing black with wide bands of diamonds on her wrists.

Dick's eyes went to Joy's forearms, and he felt almost sick with anger. Bangles of silver fretwork at a few shillings apiece on each arm!

He became aware of other defects in Joy's appearance. Her eyes met people too honestly, her skin was too natural for 1931. Her simplicity, beside Sibyl seemed countrified. Tomorrow he would ask her to make-up her face.

Sibyl led Joy to her aunt. Sibyl's "Aunt Mary" was in actual fact a distant cousin, but, as Sibyl put it, "Why keep the old dear at all, unless I call her Aunt?" Entirely dependent on Sibyl, the older woman lived in Sibyl's house, officially a chaperone, in reality more timid before Sibyl than were any of the servants.

Then Sibyl presented them to her other guests. Roy Cranton and his wife Dick already knew. Once Roy had been in love with Sibyl. Then he had suddenly married a widow. Mrs. Cranton, though frumpy, was not afraid of Sibyl. For Mrs. Cranton was plump and highbrow and soulful.

A Comte de Maltour was the other guest, a Frenchman with deformed ears and *blaze* eyes. Sibyl mentioned that the Comte had been one of her fellow passengers on the *Majestic*. Jealously Dick noticed de Maltour's manner to Sibyl. Then his jealousy ebbed. De Maltour was what Sibyl needed. Sibyl's eyes met all the world, and said, "You poor ordinary people!" De Maltour's eyes said the same.

At dinner Dick found himself beside Sibyl, who smiled at him as if they had just become re-engaged. De Maltour sat next to Joy, bending to her, looking at her low *decollete*, whispering to her. Joy reddened and smiled back into his sated eyes.

Dick was furious. What had that cur said to his wife? Joy couldn't possibly appeal to a man like de Maltour, Joy with her schoolgirl eyes and skin and mind.

As the ladies left them for coffee, Dick managed to whisper to Joy,

"Don't let that Frenchman make a fool of you."

When the men rejoined the ladies, Joy was full of an invitation of Sibyl's for a weekend party at her house at Manitou.

"Isn't it wonderful, Dick? The Laurentians! Snow miles deep, skiing, great big fires in the evening! Next Friday!"

"Thank you, Sibyl," Dick said coldly, "but I'm too busy to get away."

Then the Frenchman suggested surprisingly,

"But if M'sieu Renfrew cannot come, perhaps Madame will be able to accompany us? We would take very good care of Madame Renfrew."

And Dick announced that on second thoughts he would be able to arrange to come.

A card table was brought in. Aunt Mary excused herself, pleading fatigue. They remained then a party of six. Sibyl invited Dick to take her on at billiards while the others played bridge.

Dick found himself alone with Sibyl in the billiard-room.

WHILE Dick undressed that night, he kept remembering the things which Sibyl had said during their game of billiards.

"But she does not love you. She only wanted to get away from that little island. Why of course, she will divorce you. We can make it worth her while..."

Women knew everything. Joy had known that Sibyl would come back to him. Sibyl had known at once that Joy did not love him, had only wanted to escape.

"Joy, what did that Frenchman say to you at dinner that made you blush?"

"I don't remember. Lots of things."

"He's a cur."

"Oh, do you think so? I think he is just more sophisticated than our men. I think he's rather fascinating."

"Women are fools when it comes to the opposite sex."

"And men?" innocently.

"Well, you're not to see him again."

Joy hopped childishly into bed, pulled up the sheet, and grinned.

"I'm lunching with him tomorrow at the Ritz."

THE next morning Dick asked Sibyl to lunch with him at the Mount Royal. Joy's defiance of his wishes in regard to de Maltour had destroyed Dick's resolution not to see Sibyl alone.

And Sibyl came promptly to the point. About Sibyl there had never been any old-fashioned reticences.

"Of course she interests de Maltour. You know experienced people never really want their own kind. That is why I came back to you. Our sort, de Maltour's and mine, always return to the simple things."

"Well, I won't have it. Joy is my wife."

"But not for long, Dickie!"

"I married her, and I'm going to look after her."

Sibyl laughed. "How deliciously bourgeois! 'Looking after' your wife!"

"If you were my wife—"

"I'm going to be."

"You aren't."

"Yes, Dickie, very soon. And there'll be no 'looking after'. Each of us entirely free." She smiled, and added softly,

"Except you."

"De Maltour doesn't want to marry Joy. It's exactly because she is already married, that he feels safe."

"De Maltour is very hard up."

"Joy hasn't a cent, and I can't pay much alimony. Besides, there isn't going to be any divorce."

"Why, Dickie, you know that we can pay enormous alimony."

Sibyl believed that she could buy anything, even people and their honour. Dick knew that such conversation was sickening. Yet something in him wanted not to be sickened. He fought against that something in him.

"I don't love you now, Sibyl," he lied firmly.

"That makes it more amusing."

"You didn't think so six weeks ago."

"Oh, that! That was insipid. This is spiced."

"I hate you when you talk this way."

"Dickie, you're my sort. Women like me can only be true to simple direct men. Men like myself only interest me for a few days. I am perverse. And perverse people are driven to the guileless of the opposite sex."

THE Manitou houseparty proved to be a foursome of the Renfrews, Sibyl and de Maltour.

"I'm so sorry," Sibyl explained. "I asked dozens of people, but everyone was engaged."

[Continued on page 58]

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Tang

Continued from page 52

At Ste. Agathe they alighted from the C.P.R. train and were met by a low sleigh. A drive of about ten miles brought them, after crossing the frozen lake, to Sibyl's Manitou house.

Here they parted at once to change for late dinner. Although they were so small a party, and were in a country house nestled among miles of snow, the meal was served with all the formality of town. Sibyl disliked the custom, rather prevalent with Laurentian skiing parties, of not dressing for dinner.

"The wilder the setting, the more imperative that we remember we are civilized."

Sibyl smiled drily, and de Maltour's eyes sparkled.

"Mademoiselle understands weak human nature."

Joy listened with eyes eager as those of a young girl at her first party. She was wearing a low gown of black chiffon designed for her by M'sieu George.

At dinner champagne was served. And while de Maltour was animatedly engaging Joy, Sibyl said softly to Dick,

"I never drink champagne without remembering our dinner when you broke off our engagement."

Dick laughed, ignoring the absurd accusation. He felt like a man in nightmare wherein one flees with leaden legs.

Dinner over, Sibyl suggested that they dance to the orthophonic. Sibyl knew that a man cannot dance much with his own wife. De Maltour taught Joy the new six-eight.

And Sibyl, as she danced with Dick, became sincere and unhappy in her manner.

"Dickie," she begged, "can't you see that I am wretched? Oh, Dickie, don't go on hurting me!"

He would not meet her eyes. He replied roughly,

"Sibyl, leave me alone. I have never loved anyone but you. Leave me alone! I am married."

THE next day they skied. Joy was delightful in black trousers, orange suede coat, and small black hat.

Sibyl was in white with a wide sash of black.

De Maltour and Joy were both novices on skis, so the party naturally divided into pairs, Sibyl leading Dick to hills unnavigable by beginners.

The entire weekend, in fact, seemed to resolve itself into a pairing off of Joy with the Frenchman and of Sibyl with himself.

Dick was relieved when at last he and Joy were home in their apartment. But he found that life was not to resume itself as it had been before the return of Sibyl.

A week had now passed since the Manitou party. Dick sat trying to read, awaiting Joy's return for dinner.

The door of the apartment opened. Dick went into the hall. Joy passed him into the bedroom. He followed her. As she removed her outer things, Dick realized anew her prettiness. Never had he seen her colour so vivid. On an impulse he drew his handkerchief across her cheek. No stain of pink showed on the linen.

Joy laughed. "Sorry, Dick, about the make-up. I know you think I look countrified. But Gaston says it's idiocy for a girl with skin like mine to paint."

"Do you really like that microbe?"

"Do you mean Gaston?"

"Of course."

"Yes, I do. Oh, Dick, don't you see? I'm his sort of woman. He's tired of artificiality. I brought back something that was almost dead in him, something that wants sincerity instead of cynicism."

"What else did he tell you?"

"Well, he has beautiful ideas about marriage. He is old fashioned. That is why he hasn't married. But when he saw me, because I'm what he calls unsophisticated—"

Dick cut in angrily,

"And where does he think I come in?"

"I told him you didn't love me," she replied mildly. "And he has asked me to divorce you."

"Did you tell him I wasn't rich and that you had nothing?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to divorce me?"

"Yes."

He was astonished and disturbed.

Words came without his intention, their meaning as new to him as to her.

"I thought once that you cared. I thought, when you took that whisky the night of Sibyl's telegram, I thought then that perhaps you had come to care for me."

Why had he said this? He had no recollection of ever having thought such a thing. Was there a deeper self, busy with its own interpretations and schemes?

You see I'm no good, Dick. I can't appreciate simple things. I want Gaston because he is a product of generations of subtlety. You should understand."

Dick laughed irritably. "I thought he had such old-fashioned ideas about marriage?"

"He has. One has, after one has been very wicked."

"And what happens to me? That doesn't matter?"

"You will marry Miss Townley."

Dick stared at his young wife. He saw her marrying de Maltour and living with him for a while on the money which Sibyl would give him. For Dick was sure that Sibyl, always startlingly direct about matters traditionally taboo and subtle about matters usually humdrum, had made a proposition to de Maltour.

De Maltour would treat Joy horribly. He would be untrue to her, he would break her heart. She had better have stayed in Barbadoes, better never have met him, Dick Renfrew.

He remembered their marriage night and his own words, "Joy, I'm going to look after you."

"You'll not marry de Maltour," he said firmly. "I shall fight the divorce. I married you and I'm going to look after you. You don't marry any man of whom I do not approve."

"I don't want to be looked after! I want to be adored, I want to be worshipped!"

Her vehemence suddenly ripped through the veil of his everyday mind, revealing again that stranger, his deeper self.

For a long time he stared silently at her, then he heard himself say dazedly,

"But, Joy, I do—adore you!"

Joy shook her head.

"You adore Sibyl Townley. I'm going to tell you something. After all I owe no loyalty to her. That day she arrived and called on me, she was very frank."

"What did she say to you?"

"Only what I knew. That you would marry her if you were free, that you were too chivalrous to ask me for a divorce, that your happiness depended on my generosity and my wit."

What right had Sibyl to meddle in his relations with his wife? Rage blazed up in him.

"Did she also tell you that she would bribe de Maltour to marry you?"

But Joy showed no surprise.

"I suspected that. I'm not going to marry him. That was only to put you at your ease about my future. I'm young and lots of things must be ahead of me. I shall find someone worth loving who will care for me."

"You'll stay right here and be my wife."

"No. I don't like living with a man who doesn't love me."

He laughed. "Joy, I have loved you from the moment I wanted to look after you. Only I wouldn't let myself realize it. I couldn't get away from the hide-bound conceptions of what love is. Joy, I never wanted to look after Sibyl. A goddess needs no protection. And worship and tenderness are different sides of love."

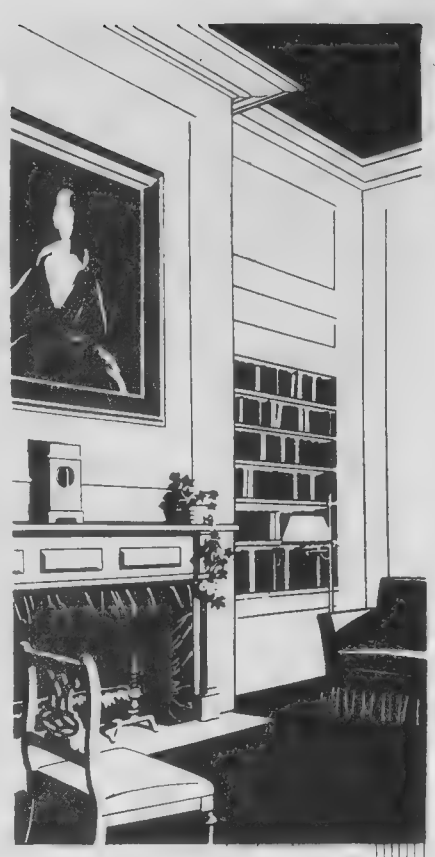
"But I want to be worshipped!"

"Of course! But that's only the high-day and holiday side of married love. The ordinary week-day side, the side that lasts, is a longing to look after. Joy, don't you see? Sibyl is a bachelor's love. She'd never let me look after her. She jeered at the idea. And love wants to give. Sibyl can buy or charm anything from life. I can give her nothing but worship. But you I can give everything. Won't you let me?"

"I have loved you from that first evening on the beach at the Crane."

When Joy at last freed herself from his arms, she smiled reminiscently.

"I've fought for you just as hard as Sibyl has, only I used different methods. But—we're just the same."



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Fall and Winter Fashion Forecasts From Paris

By Suzanne Dickie

"COMME la plume au vent femme varie . . ." was never more true than now when we see our erstwhile flappers dressed up like their grandmothers with long trailing gowns, and romantically drooping hat brims.

At the start of this season when couturiers launched the new modes they were greeted with a riot of protestations. No, women would never wear long gowns; they were too comfortable with the freedom of their limbs, they had won once for all their independence, and they were going to stick to it, and so on and so on. So the couturiers decided that three skirt lengths would be created. One for evening, trailing on the ground; one a few inches shorter for formal afternoon gowns; and one almost as short as in the past for sport, morning, and shopping suits. The idea was reasonable enough, each gown having a distinct part to play in the daily activities of women. Now, things have got all mixed, despite these very rigid rules laid down by the leading houses of fashion, our young women (between you and me, I don't think that the older ones are so fond of the long long skirts as that) have added inches to their afternoon, and walking dresses. The novelty of having something trailing behind seems irresistible to them, so now we see women with ankle length skirts strolling in the busiest thoroughfares of our City of Light, and the effect is far from smart. American women who had been the loudest in protesting against the new mode are said to be doing the same. What hope is there when such things take place in our modern century? How ridiculous will these romantic dresses appear in the modern settings of our homes along with sky scraper furniture, aluminium chairs, and coffin like beds!

It seems, according to couturiers, that the most enthusiastic are the youngest who never had to fight their way through the streets with an open umbrella in one hand, and the fullness of their long skirts gathered in the other. If they had, they probably would relent in their enthusiasm.

In spite of all, the designers are sticking, for the next season, to their original intentions of three skirt lengths. The afternoon dresses might be an inch or two longer but that will be all. The sport dresses will remain short and smart.

THE early showing of winter collections are emphasizing among other features that one of the absolute reign of the straight line. Fullness, and there is a lot of it, is very adroitly "camouflaged" by all sorts of flat pleats, cut outs, and all other means at the disposal of those "wizards" of the couture: the designers. Capes, these short shoulder-fitting ones, which have been so successful this summer, are going to be worn on winter gowns. The bolero effect either at the back, or front, or sometimes both is also very strongly featured both for afternoon, and for more simple frocks.

The waist line is remaining placed at its normal position, and while the popular silhouette is quite straight, it is important to notice that the waist curve is slightly marked, and the hip line carefully followed.

THE new coats are made with a certain fullness about the knees which is very cleverly brought about by godets inserted a foot, or so from the bottom; or by pleats which are formed at the waist and are stitched all the way down to about 15 inches from the bottom, and then let out. The bolero effect is used a great deal on the back of coats, beginning from the side seams.

The blouse style is also seen and looks quite new. Cut outs in the form of saw tooth "applique" and stitched make a very new and appropriate trimming.

Fine broadcloth, wool poplin, reps, are going to be the leading materials for early fall coats trimmed with fur of course. Astrakan seems to be favored so far. It can be dyed almost any shade, and harmonizes beautifully with the gowns worn with it. Fur collars are going to be as voluminous as in the past. In some cases these collars go down as far as the waist in the shape of a rounded yoke. This particular coat, which I describe, was of brown duvetine with a brown astrakan collar. This fur was also used to make a Russian looking hat which was worn with it. The ensemble looked very handsome.

Another coat was of pimento red kasha. It had a cape which was slit in the middle of the back. The two sides were slightly drawn apart and were edged with Hudson seal. The side fronts were also edged with seal. The coat did not cross over as it was worn with a dress of the same material, and made up an ensemble. Another very elegant model was of black Moroccan crepe in very heavy quality trimmed with broadtails. The back of the coat was of alternate bands of fur and material.

For the young girl or matron, one of the leading houses was showing a very delightful coat with a huge "Peter Pan" collar of ermine. The note was very young and quite new.

THE princess gowns are continuing their triumphant career of past seasons. The added length they have acquired is all they needed to be absolutely perfect, and harmonious. Made in crepe satin, in Moroccan, in crepe de chine, in taffeta, or satin they achieve very elegant afternoon ensemble. They are adaptable to all circumstances.

A very successful return of basques, boleros, wings, and scarves give afternoon gowns all the softness and femininity demanded by the new mode. Some skirts are entirely made of flounces placed one above the other. These are often edged of rounded or pointed scallops. Others have godets, while basques, groups of pleats, cut outs, and yokes hugging the hips closely, are the salient points of others.

With tailored suits, either for sport, or for morning wear, the latest blouses worn are the shirt waists made not of silk but of very fine hand knitted wool. They go inside the skirt, and are smartly finished with a tie of plaid wool if the waist happens to be plain.

Although it is a little early in the season to venture an opinion, it is safe to assume that the general trend of this season's mode will be an absolute return to all the little nothings which for so many years had absolutely disappeared from our midst. The designers having won their point in imposing the long skirt and the more elaborate styles. It is easy for them to continue in that mood and to play variations of the same melody.

For evening, the skirt which is almost almost very long is sometimes a little shorter in front. It is always wide at the bottom, the fullness starting above the knees. In every case the hips are narrowly confined. Long ends, flounces, wings give the gowns an airy allure which is most gracious. Made in lace of gold, or silver, or just black, white or colored, these gowns have a great deal of character just because of their cut.

In general the bodices are plain, while the skirts are elaborately trimmed of incrustations, pleats, and cut outs.

ONE fact is certain and it is that fashion is undoubtedly inspired, in its new development, by a close study of the Greek antiquity. While we talk about long skirts, and are mortally

afraid of the return of the ugly modes of the nineties, we do not seem to realize that in the quietness of their sanctuary, the designers are not looking to that ugly era for inspiration but go much farther back for it. The vertical fall of draperies, peplum like, and reminiscent of an age of purity of line, the skirts evenly pleated, the narrow bands confining the body, without distorting it, are they not the undeniable proofs of this inspiration adapted to our activities and our mode of life?

Women have decided to carry their flowers in their hands now. Tightly bunched together in a very old fashioned nosegay, are violets, made of organdy, and many other flowers made of the material of the gown worn with it. This new mode is not very practical of course, but it is graceful, and that is the important thing.

Evening shoes are made now in an infinite variety of materials. The latest are the Nile crepe de Chine ones adorned of little medallions of pastel shade kid applique in them. The hand bag, of the same material, is also trimmed to match the shoes.

A smart note for an evening dress is to have the scarf of chiffon, the flowers, bracelets and necklace to match as well as the shoes. Another very practical combination is for a black tulle dress with a shaped tunic to have this tunic mounted onto a sash which can be taken off and used as a cape. The sash can be knotted on one shoulder. This really makes two dresses out of one. Both look very smart.

THE hats for the new season are showing many changes. Crowns for instance, instead of being smooth, and round as they have been for a number of seasons past, are worked in all kinds of intricate ways including gathers, drapes, frillings, and shirrings. Because of this, very soft, and pliable materials have to be used. Milliners have chosen to carry out their ideas, such mediums as velvet, soft felts, chenille, and woollen. There are many indications pointing to the great popularity, this winter, of felt for town wear as well as for sport. For afternoon, fabrics and furs will lead. Brims are going to be larger, except for the little turbans which are still the favorites, and which women will abandon with great regrets. The beret shape is leading again for popular wear as well as for more informal occasions. In general the hats do not go into the head as far down as before, and hair is being shown considerably more.

FOR the above reason the chapter of hair remains an open one. While New York women have let their hair grow again in ever increasing number, the French have kept to their shorn locks. The authorities consulted on this important question said there was no indication that long hair was returning into favor. The only concession to the longer gowns made by women on this side, is the addition of little curls for evening. For day time the coiffures remain the same always suited to the features and the individuality of the wearer. The only real departure from our midst, is the Eton bob which has definitely rejoined the flapper of post-war days into the limbo of forgotten things. The place is now taken by soft curves, and feminine attitude, framed in ringlets.

In short the fashion for this coming season is going to be harmonious without exaggeration. Everything has been provided for the comfort, and the suitability of dresses for all and each occasion. Dignity and formality have once more come back into the world of women. This, of course, does not exclude the jauntiness of the little morning tailored suits with all their smart and appropriate qualities. But "each thing in its place and a place for each thing" is the motto which is inspiring the couturiers while designing the new models for winter.

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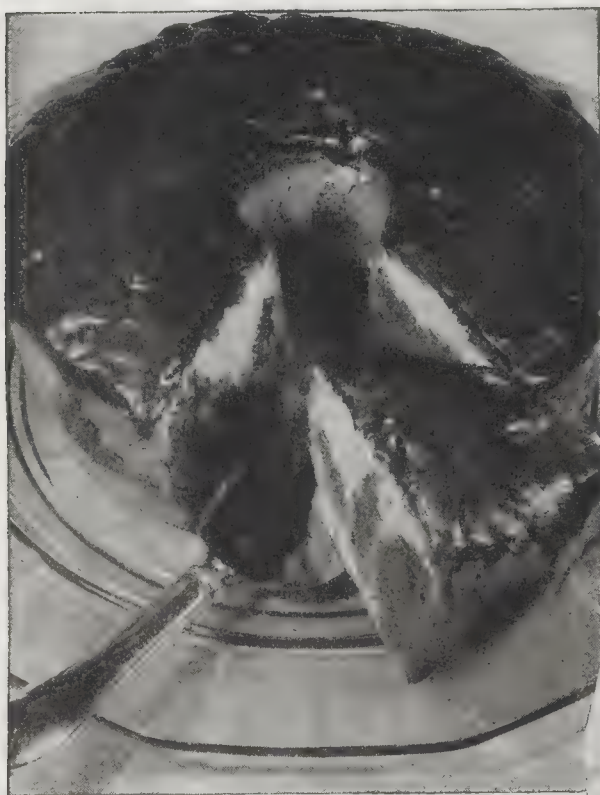
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ALWAYS SO MUCH BETTER



How CHOCOLATE changes three familiar dishes into three exciting NEW TEMPTATIONS



DO you know that a touch of chocolate can transform familiar bread pudding into a delectable new dessert? That added to waffle ingredients, chocolate creates a brand-new dainty worthy of the praise bestowed on the exquisite delicacies of continental chefs? That marble cake, under the spell of chocolate becomes a *dessert-cake*, so superb that your friends will beg for the priceless secret? If you *don't* know these exciting new facts . . . just try the following recipes!

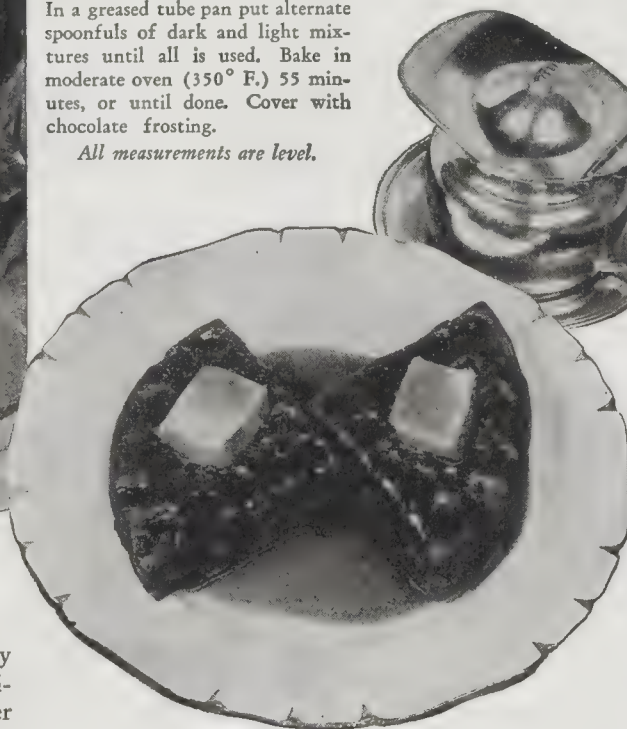
CHOCOLATE MARBLE CAKE

Follow this new chocolate recipe and you'll turn out a masterpiece with deep brown chocolate patches as rich and tender as devil's food . . . with white areas as feathery-light as sponge cake . . . Enrich it further by a generous layer of creamy chocolate frosting over all. And you've modernized old-time marble cake into a matchless dessert-cake. Decorate it with rosettes of whipped cream, and you've created a *solo* dessert fully qualified for your most elaborate dinner parties.

3 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour . . . 2 teaspoons baking powder . . . 1/2 teaspoon salt . . . 3/4 cup butter or other shortening . . . 2 cups sugar . . . 3/4 cup milk . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla . . . 6 egg whites, stiffly beaten . . . 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted . . . 4 tablespoons sugar . . . 1/4 cup boiling water . . . 1/2 teaspoon soda.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add flour alternately with milk, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Fold in egg whites. To melted chocolate, add sugar and boiling water, stirring until blended. Then add soda and stir until thickened. Cool slightly. Add to 1/2 of batter. Leave other half of batter plain. In a greased tube pan put alternate spoonfuls of dark and light mixtures until all is used. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 55 minutes, or until done. Cover with chocolate frosting.

All measurements are level.



CHOCOLATE WAFFLES

Chocolaty, tender and crisp at one and the same time . . . the lusciousness of these waffles is a new experience in chocolate delicacies. You wouldn't have believed, would you, that your favorite Sunday breakfast waffle, made the chocolate way, becomes a luscious dainty for luncheons and impromptu supper parties . . . an intriguing discovery for hostesses ever on the search for the unusual? But here's the proof.

3/4 cup sifted flour . . . 1 teaspoon baking powder . . . 1/2 teaspoon salt . . . 1/2 cup butter or other shortening . . . 3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted . . . 1 cup sugar . . . 3 eggs, well beaten . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Add butter to chocolate and blend. Combine sugar and eggs; add chocolate mixture, beating thoroughly; then add flour and vanilla. Pour batter into well-greased waffle iron, cover, turn flame very low, bake 1 1/2 minutes, turn iron, and bake 1 1/2 minutes on other side. Serve with butter and maple syrup or with creamy sauce. Makes 4 four-section waffles.

All measurements are level.



CHOCOLATE BREAD PUDDING

This recipe for bread pudding . . . with its rich chocolate flavor . . . is an invaluable gift to every housewife. Inexpensive, easy to make, delicately rich, it's a dessert your family can enjoy often. And simple, unpretentious bread pudding, treated with chocolate in this inimitable way can hold its own with a score of sophisticated desserts. Try it for tomorrow's dinner.

1 1/2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces . . . 3 cups cold milk . . . 1 cup sugar . . . 1/2 teaspoon salt . . . 3 eggs, slightly beaten . . . 1 teaspoon vanilla . . . 1 1/2 cups 1/4-inch cubes stale bread.

Add chocolate to milk in double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until smooth and blended. Combine sugar, salt and eggs. Add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring vigorously. Add vanilla. Place bread in greased baking dish. Pour mixture over it. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 to 60 minutes, or until pudding is firm. Serve hot with hard sauce, or cold with cream. Serves 6.

All measurements are level.

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Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Such perfect desserts are deserving of the finest ingredients . . . those that stand for the highest degree of purity and perfection of flavor. Walter Baker's Chocolate, rich, creamy-smooth, and with a true chocolate flavor that has never been equalled, certainly meets this standard more than satisfactorily.

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BAKER'S CHOCOLATE

FALL & WINTER FASHIONS—PARIS—



Creations Louise Boulanger: Early season's coats in woolen crepe de chine trimmed with narrow bias around the hips. Belt of the same material. Scarf at the neck is knotted.

Straight coat in grey crepe satin with narrow bands at the collar, pockets and waist.

Coat in silk pique with a cape trimmed on each side with a fur band.



Creations Phillipe et Gaston: Satin dress gathered at the waist with a bolero of tulle.

White satin trimmed with golden lace insets.

Black soft taffeta evening dress made of cut outs and irregular panels

Creations Jenny: Dress of crepe de chine with bodice and skirt at the hips trimmed with narrow bands. The skirt is made of wide box pleats.

Afternoon dress in crepe de chine. The bodice forms a bolero. The skirt has a very deep yoke and goes wider at the bottom with irregular godets.

See Page 54 for Descriptive Article



Do you live in a "two-temperature" house?



Your thermometer tells the story

Are some rooms barred to your children during the winter months? Can they safely play in *every* room in your home, *every* month in the year? Your children's health may be the price you pay when you live in a "two-temperature" house.

TEN/TEST is banishing the "two-temperature" home . . . the home with some rooms warm and cosy, and others that are simply impossible to keep at a livable temperature. For TEN/TEST Insulation prevents warm air from escaping through porous walls and ceilings, and keeps it circulating through the house where it belongs.

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upstairs rooms . . . even attic rooms . . . are cool and restful on stifling summer nights. The light, strong sheets of TEN/TEST literally *seal* your home against cold and heat and noise.

Ask your Architect about TEN/TEST

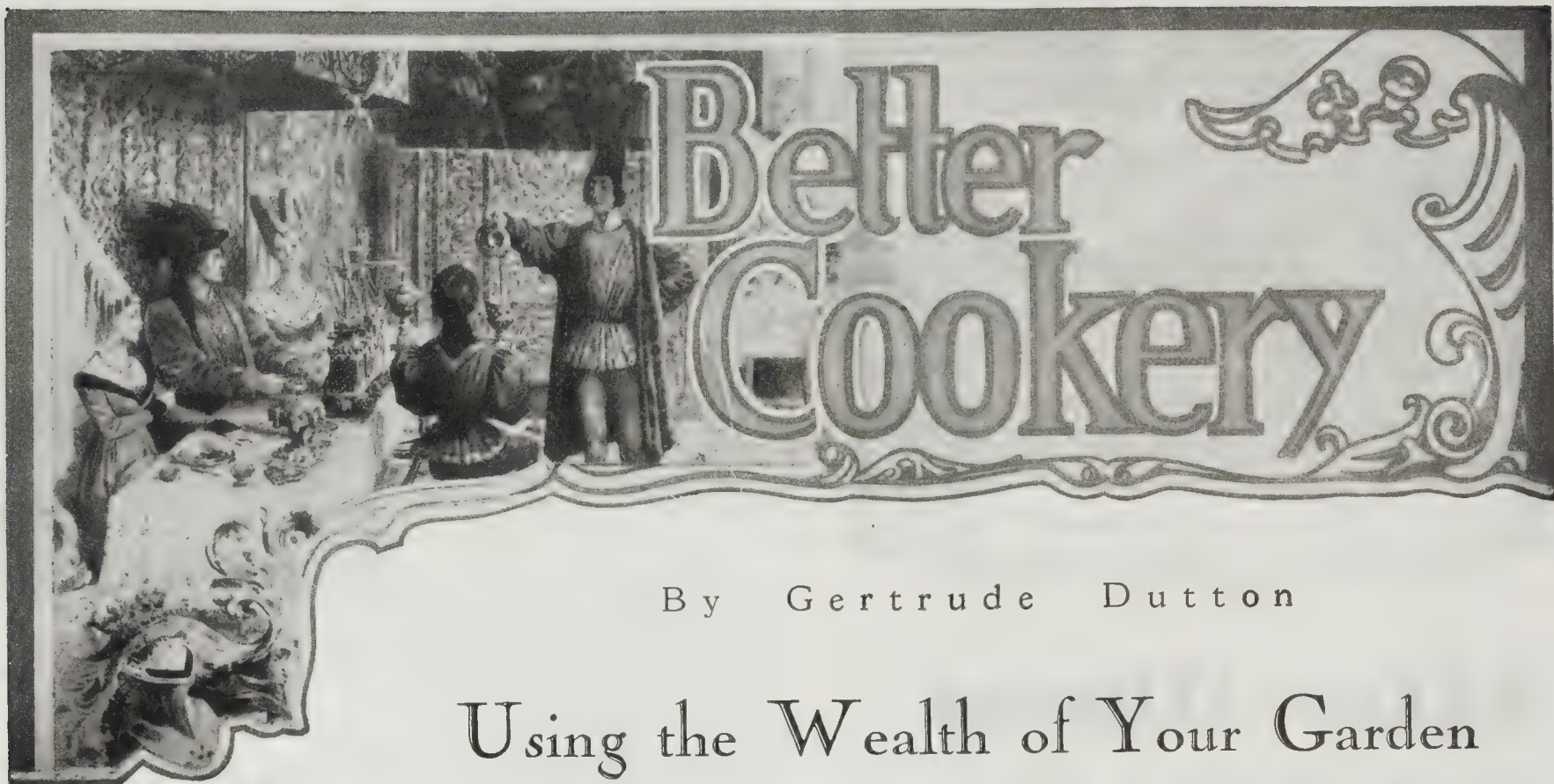
Before you build or remodel, talk to your architect or contractor about TEN/TEST Insulating Building Board. It may be used in place of wood sheathing under brick or stucco, as an insulating base for plaster, or as roof insula-



tion. If you rent or buy, it will pay you to look for a TEN/TEST insulated house or apartment.

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THROUGHOUT September and October, we are still enjoying to the utmost, our garden vegetables, and as it becomes a little cooler, we make the surplus into pickles, or can it. It is highly desirable that the children, who have started back to school with their lunch pails, should be given a fresh vegetable for supper. Variety in preparing the old favorites, will prevent their becoming too tiresome.

Baked Macedoine of Vegetables

Boil 2 c. of carrots cut in rings about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, 20 minutes. Add 2 c. of onions, cut in halves if small, in thick slices if larger, and boil 10 minutes longer. Add 2 c. of potatoes cut in pieces, and boil 20 to 25 minutes, adding 2 t. salt. Drain, saving the liquid for soup. Put in a bake dish and cover with 1 c. milk, 1 tb. butter and 1 tb. chopped parsley, and bake 15 minutes.

For another meal, add to the vegetable stock, 2 c. milk, 2 tb. butter, 1 to 2 tb. flour, and seasonings.

Vegetable Chowder

Cook together 1 c. grated or finely chopped carrot, 2 c. chopped onion, and 3 c. water. After 10 or 15 minutes cooking add 1 c. diced potatoes, and continue to cook till tender. Add 2 c. milk, 2 tb. flour, 2 tb. butter, salt and pepper, and 1 tb. chopped parsley.

Carrot Chowder

Diced carrots, 2 c.
Diced potatoes, 1 c.
Diced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Diced raw bacon, 4 tb.
Flour, 2 tb.
Milk, 2 c.
Water, 3 c.
Salt and pepper
Dried celery or parsley for flavor.

Cook the carrots, onions and potatoes in the water till tender. Add the milk, the bacon cubes which have been fried, and the flour, cooked in the bacon fat after being mixed with enough cold water or milk to make a smooth paste. Combine the ingredients, and add if wished, a little chopped parsley or dried celery top, for seasoning, and sprinkle with paprika.

Smothered Onions

Pare and slice 4 c. of onions. Put 2 tb. of fat in a frying pan, put in the onions, cover and simmer till the onions are tender. A thick frying pan should be used. Season, and increase the heat to brown the onions. Serve with steak, liver, etc.

Bavarian Cabbage

Put 1 tb. bacon fat or butter in a frying pan, and cook in it 1 tb. minced onion; add $\frac{1}{2}$ c. vinegar, salt, pepper, 1 tb. sugar, and 6 c. finely chopped cabbage. Cover and simmer for 20 minutes. A little water may be needed also.

Baked Onions

Peeled onions, 4 c. Milk, 1 c.
Flour, 2 tb. Bread crumbs
Butter, 2 tb. Salt and pepper
Peel the onions, put in a saucepan with enough salted water to cover and cook, uncovered, till

Canned corn will be moist enough, fresh corn, removed from the cob, will require a little milk to moisten. Chop the green pepper and pimienta, mix with the corn, and seasonings. Put in buttered ramekins, with alternate layers of bread crumbs, using about one cup of crumbs, and having crumbs on top.

Bermuda Onions Creamed

Peel and cook Bermuda onions in salted water till tender. Drain and place one onion on each of the required number of slices of buttered toast. Pour over each, a little well-seasoned cheese sauce

Stuffed Cabbage

Mix together 1 c. cooked rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 c. cooked chopped meat, and seasonings. Moisten with gravy or soup stock or tomato juice, and put by spoonfuls into leaves of cabbage which have been dipped into hot water, to soften them, so they will roll without breaking. Fasten and either steam or boil in water or soup stock till the cabbage is tender.

Tomatoes With Spinach

Select firm ripe tomatoes, cut a slice from the stem end of each, and scoop out the pulp to use for some other purpose. Fill the cavities with spinach, cooked, chopped and seasoned, sprinkle with grated cheese, and bake for 20 minutes.

Cabbage With Bacon

Cook the cabbage and drain and chop it, and mix with a sauce made of 2 tb. bacon fat, 2 tb. flour, 1 c. of milk, 1 tb. finely chopped onion, salt and pepper. Cook the onion in the bacon fat before adding the other ingredients. Put the cabbage in a hot serving dish and garnish with curls of bacon.

Swiss Chard

Cut the green part from the mid ribs of the chard. Steam or boil the green portion, drain, chop and season and pile in the middle of a heated flat serving dish. At the same time, cut the mid ribs in pieces of any desired length, cover with boiling water and cook till tender, like celery. Drain and add to 1 cupful of cream sauce, seasoned well, and pour around the mound of green chard in the dish. If cooked on a gasoline or oil stove, when it is advisable to use but one burner, cook the white pieces in the lower vessel, and steam the green leaves over them.

Boiled Lettuce

Sometimes one has considerable lettuce which is too coarse for eating raw in salad, but which is not bitter. It may be boiled and used as delicious greens. Wash the lettuce and shred in half-inch strips with scissors. Boil [Continued on page 60]



Many and varied are the methods of preparing our garden products

tender. Put in a buttered bake dish, pour over them the white sauce made of the butter, flour, and milk, cover with buttered crumbs, and brown in the oven.

Corn and Pepper Ramekins

Corn, 2 c. Sugar, 1 tb.
Salt, 1 t. Pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Green pepper, 1 Pimienta, 1
Butter Bread crumbs
Milk if needed, to moisten

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AFTER EVERY MEAL



or steam till tender, about 20 minutes,
and serve with salt, pepper and butter,
or with cream sauce.

Stewed Cucumbers

If one has more cucumbers in the
garden than can be used for salads,
pickles, etc., using them cooked gives a
pleasing variety. Pare and dice the
cucumber, cover with boiling water and
cook till tender. Drain, reserving the
liquid for the sauce. For a quart of cut
cucumber, there should be about 1½ c.
of stock. To it add 2 tb. flour, 2 tb.
butter, cook till thick, remove from the
fire and add 2 beaten egg yolks, 2 tb.
lemon juice, salt and paprika to taste.
Pour over the hot cucumber.

Acorn Squash with Bacon

Cut the required number of acorn
squashes in halves, scoop out the seeds,
sprinkle with salt and pepper, and lay
one or two slices of bacon in each shell.
Put in a dripping pan and bake till tender.
This makes an excellent main dish.

Acorn Squash

Prepare the squashes as above, omitting
the bacon and putting in each half, a
little brown sugar or molasses, and dot
with butter and bake.

Scalloped Rice and Tomatoes

Boil or steam 1 c. of rice. Put half of
the rice in a buttered casserole, cover
with half of the ripe tomatoes being used,
peeled and cut in halves. Sprinkle with
salt and paprika, then cover with the
rest of the rice and tomatoes, and pour
over them 1 cup of cheese sauce, cover
and cook 20 minutes, then remove the
cover to brown the top slightly.

Curried Cauliflower

Cook a cauliflower in salted water till
tender, and drain, and put in a heated
vegetable dish. Pour over it a sauce made
of 1 tb. chopped onion cooked in 2 tb.
butter, 1 tb. flour, 1 t. curry powder, 1 c.
milk, water or soup stock.

Kentucky Corn

Milk, 1 c. Melted butter, 2 tb.
Eggs, 2 Salt and pepper
Corn cut from the cob, 2 c.

Beat the eggs, add the milk and corn,
butter and seasonings, pour into a buttered
bake dish and set in a pan of water in the
oven till set like a custard.

Carrots and Rice, Scalloped

Cook ¾ c. rice till tender, scrape and
cook some carrots, cut in slices. Make 1 c.
of white sauce. Put alternate layers of
rice, carrot, dots of butter, salt and
pepper, and white sauce in a buttered
bake dish, cover with buttered crumbs,
and bake in the oven about 20 minutes.

Onions and String Beans

On a flat buttered bake dish arrange
6 or 8 whole cooked medium-sized onions,
having a space around each onion. Fill in
the spaces with cooked string beans. Pour
over all 1 cup of thin white sauce, dot
with butter and bake in the oven till
thoroughly heated.

Stuffed Beets

Cook and peel medium-sized beets, cut
a slice from the tops, and scoop out most
of the center, leaving cups, which are
brushed inside with melted butter, and
sprinkled with salt and pepper. Fill with
cooked, seasoned and chopped carrots, or
cooked peas. Place in the oven to heat.

Scalloped Onions and Peas

Cook onions till tender, leaving small
ones whole, cutting larger ones in quarters.
Drain, putting half of them in a buttered
casserole, dot with butter and ¼ c. of
buttered crumbs, then a thick layer of
cooked peas, well seasoned, then the
remainder of the onion seasoning, and a
layer of buttered crumbs. Pour over all
1 c. of milk or thin cream and brown in a
hot oven.

(Continued on page 61)



FINEST Coconut Full-flavoured and FRESH

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pound.

COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH PIE

¾ cup sifted Swans	1½ teaspoons vanilla
Down Cake Flour	1 cup Baker's Coconut
1½ cups brown sugar	1 baked 9-inch pie
¾ teaspoon salt	shell
3 cups milk, scalded	6 tablespoons sugar
3 egg yolks, slightly	3 egg whites, stiffly
beaten	beaten
4 tablespoons butter	½ cup Baker's Coconut

(All measurements are level)

Combine flour, sugar, and salt. Add milk gradually,
place in double boiler, and cook until thickened,
stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture
over egg yolks, return to double boiler, and cook 3
to 4 minutes longer. Remove from fire; add butter,
vanilla, and 1 cup coconut. Cool and pour into pie
shell. Top with meringue, made by folding sugar
into egg whites. Sprinkle with ½ cup coconut.
Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 15 minutes,
or until delicate brown.

BAKER'S COCONUT

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Stuffed Egg Plant

Cut the egg-plant in two, lengthwise, and cook in boiling salted water till tender, but not mushy. Drain, and scoop out and chop, leaving a shell to be stuffed. Fry a chopped small onion in butter, add the chopped egg-plant pulp, and either $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of chopped cooked meat or of bread crumbs, season well, put in the shells, dot with butter and sprinkle with crumbs, and bake 15 or 20 minutes.

Deviled Egg Plant

Peel the egg-plant and cut in half-inch slices, brush with melted butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and spread with a very thin layer of mixed mustard, then with fine dry bread crumbs. Broil on a greased broiler for 8 or 10 minutes or saute in the frying pan. To serve, put a little melted butter on each slice.

Stuffed Summer Squash or Vegetable Marrow

Pare the squash, and cut in halves, crosswise if it is one of the scalloped variety, lengthwise if a marrow. Remove the seeds. Either steam or cook in boiling salted water for 10 minutes, drain and cool. Fill with a well-seasoned mixture of finely chopped cooked meat, moistened with gravy or white sauce, and if wished, some crumbs. Bind together with the yolk of an egg. Sprinkle a layer of crumbs on the filled shells, dot with butter, or if the meat is very lean, a few slices of bacon may be placed on top. Place on a flat pan, and cook in a rather hot oven for 10 minutes.

Peas in Baskets

For the baskets, use round white turnips, one for each serving. Pare them and scoop out the centre. Boil in water to which a little lemon juice or vinegar has been added, and drain when tender. Fill the baskets with green peas, cooked and seasoned. Handles may be made for the baskets from strips of green pepper. The centres removed from the turnips may be used in soup, creamed, mashed, etc.

Creamed Cucumbers

Pare the cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise, and scoop out part of the seeds. Cut in half-inch slices. Saute, being careful not to break the pieces, in a little butter. Cover with a white sauce and simmer till tender. Add carefully the well-beaten yolk of an egg, a little lemon juice and sprinkle with chopped parsley. A rather rich sauce will be required.

Onion Pie

Cook several small onions till tender, but not broken, and drain. Put in a buttered vegetable dish, cover with a layer of chopped cooked meat and moisten with gravy or thickened soup stock or tomato sauce. Cover with a baking powder biscuit crust, and bake in a hot oven. Serve at once.

Kohlrabi, Creamed

Pare the kohlrabi, cut in cubes and cook in boiling salted water till tender. Put in a heated vegetable dish and pour over it a rich white sauce to which the beaten yolk of an egg has been added when it is removed from the fire.

Curried Lima Beans

Lima beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Flour, 4 tb.
Onions, small, 2 Green pepper 1
Curry powder, 1 t. Butter, 2 tb.
or more Milk, 1 c.
Salt and pepper

Soak the beans overnight, drain, and cook in fresh boiling water till tender. Add salt and pepper to taste. Remove the seeds and membrane from the pepper, and cut it in fine strips. Slice the onions and cook them, with the pepper, in the butter. Add to 2 cups of the liquid in

which the beans were cooked. Mix the flour and curry powder with the cold milk, add to the hot liquid, and the beans and cook in the double boiler or in a covered bake dish in the oven, for 20 to 30 minutes. More seasoning may be required. Some people might like a stronger flavor of curry.

Corn Custard with Tomatoes

Corn and ripe tomatoes seem to make a happy combination.

Cut corn, 1 c. Milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Eggs, 3 Onion, 1 slice
Slices of fried tomato Salt and pepper

Scald the milk with the onion slice, and remove the onion later. Mix the corn cut from the cob, the well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper and the hot milk, and pour into buttered custard cups. Set in a pan of hot water and bake till a knife comes out clean. Have ready a sufficient number of large slices of fried or broiled ripe tomatoes. Turn each custard out on a slice of tomato and serve at once. If wished, chopped cheese may be added to the custard mixture before baking, to make a more substantial meat substitute for luncheon or supper. This quantity will make six small or four large custards.

Southern Corn Patties

Cut corn, 2 c. Grated cheese, 2 tb.
Milk, 1 c. Butter, 1 tb.
Egg, 1 Salt and pepper

Cut the corn from the cobs and cook with the milk in the double boiler till tender, about 15 or 20 minutes. Add the butter, cheese, salt and pepper and beaten egg, and mix well and cool. When cold form into flat cakes, dip in crumbs, egg and again in crumbs and bake till golden brown in a hot oven, or fry in deep fat. Serve at once.

Corn Ramekins

Cut corn, 2 c. Milk, 2 c.
Butter, 2 tb. Eggs, 2
Flour, 1 tb. Sugar, 1 t.
Salt and pepper

Mix and divide among greased ramekins or custard cups, set in a pan of hot water and bake till set. Garnish and serve.

Corn Souffle

Cut corn, 1 c. Eggs, 3
Milk, 1 c. Salt and pepper
Butter, 1 tb.

Cut the corn from the cob and cook, in the double boiler with the milk for 15 or 20 minutes. Add the butter, salt, pepper and the well-beaten egg-yolks, then partly cool. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and pour into a greased bake dish and bake in a moderate oven.

The above corn recipes are good when the corn has become a little too old to enjoy as corn on the cob.

When Tomatoes Are Ripe

For many weeks we may enjoy ripe tomatoes, if we pack a goodly number of them in boxes with layers of paper, and carefully watch to see that we use them up as fast as they ripen, so as not to let the over-ripe ones cause decay.

Fried Tomatoes

Select very firm tomatoes, peel and chill and cut in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a little sugar. Roll in bread crumbs, then in a mixture of 1 beaten egg and 3 tb. of milk, and again in crumbs. Brown on both sides in a little fat in the frying pan. Serve as a main dish on a platter with a heap of rice with cheese sauce in the middle, surrounded by a border of the tomatoes and curls of bacon.

Hot Tomato Sandwiches

Cut up a few ripe tomatoes, and mix with a little chipped beef torn in very tiny pieces. Simmer till thick, taking

[Continued on page 62]

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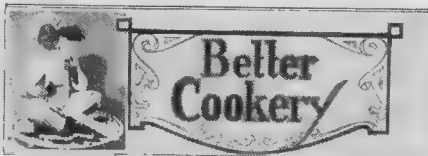
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care that the mixture does not scorch. Add one or more slightly-beaten eggs to make the mixture real thick. Spread, hot, between slices of thin buttered toast, and serve at once, or it may be cooled and used with buttered bread for a regular sandwich filling.

Fried Green Tomatoes

Wash and slice the tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and drop into a batter made of 1 c. flour to $\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk, and seasoned with a little salt. With a fork lift the tomato slices into a pan of hot fat and cook till the batter is golden brown.

Curried Tomatoes

In a frying pan, cook 2 tb. butter, 1 tb. chopped onion, 1 tb. chopped celery and 5 or 6 ripe tomatoes cut in slices. When tender, skim out the tomatoes and put either in a serving dish or on slices of toast. To the juice left in the pan, add 1 tb. flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ t. curry powder, salt and pepper, and $\frac{3}{4}$ c. rich milk or thin cream, cook till thick and pour over the tomatoes.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Wash the firm ripe tomatoes, cut a slice from the stem end, and scoop out a portion of the interior and fill with a variety of stuffings, such as: corn cut from the cob; bread crumbs with salt, pepper, and butter, and a little onion; cooked rice or macaroni, seasoned and with cheese added; cooked chopped meat, such as beef, ham, bacon, etc.; cold chopped potatoes and fried Hamburg steak, mixed.

Stuffed Sweet Peppers

For 6 large sweet green peppers, 2 c. boiled rice and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of broken nut meats will be required. Cut off the stem end of the pepper, remove the membrane and seeds, and fill with the rice and nuts, mixed, seasoned with salt and pepper and moistened with a little melted butter. Replace the slices taken from the tops of the peppers, and bake in a pan containing a little water or soup stock. Baste occasionally. About 30 minutes will be required.

Baked Cauliflower and Macaroni

Boiled macaroni, 2 c. Cheese, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Cauliflower, 1 White sauce, 2 c.
Buttered crumbs

Cook and drain the cauliflower and the macaroni. Put a layer of crumbs in a bake dish and on it arrange alternate layers of macaroni and cauliflower. Melt the cheese in the white sauce, season well, and pour over the macaroni and cauliflower. Cover with crumbs and bake till well browned.

Baked Onions, French Style

Peel small white onions and boil for 15 minutes in salted water. Drain and wipe dry. Put in a shallow bake dish and pour over them a cupful of soup stock, well seasoned. Bake till tender, basting often with the stock.

For Use Later in the Season

Canning of fruits and vegetables is such a familiar process, that any discussion of the subject seems unnecessary. Salting is a satisfactory method of preserving certain foods for the winter time, which deserves a little more attention than it usually receives.

Kegs, barrels, stone crocks or sealers are all used as containers. Cover with white cheese cloth or thin cotton, larger than the surface of the container, and weight the food down with a plate or saucer, stone, etc., to keep it below the surface of the brine. Sandstone, limestone or marble should not be used, nor such woods as yellow or pitch pine, as they will ruin the flavor of the vegetable.

For dry salting use 1 lb. of vegetable to each $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of salt. For brining, a good proportion is 2 lbs. of salt to 1 gallon of water.

When using rubber rings on jars containing salted foods, we grease the rings to prevent the oozing out of the salt. Dairy salt is advisable, as it is so much cheaper than table salt, and rock salt is too liable to contain impurities.

[Continued on page 63]

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Dry salting is very good for string beans. String, wash and blanch the beans, then plunge into cold water. Pack in clean jars with alternate layers of salt, pressing down as the packing is continued. A wooden potato masher is useful for the purpose. Have a layer of salt on top. Weight down with a large cork dipped in paraffin. To prepare for the table, soak the beans in fresh cold water for three or four hours, and cook like fresh beans. Beet-tops, chard, spinach, peas, corn, may all be salted in the same way.

Cauliflower or green peppers are kept very well in brine. Divide the cauliflower into flowerets, cut the stem end from the peppers and remove the seeds and membrane. Place in the jars or crocks, cover with the brine, and weight down. Freshen as the beans are done, before using.

Fortunate indeed is the family with a large cool cellar in which to keep a big supply of winter vegetables. To determine the best way in which to keep a certain vegetable, we consider the circumstances under which it grew.

The root vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, beets, parsnips, salsify, etc., keep best if packed in boxes in sand or dry earth, to prevent the loss of moisture.

Potatoes are kept in boxes or bins in a cool, dry, dark place. At times during the winter they should be picked over, and any sprouts removed.

Onions keep best if placed on slat racks or slatted baskets hung near the ceiling of the cellar, where there is a good circulation of cool dry air.

Cabbages are put in boxes or barrels with the roots up.

Celery we pack in sand or dry earth, with the heads up.

Squashes and pumpkins are put on shelves, without touching each other, in a warmer, dry airy place. They should be occasionally wiped dry with a clean cloth, as moisture will gather on the surface and causes decay.

Firm unspotted tomatoes are put in boxes and baskets, with layers of paper between them, and kept in a cool dark place.

Successful Pickling

Every housekeeper is proud of an attractive array of pickles and relishes. Their spiciness does serve as an appetizer to jaded appetites when fresh fruits and vegetables are scarce and expensive. Because we depend on spices and vinegar to preserve the product, only these of the best quality should be used. Spices should be fresh. If whole ones are used, they are usually tied in cheesecloth bags, so they may be removed when the right flavor is obtained. Oils of spices are liked by many women, and are added at the last of the cooking, a very few drops being required. Fresh oils may be obtained from any good drug store. Brown sugar seems to give a better flavor in many pickles and relishes, than white sugar.

Sour Gherkins

Select 100 tiny prickly cucumbers of uniform size. Cover with cold water for an hour or so, then carefully lift out of the water so as not to disturb the dirt which has settled to the bottom of the vessel. Washing and scrubbing is very apt to bruise the tender little vegetables. Cover them with a weak brine, using enough water to cover and 1 cup of salt for this amount of cucumber. Cover the crock and let stand for 48 hours. Drain and cover with a solution made of enough vinegar to cover the pickles, 4 chopped green peppers, 1 large chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. salt, 1 dozen allspice, 1 dozen peppercorns, 3 or 4 sticks of cinnamon, 3 or 4 blades of mace, 1 ounce of mustard seed, and 1 or 2 bay leaves. Heat to just below the boiling point, and pour over the cucumbers. Let stand for at least 6 weeks before using.

Peach Chutney

Peaches, 4 lbs. Chili powder, 2 tb.
Vinegar, 1 qt. Seeded raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb
Onion, 1 Mustard seed, 3 tb.
Brown sugar, 3 c. Candied ginger, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Salt, 4 tb.

Cut the peaches, after peeling, into small pieces and simmer in half of the vinegar till tender. Chop the onion and ginger, add the sugar, other pint of vinegar, raisins, and seasoning and cook till thick, stirring frequently. Seal in pint jars.

Green Tomato Pickle

Cauliflower, 2 Celery, 1 bunch
Green peppers, 3 Salt, $\frac{3}{4}$ c.
Vinegar, 2 qts. Brown sugar, 2 lbs.
Green tomatoes, 1 peck
Onions, medium, 1 dozen
Whole spices, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Slice the tomatoes, peel and slice the onions, separate the cauliflower into tiny flowerets, chop the peppers after removing the seeds and membrane, dice the celery. Put in a large granite kettle, sprinkling with salt. Let stand overnight, then drain well. Add 1 qt. of vinegar and 2 qts. of water and after the boiling point is reached, cook 15 minutes, and drain. Make a syrup by boiling together the other quart of vinegar, the sugar and spices, for 5 minutes. Add the tomato mixture, cook a few minutes longer and seal hot.

Chow-Chow

Green tomatoes, 1 qt. Vinegar, 2 qts.
Cabbage, small, 1 Mustard, 6 tb.
Cauliflower, 2 Turmeric, 1 tb.
Red peppers, 2 Flour, 1 c.
Celery, 1 bunch Celery seed, 1 t.
Mustard seed, 1 t. Brown sugar, 2 c.
Cucumbers, sliced, 2 qts.
Small white onions, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ts.
Mixed spices, ground or oils

Slice the cucumbers, cut the other vegetables into pieces of fairly uniform size, but not too small. Soak for 24 hours in a brine made of 1 c. salt to 1 gallon of water. Bring to the boiling point in this brine after soaking, then drain. Make a paste of the flour, mustard, vinegar, etc. and cook till thick, add the vegetables and spices to taste, cook five or ten minutes, and put in jars, hot.

Pickled Green Tomatoes

Green tomatoes, 1 pk. Vinegar, 1 qt.
Peppers, 6 Brown sugar, 4 c.
Onions, 6 Cinnamon, 2 t.
Salt, 1 c. Cloves, 1 t.

Slice the tomatoes and onions, chop the peppers, sprinkle with the salt and let stand overnight. Drain and cook in a syrup made of the vinegar, sugar and spices.

Chopped Pickle

Green tomatoes, 3 qts. Salt, 1 c.
Ripe tomatoes, 1 qt. Water, 4 qts.
Celery, 3 bunches Vinegar, 3 pts.
Brown sugar, 2 lbs. Onions, 3 large
Red peppers, 3 Mustard, 1 t.
Green peppers, 3 Pepper, 1 t.
Spices, ground, 1 t.

Put through the chopper, all the vegetables but the ripe tomatoes, cover with a brine made of the salt and water, and let stand overnight, then drain. Add the chopped ripe tomatoes and a syrup made of the scalded vinegar, sugar and spices, and seal hot.

Pickled Onions

Peel tiny white onions and cover with a brine made of $1\frac{1}{2}$ c. salt to 2 qts. of boiling water, and let stand 2 days. Drain and let stand 2 days longer in fresh brine. Drain and make fresh brine, heat to the boiling point, add the onions and cook 5 minutes. Pack in jars, putting with the onions for decoration, bits of mace, bay leaf, peppercorns and little red peppers. Fill with scalding vinegar with 1 c. of sugar to each gallon of vinegar. Seal.

SUMMER DISHES



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So Light, So Gay, So Charming

Continued from page 24

a number of angles. Naturally, nothing suggestive of weight, no heaviness of line or color, is admissible.

Walls and floor, constituting the background of the entire picture, are very important. The walls will, of course, be light in tone—for two reasons: first and obviously—the effect is to be one of brightness; second — if everything is carried out in the same light key, the apparent size of the room will be increased.

In the new house, it is quite possible that the wall will be left in the rough plastered effect which so many people like. Tinted, more than likely, in one of the tones between ivory and a light buff, it offers an admirable and most workable background.

Perhaps you will like to gain your plastered effect with one of the papers that simulate it with varying degrees of success. Some of these are excellent, and can be had with just that irregular warmth of color in their shading, that characterizes real plaster. It can be had to suggest a rosy glow, a cool blue or greenish cast, a warmth of dull gold each effective in its own way and very helpful in building up the color-effect you want.

Or you can use any of the simple two-tone papers that come in all colors, some with their little suggestion of fabric, some delicately patterned, others with a hint of "moderne" that will be just the thing if you are going to use a modified modernistic type of chintz, for instance, and furniture that follows the influence of "art moderne" in its design.

To my mind, the much-beflowered "sunroom papers," so-called, are very apt to become rather tiresome in a short time. There are exceptions, of course—some of these are so charming that they should never really lose their appeal. But, on the whole, the plainish background is inclined to remain longer in favor. There are, however, simply bewitching treatment which in their unusual and decorative effect, are not appreciably behind the actually painted wall decoration that is the principal feature of the exquisite little room we picture for you. As a matter of fact, papers with just such a beautifully worked-out motif as the one shown, are to be bought by the panel, with as much of the plain background paper as you may require to complete the room. Used singly, in pairs or more, as the room may require, these beautifully designed panels are worth much more than their actual price, and may virtually assume almost the entire decorative burden.

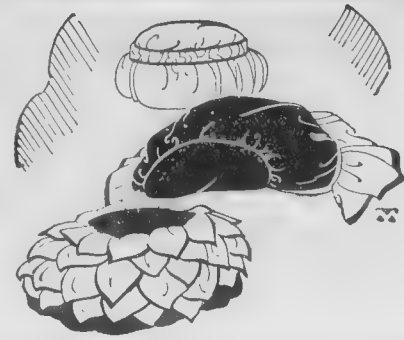
THE floor must be carefully considered in the light of your complete plans for the room; there will probably be several ways to bring it into the right atmosphere.

One of the newer types of rug may do it. Perhaps the right note would be struck by a plain rug with one or two bands of harmonizing or contrasting color or tone in its border. Or if the room is avowedly modernistic, there are rugs in modified patternings that will be just the thing.

An inlaid linoleum, perhaps in a warm-hued mosaic or small tile effect, may provide just what is wanted. Then there are the always-successful jaspé stripes to consider, and the marbled effects. Our illustration shows the smartness of rather boldly-squared design. Certainly a floor so covered, and kept shining with a thin, hand-polished coating of wax, will prove ideal from the "long wear and little care" standpoint.

If the actual covering of the floor is something that has to be postponed for the moment, in the room that is to grow in perfection as the budget permits, then by all means consider what may be done with paint, if your floor is of soft wood. And let yourself go in the matter of color. Don't feel that there are but one or two colors a floor can be! Make it,

[Continued on page 65]



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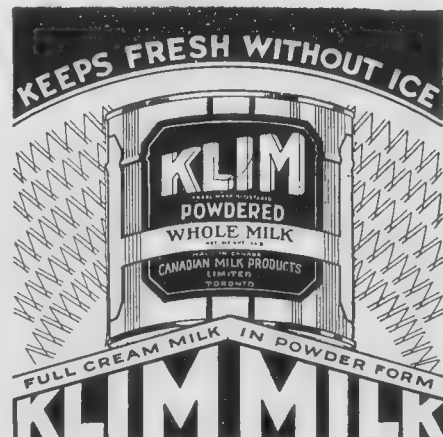
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So Light, So Gay, So Charming

Continued from page 64



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Write for Year Book.

F. E. WAGG, M.A., B.D., Registrar
2,040-2,045 College Ave., Regina, Sask.

instead, a real part of your color-plan for the room. I have just completed the re-decorating of an apartment which has the entirely unusual city feature of three soft-wood floors. The dining-room I lacquered black (it is to have buff enameled furniture), after consultation with the new tenant. A pastel-papered bedroom has a floor several tones darker than its grey woodwork, which echoes the grey foliage in the paper. Another room with one of the plaster papers I spoke of earlier, has deep ivory woodwork and a floor of the softest sandalwood color. House-hunting tenants, after their first surprise, were unanimous in declaring the effects most refreshing and certainly highly artistic. Either for entire floors or for borders this treatment is a frequent problem solver.

Remember if you are painting a floor, to use a paint that is actually made for floor purposes. It needs to be a very hard-drying paint and there should be several coats, put on some time apart to permit the maximum hardening in each case. You will thus build up a surface that will wear surprisingly well. And how easy it is to renew, when that is necessary!

If your floor is of hardwood and is to remain bare for the time being, a clean base and well-polished wax surface will never require apology. It is in the condition of such a floor that its charm must lie. If hardwood is stained or discolored, if the protective wax coating has been allowed to wear thin so that soil has penetrated to the wood, a thorough cleaning should be given—all wax removed and the wood thoroughly cleaned with benzine or turpentine. When the floor is quite dry, apply a thin coating of wax, let it stand long enough to harden, then polish it well; remember that it is by a number of these thin, well-hardened, well-polished coatings that a glowing waxed surface is built up—applying a heavy coat of wax simply defeats its own purpose.

AND finally, as to furnishing the small and, if one pleases, informal, dining-room. Today, this presents no problem, so far as finding the right things is concerned. The modern manu-

facturer has caught right up with the architect and builder. He can supply you with furniture of small or even miniature size—as elaborate or as simple as you may want it. You can get an exquisite little dining-table in mahogany or burr walnut, in a combination of rarer woods and satin finishes, with finest of carving on its slender legs or soft-hued inlaying on its surface. Or you may choose polished wood in a simple and satisfying design, or even a severe little refectory table in dull oak or walnut. Or if you want color or a light finish in your furniture, you will choose an enameled set—or buy your furniture unfinished and enamel it to suit yourself.

To accompany the table, you will want the requisite number of chairs. What more you may add will be a matter of space and choice. There are diminutive sideboards, graceful little cabinets, slim serving tables in versions of the Welsh dresser, to help you complete your furnishing. If there is space for none of these, you will probably find it possible to add something in the way of little hanging shelves—and if even these would be in the way, try a few wall-vases, with ivy in them, to give that furnished feeling to the wall spaces!

WHEN you have added your curtains, you will have achieved, I hope, just the degree of light, bright, cheerful and attractive modernity that you have striven for. Maybe the curtains will be of chintz, just draw-curtains that leave the glass uncovered in the day-time, with a view of the garden or some cheery outlook, and no blocking of the sunshine you may want to ensnare. Or you may be better served with shirred glass-curtains of gauze or net. Your side-curtains may be of plain material (sun-fast, of course), or any of the interesting materials that abound for the purpose; or you may abolish them altogether, and have, perhaps, a painted wooden valance-board to finish the windows. It is usually with our fabrics that we balance up the amount of plain and patterned surfaces that will work out the delightful whole which is the picture we have in mind.

Snips

A Course in Family Relations

THE ideals of the nineteenth century educationists were noble but vague. Matthew Arnold preached "sweetness and light" and the need to "see life whole and see it clear." Anything but vague are the programmes of modern universities. Teachers' College, Columbia University, for example, in considering a course in "Family Relations," sent out to parents of home economics students a questionnaire asking their opinion of a curriculum covering such topics as,

Personality traits to be cultivated in members of the family.

The division of the work and income of the family among its members.

The value of family discussion in solving family problems.

Family health and recreation.

The need for moral, physical and financial preparedness for marriage.

The responsibilities of the home in connection with voting, obeying the law, and securing public improvements.

The responsibilities of hostess and guests.

The results of sharing the home with others and of the mother working outside the home. The influence of such factors as divorce, size of income, and companionate marriage.

No doubt we shall soon budget our lives as we do our incomes, consulting the reports of our schools of home economics and social science before deciding how many hours a week to play golf and bridge and whether mother's

visit is to be for two days or ten years. —Thoughts inspired by reading "The Opinion of Parents Regarding the Teaching of Family Relationships," by Daisy Alice Kugel in the Journal of Home Economics.

Judge MacGill Discusses Wage-Earning Wives

IN THE case of the man seeking a professional position, the firm does not often ask if he needs the work or if he has an income of his own or if his wife inherited money. His needs are not decided for him or limited to what he has at present. He is held ambitionless if he has no desire for a bigger, better home, more cars, more and better clothes, more things for his wife and children. According to the theory applied to the married woman, these ambitions should not be encouraged or, unless he is penniless, should he be allowed to work, on the theory that if he was not working some other poorer man or some unmarried woman who needed it more might have his position."

"Statistics demonstrate plainly that married women are working in large numbers, and that their numbers in proportion to other workers are increasing. The surveys and studies indicate that they usually work because they must; if they do not, the family does not eat. In the minority of cases the necessity is not so urgent, but their financial contributions help to better the family living standards."—Helen Gregory MacGill, The Chatelaine.

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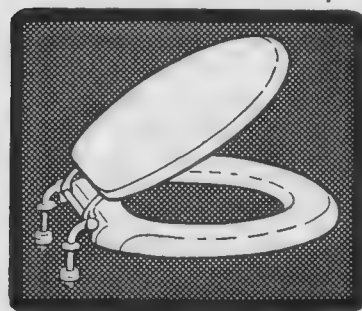
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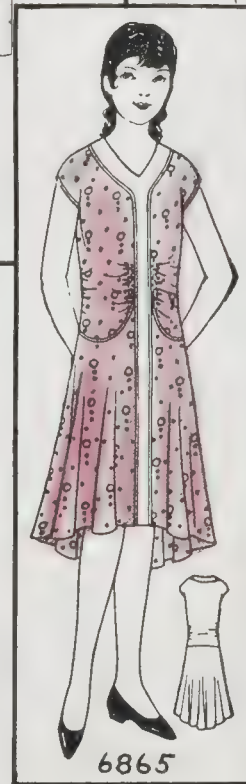


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Helpful Ideas for the Dressmaker



6891—Ladies' Morning Frock. Cut in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{5}{8}$ yard is required cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Price 15c.

6809—Flounces and cape collars like as in dresses for "big sister" are features of this style that will delight the heart of the little miss for whom a dress of this kind is intended.

Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 35 inches wide. A sash of ribbon requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Price 15c.

6803—Here is a very pleasing version of the new fitted dress, with the raised waistline effected in upright rows of gathers at the sides, and graceful fullness expressed in the double flounces. Sleeves are replaced by a deep cape collar that falls in soft folds over the arms and shoulders and outlines the V of the neckline.

Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. The dress with the cape for an 18-year size requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. Without the cape $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required. For a bow as illustrated $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard of material 39 inches wide cut crosswise is required. Price 15c.

6807—This is a perfect foundation for the princess silhouette. It has a front—and a back panel—and side-front, and

side-back sections, fitted above the hips, and flaring gracefully below. Nainsook with hand embroidery or crepe de chine with a hem finish of lace banding is suggested for this model. One could also use washable satin or radium silk.

Cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material. To finish the lower edge with lace requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. To finish with bias binding requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Price 15c.

6426—On this party frock the small girl may have a flounce, which forms a graceful curve on the front. A ribbon bow in a favorite color forms an attractive finish at the neck. Printed taffeta was chosen in this instance. One could have crepe de chine, or chiffon; with pipings in self or contrasting color.

Cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 3-year size requires 2 yards of material 32 inches wide. The bow of ribbon requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Price 15c.

6865—This youthful model expresses the latest style features, cleverly designed for the young miss.

Cut in 7 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 35 inches wide. The facing of contrasting material requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide cut crosswise. Price 15c.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba

Hermione

Continued from page 7

her knees. The clock had stopped sometime during the day and she wondered how much of the night still remained. She walked painfully to the kitchen door and stepped out upon the threshold.

Into another world; a world of white magic. Even in her grief her mind was arrested with the wonder of the beauty presented for her consideration. It was a night when everything in nature seemed accentuated. The stillness was as of something almost tangible. Contrasted with the silvery whiteness of the snow-covered earth, the sky seemed a deep indigo. Only once before had she seen the same rich luminous color, when, years ago she had been staying at a little Pension in San Remo on the Corso Imperatrice. Her room looked upon the Mediterranean, and she recalled her first evening when she opened her window to the iridescent sea, the full blue sky of night and the sweet, sweet scent of heliotrope. As if it were yesterday she remembered how she had thrilled to its loveliness, and how quickly had followed that aching sense of longing for the presence of some loved one, so that by partaking of the beauty *together*, it might be intensified a thousand fold.

Tonight, even in the face of this terrible loss, she did not experience that same gnawing hunger, for since that night long ago, her desire had been magnificently fulfilled.

She closed the door softly and came back into the room. There was nothing to do now but wait until help arrived. She replenished the fire, wrapped a heavy white shawl about her shoulders and sat down to her quiet vigil.

Gazing into the flames, she reviewed the past six years since Chesney had come into her life and transformed it from a commonplace, aimless existence into one of perfect happiness.

Both lonely people with no ties, they had flown together for that comfort and companionship which each had so poignantly lacked. Living far from neighbors or friends, they had found complete satisfaction in the society of each other. Their love had grown day by day until finally she had come to know, like Elizabeth Browning, what it meant to be "utterly loved and utterly loving."

Only once during the entire six years had they been separated. He had gone away on some vague business of his own. She had asked very little about his trip for she had only been interested in the great fact that he had come home again, and their life could be resumed as happily as before. She had watched him running up from the gate (suddenly too weak and shaky to go out to meet him). He had taken her face in his hands and gazed deep and anxiously into her eyes as if he were searching with great intensity for something of tremendous import. His search was rewarded, for her face was shining with the love that glowed at his touch, and she caught the gleam of tears in his eyes before he buried his face in her warm bosom.

And now, though their life together was over and her loneliness would be almost more than she could support, yet she was borne up and sustained by the fact that to her had been vouchsafed the supreme experience of life, the memory of which would carry her through to the end.

He had possessed in great measure, truth, honor, rectitude and all the qualities which go to make up a fine character, and she felt humble and very thankful that he should have felt her worthy to be his best beloved. She slipped from her chair onto her knees, buried her face in her hands and thanked God for this wonderful memory that all her life would be her comfort and her abiding strength.

TWO months had passed since Chesney's death. Hermione had been at once confronted with the problem of planning her future. She could not face life alone on the ranch, and yet hardly knew in what direction to turn. Sorting out some old belongings one day, she had come across a picture of Laurie Madison, her dearest girlhood friend. They had been at school together and there had vowed, with all the ardour of youth, to be friends for life. Hermione felt rather sorry that she, at least, had not done her share to keep the vow. She had heard of Laurie's

marriage, and later, some vague story of her husband's disappearance. Looking into the sweet, bright face, she had a sudden longing to see her old friend; and now, after arranging her affairs and closing her house, she was actually on the train and nearing her destination. In another hour she would reach Glenville, where Laurie lived on a small farm on the outskirts of the little Californian village.

She lay back in her seat and watched the beautiful country go lazily by. Great towering laburnums with their trunks of bluish rose and their heavy bunches of bright berries half hidden among the deep green foliage. Many of the stations were surrounded with tall waving palms with their subtle suggestion of faraway lands and foreign mysterious life. They always brought to her a vision of burning sands, of swarthy and ruthless people, of strange and hidden emotions.

IT WAS now nearly midnight and the two friends were seated together in Laurie's shabby little sitting room. Laurie, recovering from a twisted ankle, was lying on a cot close to the fire while Hermione rested in a big old-fashioned rocker on the other side.

After the shock which each had received (and resolutely hidden) at the changes which time had made in the other's youthful charm, they had fallen again into that warm intimacy which so long ago they had both enjoyed. Their youthful escapades had been recalled, their school days relived, and both had laughed with good-natured tolerance at the two rather silly little girls they used to be. Tonight, looking back at herself as she was then, Hermione felt that she was regarding a stranger. She felt no kinship with the carefree, impetuous girl of long ago. And surely this faded woman opposite could not be Laurie, golden haired, lovely Laurie. Hermione's heart ached as she looked at the toilworn hands, and the hair that was now more white than gold.

Laurie had told her something of the struggle she had had to keep the farm going; how she had slaved and saved to provide for her two children since her husband had gone out into the night and returned no more.

He had left one evening on his weekly trip up country (selling farm machinery during the slack winter months to augment their income); he had kissed them "good-bye" as usual, and had never been heard of since. She told how the whole country was stirred with his strange disappearance. Everyone joined in the search; all the usual avenues were explored; rumors would come in that he had been seen here or there, but investigation had proved them all to be false. No trace of him had ever been found.

"When he left me that night the earth must have swallowed him up. I was frantic with grief and anxiety. It seemed I could not *endure* the terrible burden of suspense. For weeks and months I waited and watched. Between tasks I would run to the gate and strain my eyes looking up and down the road hoping to catch a glimpse of his returning figure. I brought a table close to the kitchen window, which commanded a view of the gate, and there I would mix my bread and do my sewing, my eyes turned more often towards the road than upon my work. I could not sleep. I did not want to eat, and finally the day came when I stumbled under my load and fell sick with exhaustion. Recovering slowly, I saw my children standing wide-eyed and helpless, and I realized that my first duty was to them."

Her voice dropped, and they sat silent. The house was very quiet except that from the kitchen came occasional sounds where the old German woman (called in while Laurie was disabled) was busy with some belated task.

Presently Laurie continued.

"Once a strange thing happened. It must have been about two years after my husband had gone. I was awakened one night, suddenly, with a sickening sense of fear. I lay there in the darkness, frightened and trembling. I held my breath and listened. The latch of the kitchen door was being softly lifted. The door was gently opened and I heard soft footsteps creeping stealthily across the room. It

[Continued on page 68]



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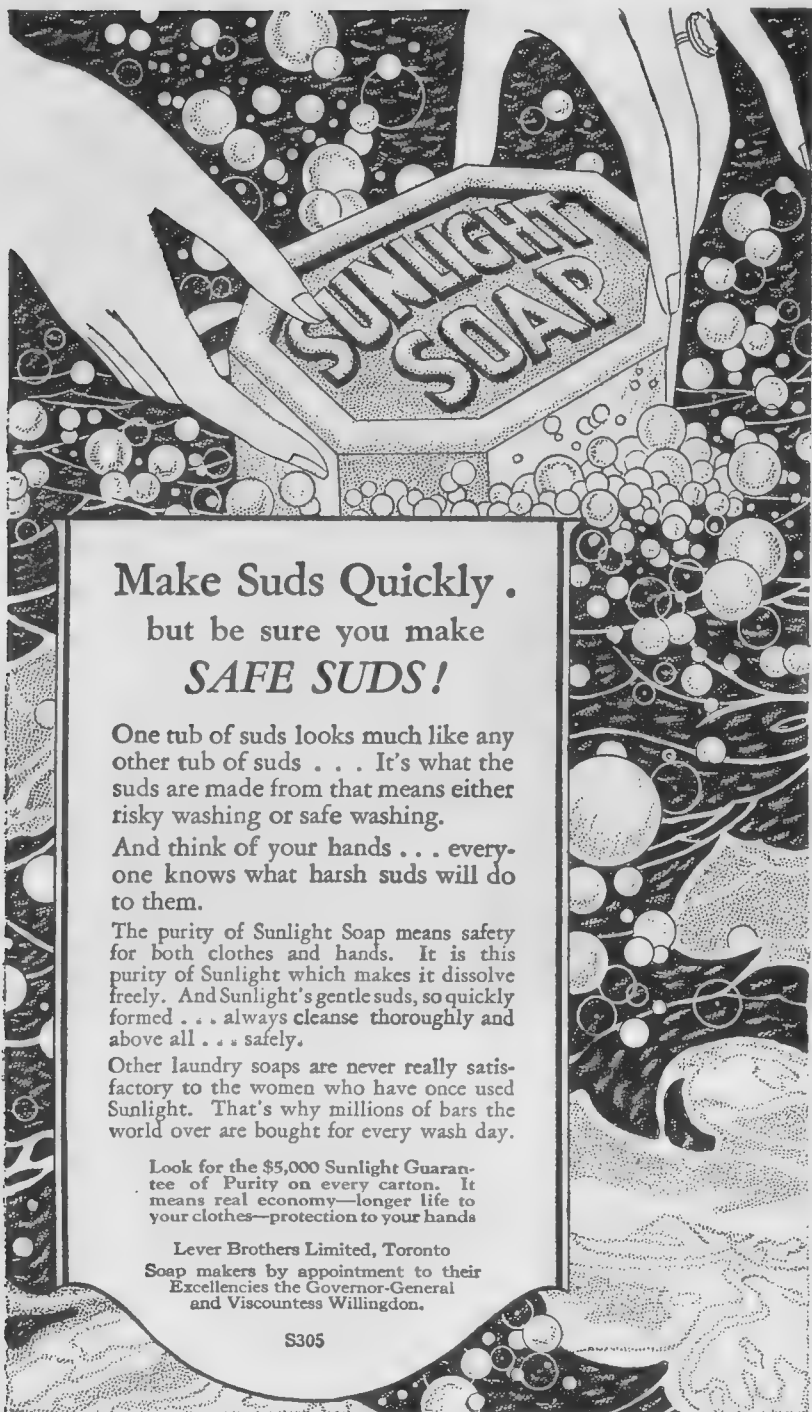
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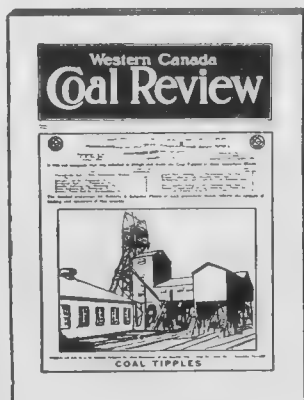
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Hermione

Continued from page 67

was the old house we lived in then, farther up the road. A narrow hall led off from one side of the kitchen down which were two bedrooms, the children's room and mine. The steps softly continued, nearer and nearer; now they had reached the entrance to the hall; a slight pause at the spot where a loose board faintly creaked, then resumed their furtive way along the passage. Suddenly my heart stopped beating. The blood turned to ice in my veins. *It was my husband's footsteps.* I tried to call out. I tried to move. With all my might I tried to make my voice heard but no sound came from my frozen lips. The steps came on. At the door of the children's room they stopped. I waited. In another moment he would take the remaining steps and would be standing at my door. I could hear my breath coming in sharp gasps through my clenched teeth. In another moment, Oh God, I should see him. A slight pause, as of indecision . . . Then he turned, and I heard the steps quietly receding down the passage way. The latch of the kitchen door clicked softly. He was gone.

"I sprang to my feet. The awful bonds which held me had suddenly been loosened. I rushed down the passage and tore open the door. As I did so, a sullen wind blew the gate shut with a dull thud. It had been raining and a few drops still fell from the heavy trees and struck sharply like pellets of ice through my thin nightdress. I rushed to the gate crying like one demented,

"Charlie Spence, come back; Oh Charlie Spence come back'.

"Silence, heavy, dead, final.

"A sickly yellow streak showed palely on the eastern horizon, and somewhere a bird called to the approaching dawn. A great weakness overpowered me. I dragged myself back into the house and with trembling hands pushed home the bolt, and sank helpless upon the floor."

She stopped, and Hermione saw from her face that she was reliving that awful moment. When she resumed, her voice had recovered its normal calm.

"I have never been able to explain it. Was I in some strange condition between sleeping and waking where a dream took on all the semblance of reality? Was it my husband's spirit returning to satisfy his anxiety about his children, or was it my husband in the flesh? I shall never know."

She stopped, sunk deep in thought.

Presently she called to the German woman who could still be heard moving quietly about.

"Hulda, go up to my room and bring me my husband's picture in the little black frame, hanging beside my bed."

Hulda hesitated for a moment, not quite understanding the English words.

"You understand, Hulda, the photo in the little black frame."

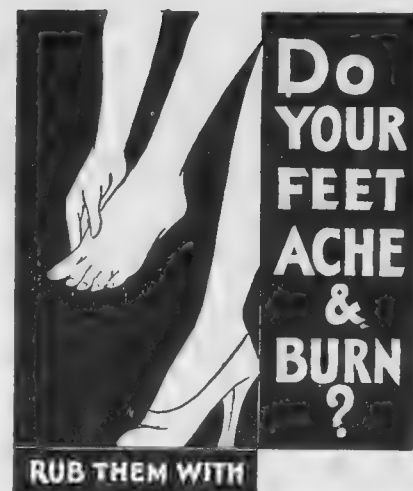
Her broad back disappeared, and a few moments later the patter of her bast slippers could be heard descending the stairs. She came across the room to where Hermione was sitting and placed in her hands the picture in the little black frame. Hermione held it towards the shaded lamp which stood nearby on the table. For a moment her eyes, dazzled with the flames into which she had been gazing, revealed only an indistinct blur. Gradually emerging under her steady gaze, the form took on shape. Clearly now the face looked up into her own.

It was Chesney, her husband. Much younger he was than when she had known him, but unmistakably her husband. On his finger was pictured the little ring which at that moment was lying warmly against her bosom.

A great black cloud loomed above her. She lowered her head to escape it, but it bore her down and enveloped her, and she lost consciousness.

Some time in the night, she crept out to the old covered well, and taking the little ring from her bosom, she gently pushed it down between the cracks. It fell deep into the quiet depths.

"I wish I were going with you, little ring!" she whispered.



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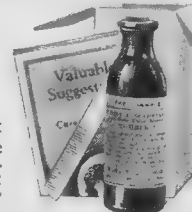
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The Tale of the Silver Fox

By K. Ellis

WHAT is the Silver Fox? Simply a red fox of another color.

Nature plays some strange tricks. She has her freaks and caprices, and every now and then in spite of heredity and environment some phenomenon appears that mystifies the biologist. Hence the Silver Fox!

The true fox belongs to the Steppes of Northern Asia and amid the snow and ice of North America. His coat is a beautiful red color, occasionally a combination of red and black and as an extreme variation, all black or black with silver markings, and known as the Silver Fox.

The history of Silver Fox breeding from its inception to the present time concerns three periods.

1. The Experimental stage, from the first crude attempts of the early pioneers until their efforts were crowned with success, and they reaped huge profits from the sale of the pelts.

2. The sale of live stock for breeding purposes, until the outbreak of the war, temporarily disorganized the markets.

3. The reconstruction period during the war and two years following its close, when Silver Fox breeding gradually reached stabilization as a solid commercial enterprise.

In Prince Edward Island the earliest attempts were made to domesticate the fox. Many were the dreams of vast fortunes to be made. But although dreams and visions faded, the idea did not die.

Mr. Charles Dalton (afterwards Sir Charles) persevered for years, although he met with failures and discouragement and finally appealed to his intimate friend Mr. Robert Oulton, with whom he hunted wild foxes. Mr. Oulton suggested that the foxes be put in the woods instead of trying to raise them in ordinary sheds and coach houses and such places.

The first pens of wire netting ever constructed for this purpose were built by Mr. Oulton on his island in the harbor of Alberton in 1894. And it was in one of these pens that the first litter of silver foxes ever lived to reach maturity in captivity.

To Mr. Oulton, more than to any other man, must be given the credit of developing that unique type of Silver Fox which for over twenty years successfully challenged comparison in the world's greatest fur market, although he had many competitors.

Eighteen hundred dollars for a single pelt!

This was their first real surprise. The news was flashed to them at the conclusion of the London Fur Sale in January 1900. From this time on until 1912 steady progress was made and money realized almost solely from the sale of pelts, flowed freely into the coffers of the ranchers. Not only did the best skins bring from \$1,500 to \$2,600, but the average results were four times as great as those recorded in these years for sales of the Hudson's Bay Company's wild silver foxes.

In 1910 Sir Charles Dalton sold pelts for an average price of £285 sterling.

Until 1910 fox breeding was a monopoly enjoyed by six concerns, but the curiosity of the public was naturally sharpened, and an almost insistent desire by outsiders to get into the business was manifested. The first public corporation for the breeding of foxes received a charter in the United States in 1911. In 1913 promotion succeeded promotion. Interest became keen in other provinces, and ranches were organized in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario; Quebec had become interested before this time, and some time later interest spread to Western Canada.

The opening of 1912 witnessed an increasing tendency to high finance in the promoting game; young foxes were contracted for before they were born for as high as \$12,500 a pair, and money seemed as easily secured as ever. The outbreak of the war brought financial

embarrassment to individuals and made it difficult to finance contracts. In consequence the promotion game came to an end and the best concerns watched their step in anticipation of a rough time. Dividends paid in 1913 ranged anywhere from 10 per cent to 100 per cent in cash.

Sales of foxes and of pelts suffered a decline in the first two years of the war. Silver Fox was a luxury fur whose vogue had been exceptional, not general, and the principal markets had been in Continental Europe. America in these years had been a comparatively small consumer of Silver Fox.

With the outbreak of hostilities the European markets were closed, or almost so, and ranchers were forced to console themselves with what they could get from the sales in the United States. Despite this handicap and prognostications made both at home and abroad that the industry was a losing proposition, it has survived the crises. True, many companies failed and it meant reorganization and reconstruction of the whole industry. Thus it proved that the war years with their unhappy experience in the case of the Silver Fox business, were a period of real reconstruction.

That fur farming is a business worthy of the serious attention of the Canadian people is abundantly evident. This enterprise has already proven its value to Canada in many ways. To begin with it has saved from extinction one of the world's most valuable peltries. In the case of the Silver Fox, we have at least begun to offset the natural shrinkage and hence may reasonably be allowed to claim to be adding to the country's wealth.

The real patriots of today are those who are producing at a comfortable profit almost entirely for the export trade. Such is the case with the Silver Fox fur, as practically all of it goes abroad, and it goes without encroaching on our natural resources which is more than can be said regarding our exports of the products of the mines and forests.

Scattered all over the Dominion from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia are some fifteen hundred Silver Fox farms. There are twenty in the neighborhood of Winnipeg. The first ranch in Winnipeg was organized in 1915 under the name of Canada West Silver Fox Co. Limited. This started with seven pairs of foxes and was capitalized at \$125,000. Other ranches in this neighborhood are The Manitoba Silver Fox Co. near the Agricultural College. The Winnipeg Ranch at Bird's Hill, The Fort Garry Pure Silver Fox Co. Also at Bird's Hill, The St. Charles ranch under the management of Mr. Young. The All Star ranch in East Kildonan.

The life of a silver fox ranges from ten to twelve years. At two years of age the coat is probably at its best. The foxes are often killed at eight months but the fur is not so durable when so young.

A Silver Fox has very substantial food. For eight months in the year, it consists chiefly of meat and vegetables, such as horse flesh, beef heart, ox cheeks, liver, fish and tripe, and all vegetables especially cabbage. A morning meal in the summer is made of porridge consisting of bread, tripe, lettuce, orange juice, all ground up and mixed with milk. The orange juice is mixed with the food in order to take the place of berries and such-like, that foxes get in the wild state. It costs one hundred and thirty dollars to take care of a pair of foxes. This includes board and room and service.

A present was made to Mrs. Harding while she was mistress at the White House, of a Silver Fox fur coat. It cost \$80,000 and was made by a celebrated New York firm and consisted of pelts costing \$2,000 each. This will give some idea of the luxuriousness of the Silver Fox fur.

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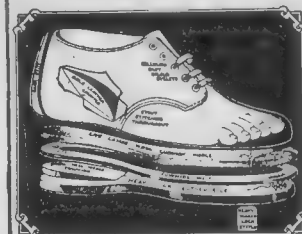
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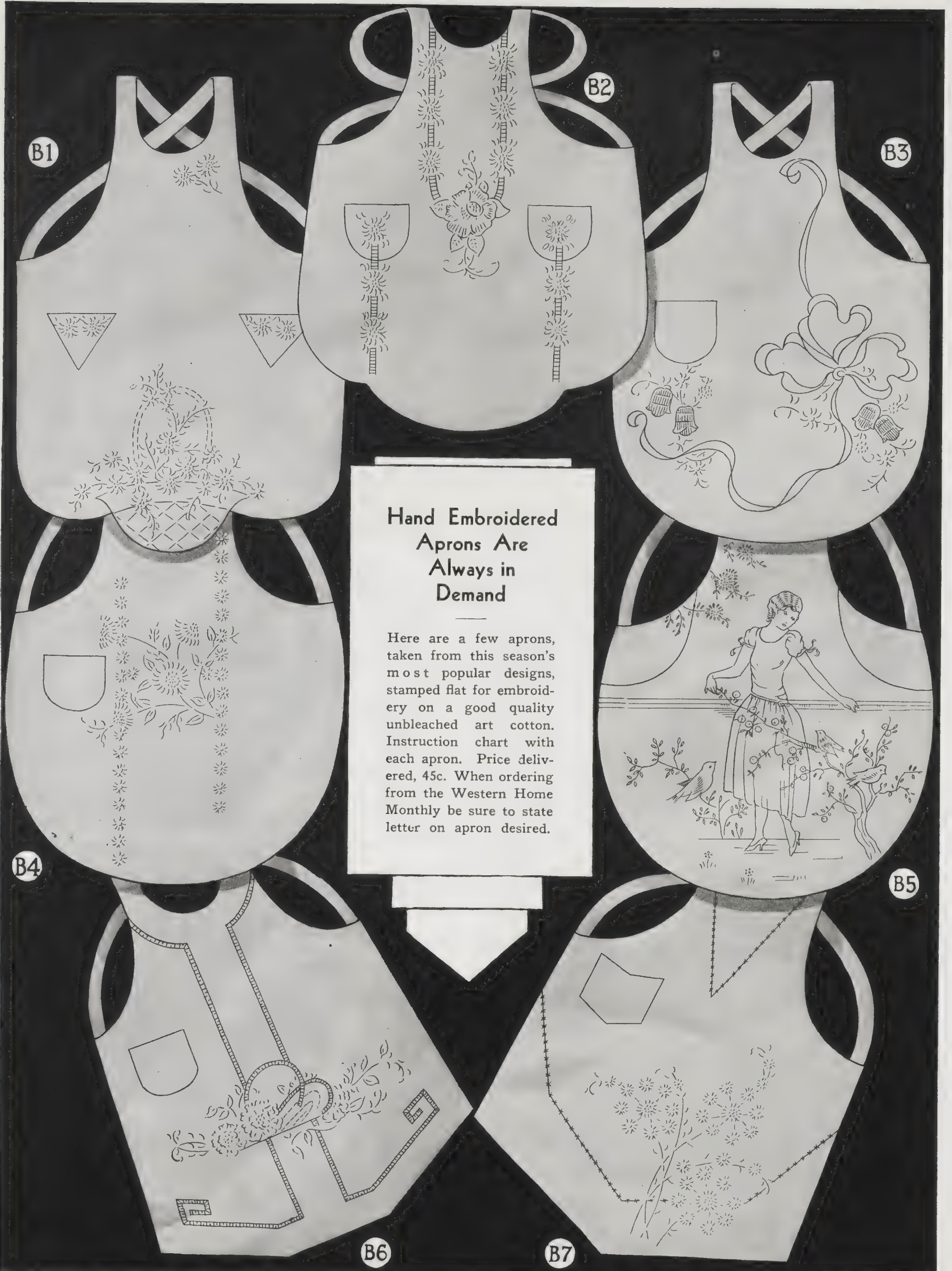
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I T ' S B E T T E R B E C A U S E I T ' S C A N A D I A N

MY DEAR Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:—

Do you remember what Little Red Riding Hood said to the Old Wolf? I feel like saying something like it to you. "But Boys and Girls, what bright eyes you've got" and you would answer "All the better to see with Bobby Burke." "And Boys and Girls what bright smiles you've got," "All the better to laugh with Bobby Burke." "But Boys and Girls what fine strong bodies you've got," "All the better to study and play and work with Bobby Burke." And in the end I'm not even going to try and eat you up, although I hope the Children's Cosy Corner will just swallow you right up so that you'll become part of it, all winter! Now isn't that a bloodthirsty way to say "I hope you've had a happy, healthy holiday and are all ready for school and work and books this fall and winter."

What do you think about the little boy above who couldn't learn geography? I think he knew a pretty good deal about it, don't you? Do you learn geography that way? Try it, it's fun.

Ivory Castles

IN England there is a firm that manufactures tooth paste, and every month they print a magazine which they call "Ivory Castles"—can you guess why? There are a lot of interesting things in this little book, one of them is the story of the care of teeth and I thought you might be interested in hearing it.

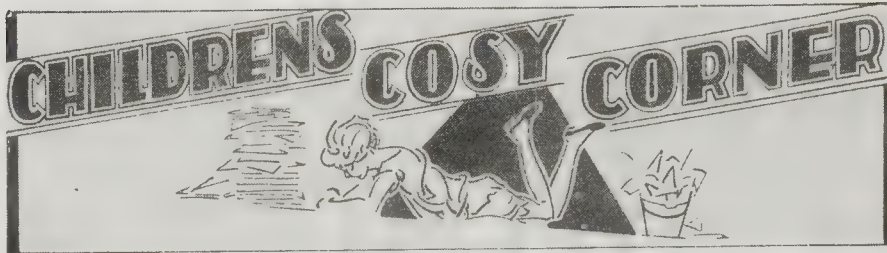
Primitive men, that is the wild men who lived in woods and hunted their food, didn't know about the care of the teeth, and yet the fossils of these ancient people show that even when they were very old they still had teeth often worn down to stumps but never decayed. You will wonder how this was, for there were no tooth brushes in those days but the explanation is this, these men ate coarse natural foods, nothing was cooked for they did not know about fire and the hard parts of these rough foods cleaned any pulpy soft parts off the teeth. Then as these men began to eat meat they gnawed the bones and their teeth from this rough use became stronger and stronger. Then civilization began to come. People wore clothes, and cooked their foods, and teeth began to grow soft and decay. The first tooth brush was a split twig, which is still used by the natives in the East. The tooth-stick has the appearance of a piece of cane from which the bark has been removed. The end is hammered to free the threads, which being tough and fibrous form the bristles. Tooth-sticks are sold in large bundles in Eastern bazaars for a few cents a bundle and the natives spend some minutes after each meal with the tooth stick, a pinch carbonate of potash and a bowl of rinsing water.

As foods became softer teeth also became softer, and all sorts of troubles came to people through their teeth. In the early ages all kinds of people treated teeth (chiefly by pulling them)—blacksmiths, barbers, priests and monks. As late as 1602 there were no tooth brushes, people were advised to "wash the mouth after each meal, and in the morning take a linen cloth and rub the mouth well within and without." Now-a-days we have all sorts and kinds of tooth brushes, and everyone understands how important it is to keep the teeth clean by daily care, and to visit the dentist whenever there are signs of decay.

Something Received

Letters enclosing their favorite poems have been received from Anahid Hallin, Box 352, Kenora, Ont.; Mary Paterson, Smiley, Saskatchewan; Lorna T. Macdonald, R.R. No. 1, Inchkeith, Saskatchewan; Hazel Metcalfe, Carman, Manitoba; Helen Kerr Thyne, Kegworth, Saskatchewan; Majorie Macdonald, Box 36, Arrowood, Alberta; Lorraine Couture, Clondeboye, Manitoba; Elmer Warren, Evesham, Saskatchewan; Dorothy McCallum, Trail, B.C.; Gwendoline Thomas, New Sarepta, Alberta; Beth Adams, 316-20th Avenue, W., Calgary, Alberta; Kathleen Garrioch, Rorketon, Manitoba; and Mary Raven, Rey Lacke, via Lower Nicola, B.C. Some of these verses will

[Continued on column 4]



BY BOBBY BURKE



Geography

By Marian Hurn McNeely

IT SEEMS SO VERY STRANGE TO ME THAT I CAN'T LEARN GEOGRAPHY! FOR WHEN I HAVE MY ATLAS OUT I SEE THE THINGS IT TELLS ABOUT.

Behind the red geography the schoolroom fades away
And on the snow with woolly dogs the little Lapp boys play.

Across the desert's yellow sand—
The shining sand, the sifting sand
That never stays the same—
Go camels out to Samarkand;
Oh, what a golden name!

And on each camel's crooked back there sits an Arab man
With saddlebags across his beast, so moves the caravan.

And in the saddlebags is gold—
Not money gold, but dust of gold;
They pour it when they pay
For silks and rugs that are unrolled
Upon the market day.

Behind the red geography stretch miles and miles of snow,
And over it on creaking sledge there rides an Eskimo.

And where the tundras slope to sea—
That frozen sea, that ice-blue sea
That fastens shore to shore—
The lonesomeness seems near to me;
I hear the wind's loud roar.

Down where the ferns grow giant tall beside the Amazon
I float among the lily pads, each with a heron on.

The monkeys leap among the trees—
Those dusky trees, those tangled trees
Where noisy parrots scream—
And alligators stretch at ease
Along the lazy stream.

Behind the red geography I smell the almond tree;
In India the temple bells come tinkling out to me.

And with his face turned to the sun—
The red-rimmed sun, the desert sun—
The old muezzin calls;
And shining pigeons one by one
Fly from the city walls.

The study hour melts away; the minutes take their flight;
It's just like waking when I hear the teacher say, "Recite."

She asks me where is Singapore?
Oh, Singapore! What's Singapore?
Why bother with a name?
She says, "You'll have to study more:
Your daydreams are to blame."

IT SEEMS SO VERY QUEER TO ME THAT I CAN'T LEARN GEOGRAPHY!

The Adventures of Rosmary Thrum

By Marion Wathen Fox

Author of The Pinkity Winkity Stories

AWAY—way off, in a lovely low green valley, shut in amongst big hills, lived Rosemary Thrum. Some people called this valley "The Enchanted Valley", but to little girl Rosemary Thrum, it was just her own happy home.

In this valley there was no other house but the dear little one where lived Rosemary Thrum, Rosemary Thrum's mother, Rosemary Thrum's father, her little just-learning-to-walk brother Jimmy-dear and her nearly grown-up brother, Jethro.

In the lovely low green valley grew many wild flowers, which Rosemary Thrum loved very much. They were all her friends. She learned their names. Sometimes she would call them little girl and boy names and pretend they were real little girls and boys. She would talk to them, tell them stories and play with them.

One beautiful, beautiful day she was sitting amongst the wild flowers, when she noticed how lovely the sky was that day.

"Look, flower-children, at the sky! Did you ever see it so blue-blue!" she exclaimed. "Oh, do see those little bits of soft floating clouds! I believe God must have a big white rose today, and he's pulling the leaves off and dropping them down for us to see. Now, dear flower children, don't look like that!"

And just then—just then, Rosemary Thrum heard something; something sweet! It came floating over the valley from the hills from the big mountains beyond. It was music. Soft, sweet far-off music. Yes, Rosemary Thrum knew it was music! It was coming nearer—nearer. She started in surprise. Then, as the music grew louder it became faster, lighter, gayer; it became dancing music.

Rosmary Thrum heard a rustling about her—and there were all the flowers swaying, dancing to the music! Then each little flower had a face. Then they slipped off their stems and were fairies,

dancing away there on the green to the music.

"Rosmary Thrum—Rosmary Thrum!
Come! Come!
Rosmary Thrum—Rosmary Thrum!
Come! Come!"

Up the hill ran the fairies, and Rosemary Thrum followed; for somehow the music seemed to call her—to draw her after them. And when they reached the top every little fairy lay down on the grass and began to roll over and over; and so rolling down the other side of the hill they went. And, of course, Rosemary Thrum had to do the same. But the grass was very soft and rolling down the hill was such fun! It was a long, long hill too.

But at last there they were all safe and happy, at the bottom. And then, to Rosemary Thrum's surprise she saw they were at a little glistening lake, with lovely tiny boats waiting there at the shore; boats of white gleaming pearl with little pink sails like rose leaves.

"Rosmary Thrum we're going to take you to visit a Fairy Town," laughed all the fairies.

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! I should love to visit a town where fairies live," answered Rosemary Thrum.

"It's the town where the good fairies of girls and boys live," explained one.

"Oh, have we good fairies?" asked Rosemary Thrum in surprise.

"Certainly, my dear, you'll see your own particular good fairy today. But now, get in the boat and we'll sail away."

Rosmary Thrum thought she was certainly too big a person to get into such a tiny boat, but as she stepped on board she noticed that she, too, had become fairy-size.

As they sailed across the lake the fairies explained, "It's the town of children's gardens, too."

"But how do people-children come to have gardens in a fairy-town?"

"Because girls and boys plant gardens there. You've got a garden there, Rosmary Thrum, that you planted yourself. It's along side the house where your good fairy lives. She takes care of the flowers in the garden for you."

"O—h! O—h!" exclaimed Rosmary Thrum! "But how could I plant a garden for my good fairy when I was never in their town in my life?"

How the fairies all laughed then, their little tinkling laughter sounding like a chime of sweet bells rippling over the waters.

"Wait and you'll see! Wait and you'll see!"

And so they sailed across the beautiful lake. But out of it ran a tiny stream, winding its way into the heart of the mountain. The fairies' boats sailed on into the stream and through the mountain.

"O—h!" exclaimed Rosmary Thrum again, "Why, I did not know this lake and stream were here. I did not know that streams flowed right through the inside of mountains."

"Certainly, you didn't," answered all the fairies. "Because, you see, that was a fairy lake, and this is a fairy stream."

My, what a lovely stream it was! With gold and silver colored fishes darting about in the water, and pink fishes with blue spots; and beautiful flowers peeping at them out of the water, and ferns and swaying branches.

Round one curve they went. Round another. And so, at last they came to a deep, deep water-fall, that looked to Rosemary Thrum half a mile long. Beautiful red and green and purple colors were playing like dancing rain-bows over the falls, so that they looked very beautiful.

"Oh, are we to go over the falls?" asked Rosemary Thrum in a frightened voice.

Again the fairies laughed, but just then—the boats started to glide down. It seemed to Rosemary Thrum just like gliding down the balustrade of her own little stairs at home. It was delightful.

Then, when they came to the bottom of the falls, there they were! At the town of children's good fairies. Rosemary Thrum's eyes didn't seem nearly big enough or quick enough to see so many wonderful, beautiful things as were there.

Such a town! Streets and parks and fountains and little green hills and lovely, lovely, tiny houses; some of glistening blue marble, some of white pearl with blue or silver roofs—oh my! And every house had a beautiful garden about it some gardens much larger and much more beautiful than others.

All the doors of all the little houses opened. Out came the fairies. And from the streets and gardens and parks, all ran down to meet the boat calling,

"Come—come, Rosmary Thrum!"
To be continued next month.

Something Received

[Continued from column 1]

be published later, so watch for your favorite poem to appear.

We extend a hand of welcome to Eileen Moore, Box 167, Tompkins, Saskatchewan, and Kathleen Pearson of Kushanook, B.C. Eileen is twelve years old, has four brothers and a sister, and a kitten and calf for pets. Eileen hopes some of the Cornerites will write to her, so we hope you will. Kathleen, who has just had her fifteenth birthday is an English girl who has only been in Canada two years and would like to receive and write letters to Cornerites all over the world. "All over the world," is quite a large order Kathleen, but we have readers who live a long long way from here and perhaps they will write to you as well as some of our members who live here in Western Canada. A pretty snapshot of Kootenay Lake was enclosed in Kathleen's letter which we would have put on this page only the reproduction would not look so nice as the photograph.

Beth Adams, of 316-20th Avenue West, Calgary, Alta.; Anahid Hallin, Box 352, Kenora, Ontario; Gwendoline Thomas, New Sarepta, Alberta, and Mary Raven, Rey Lacke, via Lower Nicola, B.C.; who are new members, and who we are glad to welcome to our Corner, all ask for some of the members to write to them.

We were sorry to hear that Helen Kerr Thyne, Kegworth, Saskatchewan, had been on the sick list. We hope you have quite recovered Helen, and are now feeling strong and well.



School Days

ONCE more, in the circling procession of the months, we have come to the time when boys and girls are facing the beginning of another school year. The holidays are over. It has long been the regular thing for newspapers at this time of the year to print jocular editorials, in which Shakespeare's lines about "the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school," are duly quoted. But is it true that either schoolboys or schoolgirls creep unwillingly back to school, like snails, when the summer holidays are over? But is it true? The Philosopher doubts it. They may think for a few days that it is a hardship, but once the school life is resumed, they find themselves carried along in its current, with satisfaction and enjoyment in the busy days of school work and school games. Those lines of Shakespeare do not appeal to The Philosopher. They are driven out of his head by lines from an unforgettable poem by Charles Lamb:

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays.
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

The Fashion and the Figure

IN LOOKING through a magazine devoted to feminine fashions. The Philosopher noticed a declaration made by the most celebrated of Paris designers of women's dresses, Jacques Worth, who carries on his father's business in the city which is the world's capital for such "creations." "Fashion follows the figure," he is reported as saying. It is true, of course, that the fashions in women's garments must necessarily to a certain extent, follow the figure. If you had to devise a garment to be worn by a bear, let us say, or a giraffe, or an ostrich, you would have to make it conform to the figure of whichever one of those creatures was going to wear it. But the fashions of women's habiliments, in addition to the necessary measure of conforming to the figure without which they could not be worn, often disguise the figure more or less, and, indeed, seem to alter it, as, for example, in the changes made by fashion in the location of the waistline. What about the millions of women who took to dieting when slenderness became the vogue? How about the prevalence of "the boyish figure" among fashionable women? Surely that was—and, maybe The Philosopher should add, is—a case of the figure following the fashion.

Education

THERE is an illusion in the minds of many men and women who have never been college students that universities have something to give to young men and women which can transform them by endowing them with knowledge and culture and lifting them somehow to a higher plane of living and thinking. This is as completely mistaken a notion, of course, as the idea that young men and women have only to spend four years in college to make their success in life assured. No institution of learning can furnish a sure-fire formula for great achievements and success in life. If a young man has not character, if he has not the germs of intellectual interest, if he does not care to amount to anything, there is no college in the world can give him character or intellectual interest or make him amount to anything.

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The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR MANITOBA

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Important—If It Were True

IT IS stated in an electrical journal that an inventor in New York, Dr. George Jacobson, has devised an instrument of such delicately fine construction that it can "measure the vibrations which follow upon thought," and not only that, but its inventor claims further that it will show that "two million people, thinking the same idea at the same time, could generate sufficient energy by their thinking to light an ordinary electric lamp." Presumably the electric lamp would go out unless the two million people, all thinking together, continued to generate the power to keep it alight. If lighting an ordinary electric lamp is the best that two million people, all thinking together, could do in the way of generating power, there is not much danger of the present methods of generating electric power being superseded by any such mass thinking. Anyway, how could two million people be got to think the same idea at the same time? What a fine thing it would be for a political party, if it could manage to bring about such a think on voting day? The Philosopher may be unduly sceptical, but he must confess his reluctance to believe that energy can directly and immediately be generated by mass thinking—even if such thinking could be effectively organized. There are immense possibilities of power inside human skulls. But not that kind of power.

In Regard to Bad Boys

IT IS strange that so often the "worst" boys are the most lovable—yet not so strange, after all, for their badness is often more apparent than real. In this world of cause and effect there are explanations of the badness of every bad boy, which, if they could be got at, would provide the basis for sympathetic understanding of his character and his troubles. Many such boys allow themselves to be believed much worse than they are. So-called badness in a boy is very often excessive vitality bubbling over and annoying, or frightening, grown-up individuals who have forgotten their own youth. We who are no longer children should have patience with young people and give them time and encourage them. It will not be many years before they are no longer young and we cannot help them, as we can now, towards growing up to be healthy and strong in character and mind as well as in body and able to think for themselves, with a wide outlook on life and a firm purpose in life.

The World's Forgetfulness

WHO is the living man who has most deeply influenced the lives of the greatest number of the people now living in this world? Most of us, in considering how we should reply to this question, would think first of Edison, or Ford. And the more you think of it, the harder it is to think of another name which might be substituted for either one of these two. But, after all, is it not true that while Edison and Ford have revolutionized the life of the world, neither has come into the hearts and heads of humanity? As a matter of fact, is either of them nearly as well known to as many human beings as Charlie Chaplin is? In a hundred years Edison, Ford and Charlie Chaplin will be practically forgotten, as the inventors of the steam engine and the ocean cable and the telephone are practically forgotten. Their names will not be household words, like the names of some of the characters in the novels of Dickens, or the plays of Shakespeare. There is food for thought in the question of what makes names live in human memory.

The "WEAR-EVER" SHOWER for the Bride-to-be



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What the World is Saying

When a Canadian Woman is Only About 27
An Eskimo woman is old at forty.—Ottawa Journal.

Laundries Sometimes Do It Too Heavily
This is a Press-the-Button age.—Electrical News.

Mostly Attempts to Get Other Stations
There are 150 known causes of radio interference.—Selkirk Herald.

Such as Opening a Milk Bottle
The bride with too many pickle forks can always make use of them for something else.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Unless He Talks in His Sleep
Friend Wife is not always as ready as she might be to believe everything her husband says.—Minneapolis Journal.

It Would Be Now, If Made in Men's Sizes

The wedding ring, according to the archaeological anthropologists, was originally a sign of servitude.—Montreal Gazette

The Unreliable Sound Providers
The baby and the wireless set do the most remarkable things after the visitors have gone.—Brandon Sun.

We Wonder What It Is Flavored With
A new postage stamp issued in Belgium is three inches long. That will take some licking.—Vancouver Province.

But Is Such a Thing Possible?
According to a police official, there is a superstition among thieves that it is unlucky to rob a lawyer.—London Daily Mail.

Where Was the Rest of the Referee?
A set of teeth and a pair of boots were among the things unearthed on a Rugby field in the North recently.—London Daily Telegraph.

And How About Pedestrians?
In Utopia all telephone and telegraph poles are heavily upholstered, so as to be good shock absorbers.—Detroit News.

That Is, Unless One Looks and Listens
Another expensive place to avoid stopping at on an economical automobile tour is a level crossing.—Toronto Star.

But Isn't Powder Used For That?
"Wisdom causeth the face to shine"—and folly causeth it to be painted, to keep it from shining.—Halifax Chronicle.

Or, For the Matter of That, Before
"I see no reason why a man should not be polite to his wife after divorce," writes Cosmo Hamilton.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Does He Hear "Piker!" from the Silence?
The meanest man we have ever heard of is the one who turns off the radio when the minister announces the collection.—New Westminster British-Canadian.

Maybe It Was a Pineapple
A man over in Denmark says that what Adam ate was a pine cone, not an apple. Perhaps so. We have seen people eat artichokes.—Prince Albert Herald.

Ye Ed Is Not To Be Taken Too Seriously
Time was when bangs were worn by the so-called fair sex—and some of 'em would be better off today with a bang on the head.—Cobalt Northern Miner.

Except What Not to Say, and When and How
"There is nothing which is more important to know," writes Professor William Lyon Phelps, "than what to say and when to say it."—Buffalo Express.

Didn't It Stop at the Dentist's Door?
A northern trapper travelled 790 miles to reach a dentist in Vancouver. He used aeroplane, railway and steamer to get to where he could have relief from a toothache that wouldn't stop.—Victoria Colonist..

Not All the People, All the Time
The Society of Magicians has been holding its annual meeting at Detroit. There was complaint from many of the members that the public are learning too much of the art and mystery of their profession, and that a magician is required now to perform feats of surpassing excellence, in order to be successful on the stage. They cannot all be Houdinis. The public shouldn't expect too much in the way of being fooled.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

How Would You Like a Badger at Your Bin?
Badgers are observed to be increasing in numbers in the vicinity of London and to have taken to visiting suburban refuse-bins in search of food.—Manchester Guardian.

Probably Hang It on his Hat Rack
At a recent auction in London a Ducal coronet was among the articles disposed of. One wonders what the purchaser is going to do with it.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Hot Air from the Loud Speaker?
An American inventor announces that he is working on a scheme for heating rooms and apartments and even whole houses by means of radio.—Glasgow Herald.

horse race in England has had his name widely printed in the newspapers, none of which is big enough to print the names of all the losers.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

Such as Bank Managers
In India the lowest caste of people are known as the untouchables. There are untouchables in this country, too, and when we have tried to touch them they have acted in a very high-caste manner.—Peterboro Examiner.

Two Horns to the Pedestrian's Dilemma
An American legislator suggests that an automobile should be compelled to carry two horns. The second one, presumably, to be carried in the rear end and equipped to render The Last Post.—Windsor Border Cities Star

How Did They Find Out Its Name?
Pluto, the newly-discovered ninth planet in our solar system, is about the size of Mars. We would like to know now whether its inhabitants are Plutonians, or, Plutocrats. Perhaps the astronomers will tell us.—Montreal Devoir.

The Cost of High Living
Not long ago the editor of the Warton Echo had a trip to Toronto at a total cost of approximately \$1.47. Last week he was down again, and got caught for a barber's bill of \$1.25. Toronto will get you in the end.—Meaford Mirror.

Something the Sheiks Will Find Out
It is said that the Sheiks of Morocco are buying large American automobiles, in which to take the ladies of their harems driving. We warn them that it is dangerous to drive with one arm, while having the other around a harem.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Life Is a University of Bumps
Not enough attention is paid to educating the pedestrian, says a Motor League official. But the pedestrian gets his bumps of knowledge, all the same. Most knowledge that is worth while is knocked into us—and that is all right, so long as we don't get knocked out of existence.—Kitchener Record.

A Case of "They Are Jolly Good Felons?"
Any persons who know that other persons possess liquor and do not report it to the federal prohibition enforcement officials are guilty of felony equally with the felons who possess the liquor, according to the decision of an Illinois judge. And thus feloniousness is spread wider and wider.—Quebec Telegraph.

Wear and Tear in a Different Location
The automobile has lessened so much the total of walking that it has had a notable effect upon the footwear business and has cut down very considerably the half-soling business. But, then, on the other hand, what about the increased need of replacements of the parts of garments worn out by sitting?—Medicine Hat News.

It Wasn't Market Worry Whitened Him
"In Jasper Park there is a completely white black bear," we read in an article in a magazine. This is too much for us. It is like that old one about blackberries being red when they are green. However, when we think of our experience in the big stock exchange slump, we shouldn't be surprised to learn that there are some completely white bulls.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

We Wonder How He Did His Drilling

The teeth found in human skulls of remote antiquity show that the same troubles that drive us to the dentist in this age were known to those people who lived long ago. There is also reason to believe that dentistry of a sort was practiced in ancient times. No doubt the earliest dentist in the dawn of history, had to say, "Open a little wider, please!"—Calgary Herald.

Doesn't Apply, Presumably, to a Woman
It is a little difficult to determine which is the more seriously handicapped, the man who does not talk enough, or the man who talks too much.—Fort William Times-Journal.

So That It Really Will Not Matter
A gasoline shortage is predicted for the year 2000. By that time, however, the cars will be so thick that they won't be able to move, anyhow.—Los Angeles Examiner.



"The Thumb." One of the peaks across from the camp of the Canadian Alpine Club at the upper end of Maligne Lake, Jasper Park, Alberta. While "The Thumb" is considered one of the easier climbs by the route up the back ridge, the ascent direct from the lake shore is one of considerable difficulty.

An Altogether Too Quiet Neighborhood
A man writing from Devon to a daily paper states that he lived in Wolverhampton for sixty years and never saw a street fight there. No wonder he moved.—Dundee Courier.

Or, a Perfect Harvest Hand
The perfect bridge hand contains thirteen cards of one suit. Now if some one will tell us how to secure a perfect deck hand, or a perfect mill hand, some problems may be solved.—Ottawa Citizen.

And for Drivers Who are Never Lit Up
Automobiles in Mexico are now required to carry luminous license plates. There are parts of the world where the crying need is for phosphorescent pedestrians.—Niagara Falls Review.

Would a Fossil Apple-core Do?
Roy Andrews is organizing an expedition to Mongolia, where he hopes to discover the birthplace of man. What will he be able to bring back as proof, that will satisfy the scientists?—Toronto Globe.

The Losers Aren't Advertised
The man who won a big sweepstake on the big annual

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